THE LYFE AND ACTIS OF THE MAIST ILLVSTER AND VAILZEAND CAMPIOVN

VVilliam Wallace, Knicht of Ellerslie, Mainteiner and defender of the libertie of Scotland.

Cicero 2. de finibus.

¶ Laudandus est is, qui mortem oppetit pro Republica, qui doceat charioremesse patriam nobis, quam nosmetipsos.

Cicero Philip. 14.

¶ Proprium sapientis est, grata eorum virtutem memoria prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam profuderunt.

Cicer. ibidem.

¶ O fortunata mors, quæ naturæ debita, pro Patria potissimum est reddita.

Ovid. 2. Fastor.

¶ Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit, habet.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Henrie Charteris.

M. D. XCIIII.

1594

Cvm Privilegio Regali.

VNTO THE GENTIL

REIDER, HENRIE CHARTERIS WISHIS PROSPEROVS HEALTH, LANG LIFE, and perpetuall Felicitie.

LYKE as in al natiounis from time to time (gude Reidar) hes flouriſchit monie Nobill and vailzeand men: as amangis the Iſraelites, Ioſue, Gedeon, Iepthe, Samſon, David, the Machabeis: amang the Romanis, Brutus, Quintus Fabius, Scipio, Pompeius magnus, Iulius Cæſar: amangis the Carthaginenſes, Hanaibal: amangis the Greikis, Themiſtocles, Alcibiades amangis the Thebanis, Epaminondas: amangis the Macedonians, Alexander the greit: amangis the Perſianis, Cyrus, Darius: amangis the Frenchemen, Charles the greit: amangis the Germaines, the Henryis, and the Otthois: amangis the Britonis, Ambroſe, Arthur, & ſwa furth in al Regions. Euin ſwa in this our Realm, hes floriſchit mony nobill Princes & notabill men, quha hes not feirit to expone their lyfes, and guidis to all kinde of jeopardies, & hazardis againis their maiſt cruell and ſtrang adverſaris, for the defence & maintenance of yair liberties & comoun wealth. As King Caratak maiſt vailzeand, althocht infortunate, as wrytis Cornelius Tacitus, King Corbreid, Galdus, ye twa Kennethis, Gregore, Robert Bruce, Grahame, Thomas Randall, & Schir Iames Douglas. And beſides all thir & mony ma, in this Regioun floriſchit Williame Wallace, (of quhome we ar to entreit) quha juſtly in vailzeantnes may be cõpte (all circumſtancis being conſidderit) to be poſteriour to nane of all thir yat hes preceidit.

Bot or we enter to ye deſcription of him or of his properties, & nobill factis, we will ſpeik ſum thing of ye miſerabill and troubilſum dayis quhairin he did ariſe, & of the occaſioun of thame. For in yat time ye comoun wealth of this Realme was heuily oppreſſit, & vtterly ouerthrawin aſweill be ciuill ſedition & domeſticall diſcordis, as be externe and forraine weiris. The occaſion heirof rais be the deith of King Alexander ye third, efter quhais deith (becaus he deceiſſit without children) contentioun rais for the crowne betuix the Bruce, the Ballioll, and the Haiſtingis. The deſbait in ſchort time become ſa hait and feruent, that it appeitit irreconcileabill. Bot the Haiſtingis fel from it ſchortlie, quhidder throw deſire of quietnes, or that they miſtraiſtit thair awin ſtrength, to be equivalent with the vtheris, it is vncertaine: for thair is lytill farther mention thairof in the

Roryis, The greit preis of the contentioun than reſtit betuix the Bruce, & the Ballioll. Quhen the nobillis of the Realme had conſidderit that this ſuld cum to the vtter ſubverſion of the countrie, gif it did continew: ſeing thame ſelfis vnabil to decyde in ſa doutſum ane queſtion, betuix ſic perſons thocht it maiſt expediēt to defer the deciſion thairof to ſum externe prince to quhais decreit they all ſuld ſtand.

Thus was the mater deferrit to King Edward of Ingland, The ſupplicatioun beand of him acceptit, he appointis the time for deciſioun thairof: and that it ſuld ſeme to be the mair cairfully handillit, and the mair profoundly reſoluit, he ſend for lernit mē out of diuers partis, to reſſoun ſernitly thairin, and cleirly to diſcus this intricate queſtioun, to quhome ye juſt richt and tytill ſuld appertene, I hir thingis colourably done, ſupponand it to be his harueſt time to make his profite, callis firſt the Bruce, (to quhom in the beginning he was maiſt inclynit) ſchawis to him yat ye deciſioun of ye richt and tytill of the crowne of Scotland was deferrit to him, & put in his hādis to quhom he liſt to confer it: quhairfoir gif he wald accept, & hald it of him as Superiour thairof: he wald conſtitute him King and place him in ye Regiment. The Bruce ane man of free ſpreit and ſtout hart, impacient with thraldome and ſeruitude to enjoy authoritie, anſwerit ſchortly: he wald not thrall ye thing quhilk he fand fre, nor with ſervitude empyre. Then callis he ye Balliol and in like termis proponis the ſame vnto him, Bot he beand of nature ſimple, & led with blinde appetite & deſire to regne, grantis eſily to that quhilk was proponit, and acceptis the conditiounis. Then was the Balliol be decreit of King Edward, to the greit greif of monie, (howeuer the mater was befoir reſſonit, and concludit amangis the lernit men) pronouncit to be King.

The Bruce havand then na certaine place of refuge, his adverſarie beand placit in Empyre, was enforcit to remayne with King Edward in Ingland ſchortlie heireftir aryſis ſchairp weiris betuix the Kings of France and Ingland. King Edward heirfoir ſendis to Iohn Balioll, and be vertew of his promeis of faith and obedience priuatly maid to him, deſiris him to conceur and aſſiſt with him in perſewing of ye King of France. Iohn Balioll aſſemblis his Parliament to haue knawledge of the will of his nobilitie. The nobillis vtterly refuſit in reſpect of ye auld band inviolably obſeruit betuix ye Kingis of Scotland and France. And als in reſpect yat the promeis of his homage and fidelitie was priuatly maid, without ony conſent of the thre Eſtatis of the Realme, King Edward nochtheles layit this & mony vther thingis, na les ſchamfull then hurtful to his charge, deſirand them as they were ſecretlie concludit betuix them, ſa they ſuld be publictly in Parliamēt confirmit. Iohne Balioll beand (as it war) awalkinnit out of his dreame of blind appetyte of regning, be thir impudent thingis quhairwith he is burdinnit, is altogidder confoundit in him ſelf, and repentis him ſair yat euer he acceptit Regiment vpon ſa filthie conditions. Quhairfoir he ſent to King

Edward

Edward, lamentand heuilie he ſuld haue ben ſa far carryit away, yat for dreſyre to reull, he ſuld mak ane fre Realme to be thrallit; & vtterly renunced quhatſaeuir yairin they had concluded befoir: ſayand, he wald rayer chuſe to de, yan leif in thrallit authoritie. Thir thingis heard of King Edward, he maiſt furiouſlie enragit, & without farther delay, raiſit his armie, inuadād Scotland maiſt cruelly, with fyre & ſword, ſpairand nane yat wald nocht be obedient to him. The puir Realme miſerablie befoir deuydit be ciuill & inteſtine diſcord, become ane eſie prey to ye forreine inuader & ſpoyler. Nouther was thair ony enemie mair ſchairp & vehement perſewer yan Robert Bruce: quha provokit be ſum cōtumelie, become mair cruel againis his awin, yan euer was Marcus Coriolanus againis his natiue town of Rome. Quhill Ingland, with ye Scottis yat aſſiſtit yame, & ye Bruce, ragit & ran at ryot at yair libertie & pleſure, oppreſſand & murtherand yair reſiſteris, waiſtand & deſtroyand yair landis & gudis: & quhill they had ſet all things in ſic ordour, as beſt pleſit yame: placit reulleris at yair awin liſt & appetyte, without ony appeirance of contradictioun, in ſa mekill, yat na man durſt anis quhiſper aganis yame. In yat ſamin tyme, quhen they thocht all to be at maiſt quyet, ye Eternall God behaldand ye injuſt rage, & furie of the oppreſſaris, & ye hurtis & ſichis of ye oppreſſit, did ſteir vp amangis vs, this our William Wallace, of quhome we will now ſumthing ſpeike.

This William was the ſone of ane honorable knicht, and flouriſchit about the zeir of our Lord M.CC.XCVII. Ane man of ſic ſtrength of bodie, abone all vtheris that was in his dayis, that ſingular he wald combate with monie. Of perſon he was ſquare and large: of viſit and countenance pleſant & amiable. In craft & conceitis of weir, (as teſtifies the Chronikill of Pluſcardin) maiſt politick, and nathing inferiour in it to the ſtrenth of his bodie. Swa that in ane perſon was placit baith exceiding gret ſtrenth and force, & maiſt quick and witty craft, & inuentioun. To thir was eikit ane ſtout and courageous baldnes to aſſault all aventures offerit, quhairof Polydorus Vergilius in his 17 buik of his Inglis hiſtorie makis mentioun, calland him maiſt trailzeand and excellent in hardines. Of ſpreit he was altogidder Heroicke and Magnanime. In maiſt aduerſe times, quhen he was allane deſtitute of all men, neuir remittand hart nor courage, bot ſtill perſeuerand, and inſtand for better. In promeis he was faithfull & trew. In trauellis & labouris maiſt patient & durable without ony ceiſing. In defence of his natiue countrie, & reconuering the libertie thairof, ſa firme and conſtant euin vnto the verie end, that nouther micht hoip of reward, landis, rentis, or gudis allure him: nor feir of his maiſt puiſſant enemies effray him, or mak him anis to bow, or ſchrink yairin. In ſa far that the foirſaid Polydorus Vergilius in the ſamin buikis wrytis of him:

Vallas nullo neque pretio, neque metu, de fide, de opinione

deduci potuit, vt vellet aut ſequi aut videre anglum regnãt That is, wallace nouther be reward nor be feir, micht be brocht frõ his faith & opinion, that he wald either aſſent or ſe the King of Inglande to regne. He had alwyis in his mouth this auld verſe, quhilk he had lernit in his zouth of ane prieſt that was his eme, as is reherſit in Scotichronicon in the xxij buik.

Dico tibi verum, libertas optima rerum:
Nunquam ſervili ſub nexu vivito fili. That is

Libertie of all thingis beſt is, to the I ſchaw,
Myſone from ſervitude ſe thou the ay withdraw.

He was alſwa exceiding liberall and fre hartit, without ony regaird or reſpect to money or geir. For quhen, or quhat he had na man of his cumpany did laik. Exceiding freindlie to ſic as he gaue favour, & quha did aſſiſt him in his travellis. In contrair, maiſt vehement and cruell aganis his aduerſaries and thair aſſiſteris: ſwa yat he neuer did ſaue them that were able, except they had promiſe of ſafetie befoir. To wemen, barnis, and vnable perſounis he did na hurt. Freindis & familiaris he had, quhome he maiſt tenderly lufit, Schir Iohn Grahame, Robert Boyd, Adame Wallace of Ricartoun, Steuin Ireland, with mony vtheris: & eftir his cumming out of Frãce Thomas of Longoveill, quhome he tuik on the ſey.

Thus Wallace ſeand the greit miſeries and calamities, the vehement oppreſſiounis vſit vpon his cuntriemen, their guidis waiſtit, their landis deſtroyit, them ſelfis baniſchit & murtherit: beand inflamit alſwa be the murther of his awin Father, & elder brother, & vtheris his kinſmen. how ſone he come to ony zeiris, did vtterlie apply him ſelf to the reuenge of yir injuries & murtheris. The contumelies quhairwith he him ſelf was provokit did haiſt the mater in ſic ſort, yat eftir mony pleyis he ſuddainly ſlewe ſindrie of them in divers placis & tymis: ſa ſtranglie & potently combattãd & ouerthrawand them (abone the opinioun & expectatioun of ony man) yat mony were conſtraynit to feill it or they wald beleif it: & at length, did michtilie be his greit vaſſalage deliuer ye people from ſervitude.

Quhairin the wark of God is the mair greitly to be conſidderit, yat (lyke euer vnto him ſelf) he did not cheis michtie Princis & men of greit blude, Authoritie and power, be quhais ſtrenth & force he ſuld deliuer his afflictit people: bot rather cheiſis ane waik veſchell, ane man of ſimple blude, of na eſtimatioun, without ony authoritie, be quhais handis he will delyuer the oppreſſit. It is na new thing to them that behauldis the courſe of his proceidingis, and the meinis how he vſis to releif the troubillit. Nocht only hes he in the ſetting furth of his Law and Evangell vſit continuallie this meine, in chuſing the waiker veſchellis, & men vneſtemit in the warlde, as in the haill Scriptures of the auld & new Teſtament may be very eſilie ſene: Bot alſwa he hes vſit the ſamin in the deliuerie of oppreſſit people, & afflictit

ſtrict commoun wealthis, He raiſit vp Iepthe, ane man contempnit of his brethren, ane baſtard, of na reputatioun, be quhom he ouerthrew the Ammonites, and deliuerit from ſeruitude the commoun wealth of Iſraell. He ſteirit vp Samſon, Gedeon, and monie vtheris. Quhen he reiectit Saul out of his favouris, & ſent furth Samuel to ſeik ane new king, he chuſit young Dauid, ane bairne, ſa contemptible & deſpyſit euin of his awin naturall father, that he thocht the Prophet to haue mockit him, quhen (neglecting his brethren) he did call for him. Mony vther exempillis heirof ar to be had in the Scriptures: & mony lykewiſe may be collectit be the diligent Reidar, furth of the prophane hiſtories, quhilk for briefnes I will now omit, & returne quhair we left.

As Wallace throw the fame of his bauldnes & vailzeandnes daylie ryſand with the happie ſucces quhilk he had thairin, begouth to becū odious to the ingliſmen, ſwa to all tre hartit Scottis he become amiable & belouit. For quhilk cauſe ſindrie courageous men irkit of their heuie zock and ſervitude, did reſorte to him in greit nomber: quhairthrow he was able to enter in conflict and ſkirmiſching with greit cumpanies of his enemies, & at lenth did ſa oft triumph ouer them, that he feirit not to enter in plane feild and battell, againis their puiſſant & ſtrang armies. For thir that reſortit vnto him, did erneſtlie aſpyre to their ancient liberty, & luikit for the ejectioun of their adverſaries, and the reſtitutioun of them ſelfis, be him, quhome they ſaw to be endewit with ſa monie notabil and excellent giftis, abone the commoun ſort of men, that he appeirit (as it wer) borne & ſent of God, for the releiſe of their calamities: & ſwa did cleif and adheir vnto him, as their cheif Chiftane, defender, & delyuerer. He was heirfoir electit be commoun conſent to be Ruler & Gouernour of the Realme, as being maiſt abill for it, & gainand abone ony vther: as Hector Boethius wrytis. Vtheris alledgis him (as Iohn Maior in the fourt buik of his Scotis Chronikill) to haue tane & acceptit his regiment, mouit be the monyfald calamities & miſeries of his natiue countrie: and be reſorting of the people till him, being deſtitute of ane heid, or man of ability to leind vnto, rather then be ony electioun. Nochtheles how euer he obteinit it, he did behaue him ſelf thairin baith vailzeandly, diligently, and vertuouſly, aſweil in glorie of martiall deidis, as in maiſt quick foreſicht & prudence. For he ſeand the gret ſcarcitie & dearth, throw lang weiris that was in the Realme quhairon behouit follow greit mortalitie. To eſchew this he maid his proclamations, chargeing all abill men to be reddie at ane præfixt day to inuaid Ingland, and enterit therein, waiſtand and deſtroyand quhatſaeuir they fand before them, and remaynit thair the haill winter ſeſoun out to ſpair the victuallis in their awin countrie, and returnit againe with greit ſpoilzie & riches. Bot as be his vertuous and ſtout gouernement, hee wan the favour of manie that wer fair faſchit of their heuie zocke & burdling: Swa (as commounly it occurris) be the ſamin, he conqueſt vnto him

of the hatrent and indignation of diuers: and cheiflie of the greitest and Noble men of the Realme. For they bure heuily, yat ane man of ſimple lignage, quha only be his awin force and vertew, had atteinit to ſie honors & dignities, ſuld be preferrit in authoritie to them. Throw this was bred and engenderit in them ane greit and quiet diſdaine and inuy, quhilk after lang foſtering and lurking, did maiſt lamentablie and vehemently brek out, and vtter the ſelf, in the battel of the Fawkirk. Thre parties thair contendand for the wangard (quhil na hoip of concord micht be had) ye Cumings tred ſonablie fled out of the feild. The Stewart of Bute with his company, abaid & faucht it maiſt cruelly to their vtter deſtruction. Wallace in the meane time with his folkis throw maiſt wilfull furour only lukand on it, without ony ſupport making to them: quhairthrow quhen he enterit in combat, he was ſcarce able to mak his partie gude, to ye greit ruine and ſubverſioun of this commounwealth. This wickit ſedition and debait ſteirit vp aganis him on this maner, did moue him to ſic anger and indignation, that in revenge thairof (as ſum ſayis) he did willingly giue ouer al regiment, purpoſād thairefter never to intermel him with ony publict actioun, nor to put ony hand thairintil. Within ſchort ſpace he paſſit to France, quhair he was verry gētlie interteined of King Philip. Bot heirand agane of the greit troubles in Scotland, on na wiſe he wald remane thair, bot wald returne agane to the ſupport of his familiars and freindis: althocht that be the former injuries quhilk he had reſſauit at the Fawkirk, he was mair brokin thē euer he was at ony time be the puiſſāce & force of Ingland, zit neuertheles he wald, nor culd not vtterly denude himſelf of the naturall affectioun quhilk continually he bure towardis his natiue countrie, bot did ſtill, euin now, quhen he had maid him ſelf priuate of authoritie, oppone him ſelfe maiſt ſtrangly aganis ingliſmen, and ithandly vexit them with greit & greuous damnages and injuries.

King Edward ſeand that nouther be promiſis of Lordſchippis, dominis ounis, rentis, nor be na fair meinis he culd allure him, nor be na boiſtingis nor manaſſingis he culd effray him, nouther be oppin force nor violence he culd ouerthraw him, he zeid about to aſſaill be treſſonable meinis (his laſt refuge and maiſt aggreable to him) how to haue him oppreſſit. He proponit publictly greit rewards and Lordſchippis to ony man that wald be ony meinis put him in his handis. He inſtigate priuately with riche and faire hechtis, diuers perſonis to betray him. At laſt, ye coup gat ane meit couer: ane Tyran fand ane Tratour. Schir Iohn Menteith, ane freind, (as was beleuit) and gret familiar to Wallace, allurit be thir fair hechtis and promiſis, had continuall watchis on him, quhill in ye end he apprehendit him quyetlie in ane lytle hous beſyde Glaſgow at his reſt: & thair with an greit company of armit men, tuik him and led him in Ingland: and thairefter caryit him to London: quhair, at the command of the Tyran, he was cruelly tormentit and ſlaine, and his quarters ſend to ſindrie townis in Scotland.

land and Ingland (as they ſupponit) to his ſchame. O treſonable tratoure, and maiſt monſtrous Viper, not ſa mekill to him, as to thy awin natiue lād how culd it enter in thy hart, ſa treſſonablie to betray him, yat neuer wald haue luikit for ony euill at thy hand, bot rather for treuth & traiſtines: and wald not haue ſpairit to haue hazard his life in thy defence? The lyke may I ſay to the Tyran, quha juſtlie may be callit ane Tyran: for gif thair had bene ane ſpark of nobill or gentill blude in him, he had eſtemit it mair to his honour to haif reſeruit on lyfe ſa forcie ane Campioun, and ſa conſtant ane warriour, then ſa cruelly to haif demanit him. Bot onelie blude man ſatiat the bludethriſtie. This was the end of this vailzeand Chiftane. This was the rewaird he gat of his countrie men to be tratourlie betrayit and put in his enemies handis, quha in his lyfe wes their ſtrang fencewall to defend them from ſeruitude. Sic rewaird hes mony noble men reſſauit of their greit benefites to the commoun wealth: as Ætius, Beliſſarius, Narſes, & mony ma quhilk wer tedious to reheirs, Zit as the names of his fraudulent betrayeris, become odious to the generation preſent, and execrabill to the poſterities following: haitand and abhorrand the memory of ſa veillanous ane treſſoun: Swa the immortal fame & name of this weirlyk Chiftane dois ſle and pas athort the mouthis of all men to his greit praiſe and renowne. and ſall indure till the end of the warld. Nouther can the ſchameful leis of Caxtoun, Fabiane, and ſum vther Ingiis writers, obſcure his glorie, quhill they call him ane Tratour, ane man of vnknawin birth, with ſic vther termis at their pleſure. To call the ſubject of ane vther Natioun ane tratour, becaus he will not acknawledge the reft & ſtollin authority & power of an Tyran, to quhom he neuer promiſit, & neuer wald aſſent, is rather of deſpytefull malice, then of ſkillit judgemēt. Bot how thir twa agreis with thō ſelfis, men may eſilie ſe. Caxtoun ſayis the haill Scottis obeyed to King Edward except Wallace, he only wald neuer obey to him. Fabiane ſayis, that Wallace had done mony diſpleſures and treſſounis to the King aganis the trouth & alledgeance of his aith. Gif at ony time he gaue his trouth or alledgeance of aith to King Edward: it followis that ſum tyme he had bene obedient to him. Bot that dois Caxtoun denie: & Polydorus Vergilius alſwa, with all the reſt of the wryters. Bot ſum thing mair ſall we ſchortlie heir of thir famous Authouris.

Wallace thus deſpeſchit and deid, and all eſtemit to be at greit quyet, throw his away taking: zit did the Tyran enjoy ſchort time the fruits of his Tyrannie and Rapine. For God (quha continually dois mocke the purpoſis of the wickit) did immediatlie ſteir vp ane vther, quha wrocht vnto thō mony greit & heynous Ruffillis: and at laſt did vailzeandlie chaſe them out of Scotland, to their gret ſchame and confuſion, and lois of their lang trauellis. Bot this I will omit till ane vther time, and ſpeik of the wark following.

¶ As I do not be the furthſetting and new imprenting of this warke,

following,preciſelie affirme,the haill contentis thairof,to be of ane infallibill treuth: Swa do I na thing les then allow the judgement and opinioun of them,that raſhlie,and at the firſt ſicht, dois dampne the ſamin,or maiſt pairt thairof,as friuoll,and fenzeit. And that becaus thair is ſum ſtrange, and meruellous thingis conteinit thairin, quhilk ſcarcely ſemis can be creditit.Ane of the cheif and principall thingis,that mouis them heirto, is the Hiſtorie of Fawdoun,and of the Gaſkhall.It is written thair, that Wallace eftir that he had narrowlie eſcapit mony greit dangeris,and had ſlain his awin man Fawdoun, he come at nicht to the Gaskhal. Quhen he had hard thair greit dyn of hornis blawing, he ſend out his men, firſt twa, ſyne twa, vntill they wer all ſend furth. Nane of them all returnand agane, and the noyſe ſtill continewand, he paſſis furth him ſelf. In the paſſing furth, he thocht he ſaw Fawdoun, quhome he had ſlain the day befoir, ſlinging his heid at him, and he cleikit it be the hair,and ſlang it at him agane. The ſeir be this gret terrour increſſit in him mekil mair.Thus was he conſtrayenit to remufe from the Gaskhall. Quhen he had ane lytill remuifit he luikis behinde him and thocht he ſaw the hous all in ane fyre, and Fawdoun vpon the heid of it. Swa in greit feir he wanderis furth al the nicht quhill he come to ane womans hous of his acquaintance, quhair he refreſchit him ſelf with meit and reſt. This hyſtorie becaus it appeiris incredibill, makis mony to deſpyſe the haill wark ſubſequent. But gif men ſuld luik mair neirlie on it, it wald not be thocht ſa vncouth,nor zit incredible. Frequent and common it is to men of greit ſpreitis,quhat time they ar oppreſſit with extreme feir,and weryit with greit trauellis, and beand in deſert places vnder nicht, ſolitair,to conſaue and perſwade vnto them ſelfis that they maiſt certainlie ſe that thing, quhilk nochtheles is not ſene in deid, bot is ane meir fantaſie conſauit and generit of thair feir and werines. As it come to pas heir in our Wallace, quha eſcaiping ſa mony dangeris the day befoir, being ſair trauellit and weryit for fault of meit & refreſching, and laiking of ſleip,being vnder nicht in ane deſert place, circulit (as it appeirit) be his enemies, ſolitair and deſtitute of all his men,& being exceiding cairfull for them,thinking them to be all ſlane, and gane. All fantaſies, and perrilles welterand thus in his mynde, throw immoderat cair and feir, he thocht he ſaw Fawdoun caſtand his heid at him,and that he caiſt it agane at him,and that the hous was in ane fyre. Zit was thair na ſic thing in verray deid, bot was only ane vane fantaſie, generit of his feir, and faintnes. And ſwa it is written in the buik it ſelf,that he thocht he ſaw ſic thingis,and not writtin that he ſaw them in verry deid. Als quhen he come to the hous, quhair he was repoſit,he ſaid, that all the perrillis and jeopardies that he had bene in befoir,wes bot play to that nicht: quhilk wes ane euident argument of his greit feir and terrour. On the morne he ſend ane woman to ſe quhat was becummin of the Gaskhall: quha fand it in the auld, and former ſtaite, without ony hurt, Quhairthrow it is manifeſt, that this viſioun was only

the fantaſie, conſault of the cauſis abone expreſſit. Na man heirfoir be occaſioun of this Hyſtorie, neidis to call ony thing of the reſt of this buik in dout.

Ane vther Hyſtorie thair is, in my judgement mair wechty, than ye preceedent. The deſcriptioun of the battel of the Fawkirk, quhilk differis from the opinioun of the reſt of the Hiſtoriographeris. The maiſt pairt of the Hiſtoryis, baith Scottis and Inglis, declaris King Edward to haif wyn the battell of the Fawkirk. This buik ſayis, he wan the firſt day, bot Wallace the ſecund day renewit the battell, and wes ſuperiour in the feild. Althocht it hes oft bene ſene, and micht weill be, that the ane was victour in the feild the firſt day, & the vther the next day: zit becaus the multitude of the Hiſtoryis ar contrarious to it, I dar not affirme it, bot will leif euerilk mannis judgement fre to him ſelf, to ſereh the trueth thairof. Zit heirin will I ſpeik ſum thing of the former twa Inglis wryteris, to note out ane lytill of their ſchameles impudencie. Caxtoun ſayis, yat in this battell wer ſlane of Scottis, threttie thouſand: and of Ingliſmen bot auchtene men. Fabian wrytis that thair was heir ane ſore fecht giuen to the King, bot in the end, the victorie fell to the Ingliſmen, ſa that of the Scottis wer ſlane in the feild ouer the number of twa and threttie thouſand, and of Ingliſmen, bot barely aucht and twentie perſounis. Thir ar his awin wordis. Lanquet in his Epitome of the Inglis Cronikillis, monit be thair wryting, repeitis the ſamin, albeit he ſemis to gif na greit credite thairto. Quhat face or lykenes of treuth this hes, ane man that hes ony ſpark of naturall judgement, may eſilie ſe. The like hes neuer bene hard ſen the beginning of the warlde. We reid in the Scripturis, how the Angell of the Lord did ſlay mony thouſands and confoundit the greit Hoiſt of Sennacherib. Gedeon with thre hundreth men, ouerthrew the armie of the Madianites. Thir and ſic vther we reid, wrocht, and fochtin be the hand of God, and not be the Arme of man. We reid alſwa in the Hyſtories, that the Duke of Saxone, at the requeiſt of the Empriour and Paip, had aſſemblit ane greit armie, againis the Huſſites of Boheme: bot the fray ryſand in his Camp (as God had prouydit) they were conſtreynit without ſtraik to fle. Bot that twa greit armyis ſuld joyne in plaine feild, and mak ane cruell & ſore fecht (as he callis it) and ſa mony thouſandis of men, and thay gude warriouris, that be lang trubillis, and continuall trauellis wer weill exerciſit: and vnder ſa ſtout and weill practiſit reullaris, ſuld on the ane ſide be ſlane, and onlie aucht and twentie perſounis on the vther ſide to be loiſt, I can nocht think that euer ony man can be inducit to beleif it. I wonder greitlie, quhat ſore fecht Maiſter Fabiane culd think this to be, quhen barelie xxviij. perſounis of his countriemen wer inlaikit, with the ouerthraw of ſa mony of yair aduerſars. Bot quhat wõder thocht he dremit in this, quhẽ he dois lyttill better in the reſt of ye hiſtory? Within ij. zeiris ſpace he coũtis lxxvij. thouſãd Scots ſlane be king Edward. At Berwik firſt xxv. thouſand ſlane. beſidis preſoners tane

Schortly eftir at Dunbar, twentie thouſand: and then at ye Fawkirk twa and threttie thouſand. Notwithſtanding all this he makis the Scottis to reſ bell agane, or the thrid zeir. It is full lyke, fiue and twentie thouſand mē to haif bene within Berwik, and zit to haif bene wyn be force. Our wryters ſayis it was wyn be treſſoun, and that King Edward ſlewe men, wyfis, and bairnis in it: quhairthrow peradventure he hes cummit neir to Fabianis compt of the ſlaine. Gif that be the number, he micht with mair honeſtie haif haldin his peice. Farther, it is nōt verry lykelie, yat euin in ane Nation mair populous than outher Scotland or Ingland, eftir ſa greit ſlaucha ter of men, ſa haiſtie inſurrectioun ſuld haif riſen of new agane. Zit for all this Polydorus Virgilius wrytis, that according to the ancient Cronikillis thair wer vpon fyfetene thouſand Scottis ſlane in the battell of the Fawkirk. Be thir ze may ſe, how not only they aggre nocht ane with ane vther: bot how ſlenderly ſum of them agreis with them ſelfis: and cheiflie Fabian I leif his ignorance in the monſtrous namis of men & townis, neuer hard, nor knawin, & will pas to the reſt of our purpoſe,

Syndrie thair is that callis in dout the hiſtoryis of the paſſing of Wallace to France, and his fechting with the reid Reuar, and Iohn of Lyn vpon ye ſey, amangis quhome is Maiſter Iohn Maior mouit be thir ſimple reſſonis, that the French hiſtoryis makis na mention of him: & that our latine Cronikillis ſchawis na excellent factis of him eftir the battell of the Fawkirk. Thir ar waik argumentis that Magiſter noſter hes for him. The French hiſtoryis makis na mention of Wallace, nor of his cumming to France, Ergo he come neuer to France. I will meit him with the lyke. Paulus Æmylius ane of the cheif wryters of the French hyſtories, and almaiſt all the reſt of them makis na mention of the great and ſolempne confederacie and band made betuix King Charles the greit of France, and King Achaius of Scotland: Ergo thair was na ſic confederacie nor band made. I think Maior wald not grant to this, for he affirmis the contrair thairof in the ſecund buik of his Scottis Cronikill. Zit was this band ane mater of verray greit wecht and importance, and hes continewit inuiolable thir mony hundreth zeiris with ſic firme conſtancie, that the like of ſic continuance hes not bein oft ſeene betuix ony twa Realmes. Nouther is it vncouth to the Frenche writers to ſuppres and conceyle the nobill actis of ſtrangeris done amangis them: as it is eſie to perſaif to them that liſt confer the hyſtoryis of vther natiounis with thairs. As to his vther reſſoun, gif he had bene diligent in ſearching out of our Latine Cronikillis, it had not bene put in wryte be him. For the contrair thairof is plainelie contenit in the xix. buik of Scotis chronicon in the fourtene chapter. Bot becaus euerie man hes not the ſaid buik at hand: and leſt ſum ſuld ſuſpect it to be bot fenzeit, I haif inſert ane pairt of the ſaid fourtene chapter in Latine, ſmelland the phraſe of thay dayis; quhilk is this,

Poſt

Poſt enim conflictum de Roſling Vallas aſcenſa navi Franciam petijt. Vbi quanta probitate refulſit, tam ſuper mare á piratis, quam in Frácia ab Anglis perpeſſus eſt diſcrimina, & viriliter ſe habuit, nonnulla carmina, tá in ipſa Frácia, quam Scotia atteſtantur. Cum Rege enim Franciæ Philippo, digno habebatur honore, venerabatur præconio, & mulcebatur alloquio: ac ad ſecum morádum pro perpetuo grandia promittebantur territoria, & tam in pagis quá vrbibus prędia quamplurima, ac dominia fuerunt ſibi conceſſa. Sed ipſe ſolo paterno, & naturali affectione, ad modum Scotorum allectus, poſt ipſius à Scotia receſſum, audiens ipſum regnum nimium ſuppeditari, ſupplicatione Scotorum de facile revocaretur, niſi rex franciæ ipſum quaſi invite retractaret. Nam vt Vilelmus ſecum perendinaret, Philippus Rex Francię, Edvardo Regi Anglię, ſuo fratri legali ſpeçialiſime ſcripſit pro treugis inter ipſum & domum Scotiæ capiendis, (vt infra dicetur) ne videlicet preſentiam Vilelmi Vallas quó tam tenerrime diligebat, vel ad tempus amitteret, &c.

Eftir the battell of Roſling, Wallace entering on ſchipbuird, paſſit to France. Quhair, with what vertnouſnes he did ſchine, quhat dangeris he ſufferit aſweill on the ſey be the Pirates, as be Ingliſmen in France, and how manfully he behauit him ſelf, certaine ſangs aſweill in France it ſelf, as in Scotland beiris witneſſing. For with Philip King of France he was had in gret honour, reverencit with praiſe, & with familiar commoning gentilly intreitit, mony ample landis wer promiſit to him for to abyde perpetually with him, mony Lordſchippis and townis baith in burgh and land wer geuin to him. Bot he being allurit be his natiue countrie, & natural affectioũ according to the maner of Scottiſmen, heiring eftir his departing out of Scotland, the Realme to be vtterlie oppreſſit, was eſily at the requeiſt of his countrie men, purpoſit hame againe gif the King of France had not reteinit him, as it wer againis his will. For Philip King of France, to the intent that Wallace ſuld abyde with him, wrait vnto Edward King of Inglád, his brother in Law, ſpecially for trewis to be taine betuix him & ihe Realm of Scotland (as it ſalbe ſchawin heireftir) for this purpoſe that he ſuld nocht for ony ſpace, want the preſence of Williame wallace, quhom he maiſt tenderly favourit, &c.

Mair thair followis of the ſamin mater in the xv. chap. of the ſaid buik

of Scot: chronicon: quhilk for eschewing of prolixitie, I can not heir repeit, quhairby the aggreance of our latine Chronikillis with this wark followād may be weill persauit.

Besides all thir, thair remainis zit to this day mony domesticall monumētis of Thomas Duke of Lōgueil, callit ye reid Reuar, quhom Wallace tuik vpon the sey, diligently obseruit be his successouris, the Lairdis of Kinfawnis, & presentlie ar keipit in the hands of John Charteris now Laird of Kinfawnis as his sword, his Evidents, & dyuers other thingis reteinit of them in greit estimatioun, as auld & auncient memorials of their maist vailzeand progenitour. For eftir the deith of Wallace, the said Thomas remainit continually with King Robert, & was at the siege of Sanct-Johnstoun with him, & vnabasitlie enterit ouer the wallis thairof, as baith the buikis of Bruce and Wallace dois testifie of him. Be quhilk vassalage, & mony sic vther, the King gaue vnto him the Charteris landis, & was thaireftir callit him self be the samin surname. And as this buik reportis, the Charteris ar cūmin of him. Bot ye Lairdis of Amisfeild being of ye samin name, affirmis him to haue gottin they landis be mariage of ane of the Heretrices of Amisfeild, their Father deceisand but airis Male, & to mak ane difference betuix the vther Heretrice, he did eik vnto their former armes, quhilkis wes ane quhite feild & ane blew Bar, the twa dowbil Traissis with Flourdelices gangand in & out. Bot howsceuir he did obtein thay landis, he gat them be moyen & addres of King Robert, as ane pairt of rewaird of his labouris. This Thomas semis to haue bene a man of mony singular & notabill vertewis. For notwithstanding that he be necessitie, and for the saiftie of his life (eftir that be suddanetie he had slaine ane Noble man, in the Kingis court of France) was constrainit to go to the sey, quhair he vsit greit Rubberie & cruelty: zit the succes folowand dois plainely declair, how lytill that kynde of lyse aggreit with his nature. For beand tane with Wallace, & thairthrow reconcylit with the King, he accomptit it sic ane benefite, yat the memorie thairof past neuer in oblivion with him, bot remanit continually thaireftir with him, participant of all his jeopardies and trauellis. Zea, eftir his deith (quhilk is greitlyer to be meruellit) he professit him self plaine and extreme enemie to all his aduersaris, adjonand him self in greitest perrellis to all them that zeid about the revenge of his deith, and the recovering of the libertie of the Realme. Ane woundrous cace. Ane stranger to leif his natiue Realme, freindis, heritage, & rentis, to cum till ane vncouth Realm, to oppone him self against maist potēt enemies, baith Inglis & Scottis: to enter him self in maist perrilous dangeris: to cleif and abyde fast to the waiker pairt: & that vnto the very end, is ane exempil rair to be fund, quhilk wil be meruellit of ma, then followit of monie: and ane infallible argument of ane thankfull, Heroicall, and constant mynd & nature. Mony vther excellent vertewis micht I collect of him: Bot lest men suld esteme me partiall and affectionate in setting furth his praises, in respect

ject, that of him and of his houſe I am proceidir, I will abſtene, & commit the ſamin to vtheris.

The firſt compyler of this wark in the Latine toung, was Maiſter Iohne Blair, ane man of indifferent learning for thay dayis: quha was preſent with Wallace & participant of mony of his trauellis, and was altwa (according to the cuſtum of the tyme) his Meſpreiſt and Chaiplane.

Thir thingis beand writtin, the perſon of Wallace with his qualities diſcryuit, & the maiſt appeirand doutis reſoluit; I traiſt thair is ane ſufficient licht and entres geuin to the haill warke.

¶ I wald haue put end to this prolixt Prolog gif I had not alreddy hard ye injuſt offence & murmuring of mony againis the preſent ſurthſetting of this volume: ſayand, yat heirby men ar ſteirit vp rather to ye remembrāce of auld injuries, then to the deſire & quyetnes, vnto the quhilk we all ſuld ſtudie, leſt we ſuld ſeme vnthankfull towardis God, & inhumaine towardis our nichtbouris, out of quhais handis we haue laitly reſſauit ſa āpil benefitis. Bot quhat wil not conceptiue & contentious perſons calumniat? God (quha is the ſearcher of mens hartis) dois knaw how far that is from my mynde. Althocht that in the dayis of Wallace, Ingland did vthermēt-lie oppres this Realme, quhairthrow maiſt juſtlie he did oppone him ſelfe to them: zit I eſteme it a thing not impoſſibil, bot yat auld enemies may be cum new and perfite freindis: & againe auld freinds becum new & plaine enemies, as it befell betuix the Scottis and Pichtis, Zit I mene nathing les, then to ſteir vp the hartis of ony men againis ony Nation, Realme, or cōtrie. My intent & cheif ſcope is this in generall, to mufe all men (eftir the exempill of Wallace) to the defence of their natiue Realme, & commoun welth: to hazard quhatſaeuer they haue in this earth, for the maintenāce thairof, againis ony Natioun, French or Inglis, Spaniſh, or vtheris quhatſūeuir yat wald inuaid the ſamin. And alſwa that the vailzeant actis & deidis of ſic as hes ſpent & geuin their trauellis and lyfes thairfoir, ſuld neuir cum into oblivioun, but remain in freſche & recent memorie to the perpetuall glorie of their name & fame, during all ages & poſterities vnto ye warldis end.

¶ Quhairfoir (gude Reidar) as I with ſimple eye & intentioun, haue of new agane publiſchit this delectabill Hiſtorie: Swa thow will in the ſamin maner reid, & peruſe it: & in peruſing it, thow will giue hartlie thanks vnto ye Eternall God, quha for ye deliuerance of yis affli:ted and oppreſſed eountrie, did ſteir vp yis our Wallace, having ſure confidence, yat gif we fall leind vpon him, & from our haill hartis in all our neceſſities and afflictionis convert vs till him, he ſall not only rais vp ane Wallace, bot mony: be quhome he ſall michtelie delyuer & releif vs of all ye ſcurgis and oppreſſions of our enemies quhatſaeuir, how feirce, how cruell or potent ſa euer they be: his hand is not ſchortenit, bot yat he baith will and can help.

In

In his handis ar not only ye hartis of all, bot alſwa thair bodies and puiſ-
ſancis. He diſponis Empyres, he diſtributis kingdomis, he remuifis
Natiounis, he tranſferris families, according to his gude wil
& pleſure Aganis him na ſtrength nor force, na coũ-
ſell nor wiſedome, na ſubſtance nor riches can
preuaill. Till thẽ that feiris & luifis him
all thingis wirkis for the beſt.
His Name be praiſit
for euer.

SO BE IT.

THE TABLE

The first Buik.

Of the Genealogie of Wallace. fol. j.
Of the winning of Berwik. fol ij.
The Battell of Dunbar. fol. eodem.
How King Edward and Corspatrik come to Scone, & put doun Iohn Ballioll, and had with them ye airis of Scotland. fol. iij.
How Wallace slew young Selbie, the Constabillis son of Dundie. fol. iiij.
How Wallace past to the water of Irwyn to tak fischye. fol. vj.

The Secund Buik.

How Wallace slew the Churle with his awin staf in Air fol. viij.
How Wallace slew Lord Persies Stewart, and was tane and presonit in Air. fol. ix.
How Wallace was presonit in Air, & escapit fol. x.
The Battell of Lowdoun hill. fol. xij

The Third Buik.

How Wallace slew Fenwik, and discomfeist his rumpanie. fol. xv.
How Inglismen tuik peice with Wallace. fol. xix
How Wallace slew the Buckler player in the Town of Air. fol. xx

The fourt Buik.

How Wallace wan the peill of Cargunnok. fol. xxj
How Wallace past to Sanct Iohnstoun, and slew the Capitane, and how he wan Kincleuin. fol. xxviij
Schortwod Schawis. fol. xxx
How Wallace was sauld to Inglismen be his Lemman fol. xxxij

The fift Buik.

How Wallace eſcapit out of S. Johnſtoun, & paſt to Elchok park: & how he ſlew Fawdoun. fol. xxxiij
How Wallace paſt to Lochmabane, how thay cuttit his hoꝛs taillis, & how he ſchaik the bludelatter. fol. xliij
How wallace wan the Caſtell of Crawfurd, & how he ſlew the Capitane thairof. fol. l.

The Sext Buik.

Of the Spouſage of Wallace, and how Heſilrig ſlew wallace wyfe in the town of Lanerk: and how he ſlew Heſilrig foꝛ the ſamin cauſ, and put the Ingliſmen out of Lanerk, fol. lj
The Battell of Bigar. fol. lvij
How Wallace wā ỹ ſtrēth on ye water of Cre. fol. lxiij

The Seuint Buik.

How wallace bꝛint the Barnis of Air, & put Biſchop Beik out of Glaſgow, & ſlew Loꝛd Perſis fol. lxvj
How wallace ſlew Makfadzeane. fol. lxxvj
How Wallace wan Sanct Johnſtoun. fol. lxxx
How Wallace laid ane ſege to Dundie, and how he gaik Battell at the Bꝛig end of Striuiling to Kirkingam that was Theſaurer to king Edward, and to the Erle of Warrane fol. lxxxiij

The Aucht Buik.

How Wallace put Coꝛſpatrik out of ſcotland. fo. lxxxvj
How Coꝛſpatrik bꝛocht in Scotland Biſchop Beik, & Robert the Bꝛuce, and how Wallace gaik them Batteil, and put them out of Scotland. fol. lxxxix
How wallace paſt in Ingland, and remanit thair thꝛie quarters of ane zeir, and come hame agane but batteil. fol. lxxxxij
The ſege of Zoꝛk. fol lxxxxvij
How the Quene of Ingland come and ſpake with Wallace

Wallace. fol. Ciiij

The nynt Buik.

How Wallace past in France. fol. Cxj
How Wallace passand in France, faucht with the Reid Reuar, and vincust him. fol. Cxiij
How Wallace past in Guyan. fol. Cxix

The tent Buik.

How Wallace wan Sanct Johnstoun be ane Jeopardie. fol. Cxxiij
The Battell of Blak Irnesyde Forest, fol Cxxv
The winning of Lochleuin. fol. Cxxx
The winning of Airth. fol Cxxxij
How Wallace brint the Inglismen in Dumbertane, fol. Cxxxiiij
How Schir William Douglas wan the Castell of Sasquhair be ane Jeopardie, and how William wallace relkewit him fra the Inglismen, and put them out of that pairt. fo. Cxxxvij

The Elleuint Buik.

Of the battel of the Fawkirk. fo. Cxliij
How Wallace met with Johne of Lyn vpon the fey fo Clv.
How Edward King of Ingland, come in Scotland, and maid hail conqueis thairof. fo. Clvij

The twelft Buik.

How Wallace conqueist the land of Guyan, and how he was maid Lord thairof fol Clxj
How Wallace slew the twa Campiounis. fo. Clxiij
How Wallace slew the Lyoun in the Barres. fo. Clxiiij.
How Wallace come in Scotland agane at the Battel of Elchoch Park. fo Clxvj
The Siege of Sanct Johnstoun, fo Clxxiij
How Wallace was betraisit be Schir Iohne Menteith

and had in Ingland. & martyrit thair, fol. clxxvj
Of the dreame of the Monk of Burie, and vther thingis followand the deith of Wallace. fol. clxxx.

Finis tabulæ.

IN OBITVM CLARISSIMI ET FORTISsimi Ducis Guilielmi Wallas, quem Edwardus primus Anglorum Rex, sibi proditum, supplicio Londini affecerat, Carmen.

INuida Mors tristi Gulielmum funere Wallam,
Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit.
Et tanto pro cive, cinis: pro finibus vrna est:
Frigusque pro lorica obit.
Illo licet terras, loca se inferiora, reliquit:
At fata factis supprimens,
Parte sui meliore solum, Cœlumque pererrat:
Hoc spiritu: illud gloria.
At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto
Fuisset, hostis proditi
Artibus Angle tuis, in pœnas parcior isses,
Nec oppidatim spargeres
Membra viri sacranda adytis. Sed scin quid in ista
Immanitate viceris?
Vt Wallæ in cunctas oras spargantur, & horas
Laudes: tuumque dedecus.

The Actis and deidis of the ILLVSTER AND VAILZEAND Campioun, Schir Williame Wallace, Knicht of Ellerslie.

THE FIRST BVIK,

OVR Antecessouris, that we suld of reid,
And hald in mynde thair nobill deuchtis deid.
we let ouerslyde throw verray sleuthfulnes,
And castis vs euer to ocher besines.
On vane gamming is set our haill intent,
Quhilk hes bene sene into thir tymes by went,
Our nixt nichtbouris cummin of Brutus blude.
That oftin tymes to Scotis wirkit gude.
Thocht now of lait God turnit thair mynde & will,
That greit kyndenes thay haue schawin vs till,
The hartis of pepill the Lord hes in his hand.
He map thame reule and gyde at his command.
And thocht all leidis wald haue this land in thrall,
Oppone his power, God can aganis thame all.
As we haue sene in our Forebearis afoir,
Bot of thir Parabillis, as now I speik no moir.

¶ WE reid of ane richt famous of renoun
Of worthie blude that regnit in this Regioun.
And hine furth now I will my purpose hald,
Of williame Wallace, as ze haue hard heir tald.
His Forbearis quha lykis to vnderstand,
Of auld Linnage, and trew blude of Scotland.

Schir Rannald Crawfurd, richt schirrel of Ayr,
Sua in his tyme he had a dochter fair.
To zoung Schir Rannald Schirref of that toun,
Was Sister fair, of gude fame and renoun.
Malcolme Wallace hir gat in Mariage,
That Ellerslie than had in heritage.
Auchinbothy and mony ane vther place,
The secound Oye he was to gude Wallace,
The quhilk Wallace full hardely had wrocht,
Quhen Walter heir of Wallace to him socht.
Quha lykis to heir mair knawledge in that paire,
Ga reid the lyne of the first Stewart.
Bot Malcolme Wallace gat on this Lady brycht,
Malcolme Wallace ane full gude gentill knicht.
And Williame als as Cronickles beiris on hand,
Quhilk efter was the reskewer of Scotland
Quhan it was loist with tressoun and falsnes,
Querset with fais, it fred throw Godis grace.
King Alexander our worthie king forrone,
Be auenture his lyfe had at Kingorne.
Thre zeiris still the Realme stuid desolait,
Quhairthrow thair rais ane full grauous debait.
Our Prince Dauid Erle of Huntingtoun,
Thre douchteris had of great fame and renoun.
Of the quhilk thre come Bruce, Ballioll, & Haisting
Twa of thir thre desyrit to be King.
The Ballioll claimit of the first gre lynely.
And Bruce the first Haill of the gre by.
To Edward sone vnto Ingland thay send,
Of this great stryfe, thocht thay suld mak ane end.
Folye it was forsuith it hapnit sa,
Succour to seik of thair auld mortall fa.
Edward Langschankis had now begun his weir.

Vpon

Vpon Gaitonis into ane anfull feir.
Thay landis quhilk he clamit fluid in ſik eaſe,
He thocht fra hand to mak it haill conqueis.
To Nethame kirk he come withouttin mair,
The counſell than of Scotland met him thair.
Full ſubtelly he chargit thame in bandoun,
As thair ouer Lord, to hald of him the Croun.
Biſchop Robert in his tyme worthy,
Of Glaſgow Lord, ſaid that we do deny.
Onp ouer Lord, bot the greit God abuik,
The king was wraith, and hame he did remuik.
Sir Johne Ballioll followit on him ſa faſt,
To hald of him he grantit at the laſt.
And contrair richt ane king he maid him thair
Quhairthrow Scotland repentit it full ſair.
To the Ballioll our Lordis wald not conſent,
Edward furthwith ſet doun ane Parliament.
He callit Ballioll to anſuer for Scotland,
The wyſe Lordis ſone gart him brek that band.
Ane Abbot paſt and gaue ouer his allegeance,
King Edward than it tuik in greit greuance.
His Oſt he raiſit and come to Werk on Tweid.
Bot for to fecht as than he had greit dreid.
To Carſpatrik of Dunbar ſone he ſend,
His counſell aſkit for he the counters kend.
Fra he was brocht in preſence of the King,
Be ſubtill band thay cordit on this thing.

The battell of Berwick. Cap. II.

ERLE Patrik than to Berwik couth perſew,
Reſſaunt he was and traiſtit verray trew.
The King followit with his men of renoun,

Efter midnicht at reſt was all the toun.
Corſpatrik rais, the keyis weill he knew,
Leit briggis doun, and Portculzeis thap drew
Edward Enterit and gart ſla haiſtellie,
Of men and wemen aucht thouſand and fyftie.
And Bairnis als be this fals auenture,
Of trew Scottis chaipit na creature.
Ane Capitane thair this fals King hes maid,
Towart Dumbar, without reſting thap raid.

The battell of Dunbar. Cap. III.

QVHAIR gadderit was greit power of Scotlād
Aganis Edward in battell for to ſtand.
Thir four Erlis was enterit in that place,
Of Mar, Menteith, and Atholl, vpon cace.
In the Caſtell the Erle gart haild thame in,
That to thair men without thap micht not win;
Nor zit to thame ſuppleing for to ma,
The battellis than togidder faſt thap ga.
Full greit ſlauchter that pitie was to ſe,
Of trew Scottis ouerſet with ſubteltie.
Erle Patrik than quhan the fechting was fellest,
To our fa turnit and harming did vs maiſt.
Is nane in warld that ſkaithis may do mair,
Than weill traiſtit in bayne Familiair.
Our men are ſlane without redemptioun,
Thrawe thir deidis haill tint was this Regioun.

How King Edward and Corſpatrik come to Scone, and depoſit Iohne Ballioll, and had with thame the Airis of Scotland. Cap. IIII.

KING,

KING Edward past, and Cuspatrik to Scone
And thair he gat homage of Scotland sone.
For nane was left the Realme for to defend,
For Johne Ballioll than to Montrois thay send,
And him depryuit for ay of his kingrik,
Then Edward his self was callit ane royall rik,
The Croun he tuik vpon the samin stane,
That Gathelus send with his sone fra Spane.
Quhan Iber Scot first in Scotland came,
That Canmore king, syne Fergus had to name,
Brocht it to Scone, and gart it stabill thair,
Quhair kingis war crounit viii. hundreth zeir and mair.
Before the tyme that king Edward it fand,
Thir Jewellis he gart turs in Ingland.
In Londoun set in witnes of that thing,
Be conqueis than of Scotland maid him king.
Quhair yat stane standis, Scotland suld maister be,
God cheis the tyme for Magaretis airis to se.
Aucht scoir thap led of greitest that thay fand,
Of Airis with thame, and Bruce out of Scotland.
That office than he bruikit but schort tyme,
I map not now put all the deidis in tyme.
On Chronicles quhy suld I tarp lang?
To Wallace agane now breifly will I gang.
Scotland was leist quhen he was but ane Chylde,
All haill ouerset with our ennemeis wylde.
His Father Malcolme in the Lennox fled
His eldest sone thidder with him he led.
His Mother fled with him fra Ellerslie,
To Gourie past, and dwelt in Kilspindie.
The knicht his Father thidder thame sent,
Vnto his Vncle with ane gude intent.
In Gourie dwelt and had thair leuing thair,

Ane agit man, quhilk reſſaunt thame faire.
Than to Dundie Wallace to ſcule thay ſend,
Quhill he of wit full worthelp was kend.
Thus he continewit in his tender age,
In armes fine did monp vaſſalage.
Quhen Hareun blude in this Regionn couth ring
Warkand the will of that vnrichteous King.
Monp greit wrang thay wrocht in this Regionn,
Deſtropit our Lordis, & brak thair biggingis doun.
Baith wpues and widowis, thay tuik at thair awin
Nunis & maidinis, quhom pat ipkit to ſpill. (will,
King Herodis paint, thay plapit in Scotland.
Of zoung Childzen that thay befoir thame fand.
The Biſchoprikis that was greiteſt of vaill,
Thay tuik in handis of thair Archbiſchopis haill.
Nocht for the Pape, thay wald na kirkis forbeir,
Bot grippit all, be violence of weir.
Glaſgow thay gaif, as at thair waill was kend.
To the diocie of Durhame, to ane Commend.
Swaill benefice than thay wald not perſew,
Bot for this thing full monp vther thay ſlew.
Hangit Barrounis and wrocht full mekill cair,
It was weill knawin within the Barnis of Air.
Thair auchtene ſcoir was put to ane felloun dzeid,
Bot God abufe hes ſend vs ſum remeid.
It is remembzed farther in the taill,
I will follow vpon my purpois haill.
Williame Wallace, of he was man of armes.
Greit pitie thocht that Scotland tuik ſic harmes.
Mekill dolour it did him in his mynd,
For he was wyſe, richt worthie, wicht and kynd.
In Gourie dweit ſtill with this worthie man,
As he interſſit and with abandoun than.

Into

Intō his hart he had full mekill eair,
He saw the Sutheroun multiplie mair and mair.
And to him self oft wald he mak his mane,
Of his gude kin thap had slane mony ane.
Yit he was than, semely, stark, and bald
And he of age was seuintene winter ald.
wappinnis he bair, outher gude sword or knyfe,
For he with thame hapnit richt oft to stryfe
Quhair he fand ane out of anotheris presence.
Eftir to Scottis thap did na mair offence.
To cut his throt, or stik him suddenly,
He wapnit nocht fand he thame anerly.
Sindrie wantit bot nane wist be quhat way
For as to him thair couth na man ocht say.
Lyttill of speiche, was courtes and bening.
Sad of countenance he was baith ald and zing.

How Wallace slew zoung Selbie, the Constabillis Sone of Dundie. Cap. V.

VPON ane day to Dundis he was send.
Of cruelnes full lyttill thay him kend.
The Constabill was ane felloun man of weir,
And vnctill Scottis he did full mekill deir.
Selbie he hecht dispiteous and of outrage,
Ane Sōne he had neir twentie zeir of age.
Into the toun he vsit eueris day,
Thre men or four thair to with him to play.
Ane herly schrew wantoun in his intent,
Wallace he saw and toward him he went.
Lyklie he was, richt big and weill besene,
Into ane weid of gudelp ganand grene.
He callit on him and said thow Scot abyde,

Quha Deuill (quod he) the graithit in ſa gude weid
Ane horis mantill it war thy kynd to weir.
Ane Scottis quhittill vnder thy belt to beir,
Rouch Killingis vpon thy harlotis feit,
Gif me thy knyfe quhat dois thy geir ſa meit.
To him he zeid his knyfe to tak him fra,
Faſt be the Coller Wallace can him ta.
Vnder his hand his knyfe he braidit out,
For all his men that ſemblit him about.
Bot help him ſelf he wiſt of na remeid,
without reſkew he ſtikkit him to the deid.
The Squyer fell of him thair was na mair,
His men followit on Wallace wonder ſair
The preis was thik and cummerit thame full faſt,
Wallace was ſpedie and greitly als agaſt.
The bludie knyfe was drawin in his hand,
He ſpairit nane that he befoir him fand.
The hous he knew his Eme had ludgit in,
Thidder he fled farther he micht not win.
The gudewyfe thair, within the cloiſ ſaw he,
And help he cryit, for him that deit on tre.
The zoung Capitane hes fallin with me at ſtryfe,
In at the dure he went with this gudewyfe.
Ane Ruſſet goun of hir awin ſcho him gaif,
Abone his weid that couerit all the laif.
Ane ſudlit courche ouer nek and heid leit fall,
Ane wo[r]ne quhyte hat ſcho braiſſit on with all.
For thay ſuld nocht lang tary at that In,
Gaif him ane Rok, and ſyne ſat doun to ſpin.
The Sutheroun ſocht quhair Wallace was but
Thay wiſt not weill ar quhat zet he in zeid. (drzeid.
In that ſame hous thay ſochc him beſely,
Bot he ſat ſtill and ſpan richt cunnandly.

As of his tyme, he had nocht leirit lang,
Thay left him sa and furth this gait can gang.
With heaup cheir, and sorrowfull in thocht,
Na wit of him, as than get culd thay nocht.
The Inglismen all than in Barret boun,
Bad fyre all Scottis that war into that toun,
Zit this gude wyfe held Wallace vnto nicht,
Waid him gude cheir syne put him out of sicht.
Throw ane derk gait scho gydit him full fast,
In couert went syne vp the water past.
Forbuir the gait for watches that was thair,
His Mother was into ane greit dispair.
Quhan scho him saw scho thankit heuinis king,
And said deir sone sa lang quhair hes thow bene.
He tauld his Mother of that suddan cace,
Than wepit scho, and said full oft allace.
Or that thow eris thow will be slane with all,
Mother he said God reuler is of all.
Vnsufferabill is the pepill of Ingland,
Pairt of thair Ire me think we suld ganestand.
His Eme wist weill that he the squyer slew,
For dreid thairof in greit langour he drew.
This past ouer quhill dyuers dayis war gane,
That gude man dred that Wallace suld be tane.
For Sutherown ar full subtile euerilk man,
Ane greit dittay for Scottis ordanit thay than.
Be the law dayis in Dundie set ane Air,
Than Wallace wald na langer soiorne thair.
His Mother graithit hir in a pilgrame weid,
Him self disagysit, sine gladly with hir zeid.
Ane schort sword vnder his weid bair he,
In all the land full mony fais had he.
Baith on thair fute with them mair nor fyf nychtis

Quha speirit schp said, to S. Margaret thap socht.
Quha seruit hir, full greit freindschip thay fand,
with Sutheroun folk, for schp was of Ingland,
Bespde Lundoris the Ferry ouer thay past,
Syne throw the Ochell sped thap wonder fast
Into Dunfermeling thay ludgit all that nicht.
Upon the morne quhan that the day was licht.
with gentill wemen happit thame to pas,
Of Ingland borne in Linlithgow winnand was.
The Capitanis wyfe in Pilgramage had bene,
Fra schp thame met, and had young Wallace sene
Gude their thny maid for he was wonder fair,
Not large of young, weill taucht and debonair.
Furth talkand thus of matteris that was wrocht
Quhill south ouer Forth, with hir sone schp thame
Into Linlithgow thay wald not tary lang, (brocht.
Their leif thay tuik, to Donppace thap gang.
Thair dwelt his Eme, ane man of greit riches.
That michtie persoun hecht to name Wallace.
Wald pame gude their, and was ane full gude man
welcumit thame fair, and to thame taid he than.
Did him to wit the land was all on steir,
Treitit thame weill and said my Sone sa deir.
Thy mother and thow nicht heir with me sall byde
Quhill better be for chance that map betyde.
Wallace answerit, said westermair we will,
Our kin is slane and that me lykes ill.
And vther monp worthie in that Airt.
Leif I, will God, we sall vs wreik on pairt.
The Persoun sichit and said my Sone sa fre,
I can not wit how that redres may be.
Quhat suld I speik of frustrair at this tyde,
For gift of gude with him he wald not byde.

His

His Mother and he, to Ellerslie thay went,
Vpon the morne scho for hir brether sent.
In Corsbie dwelt, and was Schirref of Air,
His Father was deid, that leuit lang tyme thair,
Hir eldest sone that mekill was of mane,
Hir husband als at Lochmabane was slane.
Schir Malcolme Wallace was his name but leis,
His hoch sennoumis war cuttit in that preis.
In kneis he fauchtt feill Inglismen he slew.
To him than socht ma fechtaris than anew.
On athir side with speiris bair him doun,
Thair stikket thay that gude knicht of renoun.
Vnto my taill, I left at Ellerslie.
Schir Rannald come vnto his Sister fre,
welcumit thame and speirit of thair intent.
Scho prayit that he Lord Perlie to wald went.
Scho irkit of weir, scho culd na farther fle
To purches peis, in rest that scho micht be.
Schir Rannald had the Perleis protectioun,
As for all pairt to tak remissioun.
Than he gart wryte to his Sister that tyde,
In that respect Wallace wald not abyde
His Mother he left, scho wepit with hart full sair,
His leif he tuik sine fra his Eme can fair.
Young he was and to Suthsroun rieht sauage,
Grit roume thay had dispyte and sik outrage.
Schir Rannald durst not weill hald Wallace thair,
For grit perrell he wist apperand wair.
For thay had haill the strenthis of this land,
Quhat thay wald do durst nane aganis thame stand
Schirref he was and vsit thame amang.
Full fair he dred that Wallace suld tak wrang.
For he and thay culd neuer weill accord

He gat ane blaw therght he was lad or leid.
That prefferit him ony ychelpnes,
Bot thay repairit ouer mekill to that place.
Als Inglis Clarkis in Propheeie it fand,
How ane Wallace fuld put thame fra Scotland.
Schir Rannald knew weill ane mair quyet ſteid.
Quhair williame micht be better fra thair feid.
with his Vncle Wallace of Ricardtoun,
Schir Richard hecht that gude knicht of renoun.
Thay landis haill than was his heritage,
Bot blynd he was, ſa happit throw courage.
Be Inglilmen that dois vs mekill deir,
In his ryſing he worthie was in weir.
Throw hurt of wainis and miniſching of blude,
Tit he was wyſe and of his counſell gude.
In Februare Wallace was to him ſend,
Into Ayrple he bownit fra him to wend.
Bot gude ſeruice he did him with pleſance.
As in that ſpace was worthie to auance.

How Wallace paſt to the watter of Irwin to tak fiſche. Cap. VI.

SA on ane tyme he deſpyit to play,
Into Ayrple the thre and twentie day.
To Irwin watter, fiſche to tak he went
Sic fantaſſie fell into his intent.
To leid his Net ane chylde with him thair zeid,
Bot he or None was in ane felloun dreid.
His ſword he left ſa did he neuer agane,
It did him gude ſuppoſe he ſufferit pane.
Of that labour as than he was not ſle,
Happy he was tuik fiſche aboundantlis.

Or

Or of the day ten houris could ouerpas,
Rydand thair come neir by quhair Wallace was,
The Lord Perſie, was Capitane than of Air,
Fra him he turnit and culd to Glaſgow fair,
Pairt of the Court had Wallace labour ſene,
To him thair raid fiue cled in garment grene.
O. Martinis fiſche, ſaid Scot now we wald haue,
Wallace agane thame meikly anſwer gaue.
It war reſſoun me think ze ſuld haue part,
waith ſuld be delt in all place with fre hart.
He bad his Childe gif thame of our waithing,
The Sutheroun ſaid as now of thy deilling:
we will not tak thow wald gif vs ouer ſmall,
He lichtit doun and fra the Childe tuik all,
wallace ſaid than gentilmen gif ze be,
Leif vs ſum pairt we pray for cheritie.
Ane agit knicht ſeruis our Lady this day,
Gude freind leif pairt and tak not all away.
Thow ſall haue leif to fiſche and tak the mair,
All this forſuith ſall in our fluting fair.
we ſerue ane Lord thir fiſche ſall to him gang,
Wallace anſuerit, ſaid thow art in the wrang.
Quhom thow is thow Scot, in faith thow ſeruis ane
To him he ran & out ane ſword can draw, (blaw,
Wallace was wa, he had na wappinnis thair,
Bot ane Polt ſtaf, quhilk in his hand he bair,
Wallace with it faſt on the cheik him tuik,
with ſa gude will, quhill of his feit he ſchuik.
The ſword flew fra him ane fute breid on the land
Wallace was glaid and hint it ſone in hand.
And with the ſword ane ackward ſtraik him gaif,
Vnder the heid, his craig in ſunder draif.
Be that the laif lichtit about Wallace,

He had na help, but oneip Godis grace,
On ather ſyde full faſt at him thay dang,
Greit perrell was gif thay had leſtit lang.
Vpon the heid in greit Ire he ſtraik ane.
The ſchetrand ſword glaid to the Collar bane.
Ane vther he hit on the arme haiſtelip,
Quhil hand and ſword baith on the land can ly.
The tother twa fled to thair hors agane,
He ſtikkit him that laſt was on the plane,
Thre ſlew he thair twa fled with all thair mieht,
Efter thair Lord bot he was out of ſicht.
Takand the mure or he and thay cuid twin,
To him thay raid anone or thay wald blin.
And cryit abyde zour men ar martirit doun.
Richt cruelly into this fals Regioun.
Fyue of zour men, heir at the watter baid,
Fiſche zow to bring, thocht it na proffeit maid.
We ar eſchaipit bot in feild ſlane ar thre.
The Lord ſpeirit, how mony may thay bee
we ſaw bot ane that hes ouercumit vs all.
Than leuch the Lord, and ſaid feull met zow fall,
Sen ane zow all hes put to confuſioun,
Quha menis it maiſt the Deuill in hell him droun,
This day for me in faith he beis not ſeyne
Quhen Wallace thus ye worthie work had wrocht,
Thair hors he tuik, and geir that was left thair,
Gaue ouer the craft, and zeid to fiſche na mair.
went to his Eme, and tald him of the deid.
And he for wo, neir wextit out of weid.
And ſaid Sene thir tithandis ſittis me ſair.
And thay be knawin chow may get ſkaith pairfair.
Vncle he ſaid na langer will I byde,
Thir Sutheroun hors lat ſe gif I can ryde.

Than

Than bot ane chylde in ſeruice for to mak,
His Emis ſone with him he wald not tak
This gude knicht ſaid dear couſing pray I the:
Quhen thow wantis gude cum fetch aneuch fra me.
Siluer and gold he gart ane to him geif.
wallace inclynit and lawly tuik his leif.

The ſecound buik declairis how Wallace ſlew the Churle with his awin ſtaf in Air. Cap. I.

ZOVNG Wallace than fulfillit of his courage
In pryis of armes deſyrous of vaſſalage.
Thy vaſſalage may neuer be forlorne,
Thy deid is knawin, thocht al ye warld had ſworne
For thy haill mynd, labour and beſines
was ſet in weir, and verray richteouſnes.
And fellown lois of thy dear worthie kin,
The Rancour mair remanis thy mynde within:
It was his lyfe and maiſt pairt of his fude,
To ſe thame ſched the birnand ſutheroun blude.
To Ochterhous withoutein mair he raid,
And bot ſchort tyme in peis chair he abaid.
Thair was ane wallace that welcumit him ful weill,
Thocht Inglifmen thairof had lytill feill.
Baith meit and drink at his will had he thair,
In Laglane wod, quhen that he maid repair.
This gentill man full oft was his reſeit
With ſtuf of hous, full oft he can him beit,
Sa he deſyrit the toun of Air to ſe,
His Child with him as than na ma tuik he,
Ay mixt the wod, Wallace gart leif his hors,

Syne on his futezeid to the Market Croſs.
The Perſie was in the Caſtell of Air,
with Ingliſmen greit number and repair.
And all the toun reuling on thair awin wyſe,
To mony Scot thay did full greit ſuppryſe.
All but abaiſſing Wallace amang thame zeid,
The rage of zouth maid him to haue na dreid.
Ane Churle thay had, that fellown burdingis bair,
Exceidinglie he wald lift mekill mair.
Than ony thre that thap amang thame fand.
And als be this ane ſpoyt he tuik on hand.
He buir ane ſting in ane buſtious poill,
On his braid bak of ony wald it thoill.
Bot for ane gret als faſt as he micht draw,
Quhen Wallace hard ſpeik of that merp-faw.
Than he deſpyt at that market to be,
For ane ſtraik, he bad him grottis thre.
The Churle grantit of that proffer was fane.
To pap that ſiluer Wallace was full bane.
Wallace that ſting tuik vp into his hand,
Full ſturdely befoir him couth he ſtand.
Wallace with that vpon the bak him gaif.
Quhill his rig bane all into ſunder draif.
The Carle was deid ar him I ſpeik na mair,
The Ingliſmen aſſemblit on Wallace thair.
Feill on the feild of folkis fechtand faſt,
He vnabaiſſit and not greitly agaſt:
Vpon the heid ane with the ſting hit he,
Quhill bane and brane he gart in peices fle.
Ane vther he ſtraik on the baſnet of ſteill,
The tre thair raik, and fruſchit euerilk deill.
His ſting was rint the Ingliſman was deid,
For his Craig bane was brokin in that ſteid.

He

He drew ane sword that helpit him in neid
Throw out the thikkest of the preis he zeid.
And at his hors full fane he wald haue bene,
Twa sairis him maist, that cruell was and kene.
Wallace returnit as man of mekill mane
And at ane straik the formest he hes slane.
Ane fellown straik the tother gat that tyde.
with his gude sword he gart him thair abyde,
In at the Corslet bramly he him bair
Thr groundin sword throw out his body schair.
Fiue slew he thair or he past fra the toun,
He gat his hors to Lagiane maid him boun.
And keipit the child and leit him neyr abyde.
Eschaipit thus he can to Lagiane ryde.
Feill followit him on hors and als on fute,
To tak Wallace as than it was na bute.
The treis was thik that keipit him fu l weill,
Bot thair to byde that couth he neyr a deill.
Gude ordinance that effeirit for his estait,
His custome was all tyme baith air and lait
The squyer Wallace in Ochterhous that was,
Baith bed and meit for him he maid to pas.
As for that tyme that he remanit thair,
Bot sair he langit to se the toun of Air.
Thidder he past vpon a Mereat day.
wald God as than that he had biddin away.
His Emis seruand, for to by fische he send,
Schir Rannald Crawfurd ye schiref then was kend.

How Wallace slew Lord Perseis Stewart, and was pre-
sonit in Air. Cap. II.

QVHAN he had tane sic gude as he hed beyght,
The Perseis Stewart rycht sadly to him seyht,

And ſaid thow Scot quhome to hyis thow thas
To the Schireff, he ſaid be heuinnis king. (things
Wp Lord ſall haue it ſyne ga feche the mair.
Wallace on eace neir by was gangand thair.
He zeid to him, ſaid deir freind I pray the,
The Schireffis ſeruand that thow wald lat him be.
Ane lordly man that ſtewart was of blude,
And thocht Wallace him chargit in termes rude.
Ga hyne thow Scot the meikill Deuill the ſpeid,
At thy Schireffis vſe, thow wenis vs to leid.
Ane hunting ſtaf into his hand he hair,
Thairwith he ſmote on Williame Wallace thair.
Bot with his tre full lytill ſonze he maid.
Faſt by the coller him claucht withoutin baid,
Ane kelloun knyfe faſt to his hart ſtraik he,
Syne fra him deid, ſchot him richt ſuddenlie,
Catour ſenſyne I trow he was na mair,
The Inglilmen aſſemblit on Wallace thair.
Fourſcoir warſet in armour burneiſt bouin,
On market day for Scottis to keip the toun.
Wallace baldly he drew ane ſword of weir,
Into the byrnie the formeſt couth he beir.
Out throw the body ſtikkit him to the deid,
And ſindrie ma, or he paſt fra that ſteid,
Ane vther akwart, ane lang ſtraik tuik he thair,
Vpon the kne the bane in ſunder ſchair,
The third he ſtraik on ane peſane of mailze,
His craig in twa na weidis mieht auailze.
Thus wallace fairit als wod as ane Lyoun,
Than Inglilmen that war in bargane bouin.
Thay keip the gait with ſpeiris rude and lang,
For dint of ſword na man micht to him gang.
wallace was harneſt on his body weill

At hyne

At him thay fecht with ſcharpe ſwordis of ſteill.
And fra his ſtrenth enuironit him about,
Out threw the preis on ane ſyde he brak out.
Vnto ane wall that ſtuid be the ſep ſyde,
For weill or wo thair muſt he neid abyde,
Baird of thair ſpeiris in peces thair he ſchair,
Than fra the Caſtell vther help come mair,
Out ouer the dyke thay glaid on ather ſyde,
Brak down the wall na ſuccour was that tyde.
Than Wallace wiſt of na wane bot to de,
To win his deid amang thame thus zeid he.
Vther pairt in greit Ire hewand faſt,
His burneiſt brand it briſtit at the laſt.
Brak in the hiltis away the blaid it flew.
He wiſt na wane bot furth his knyfe he drew.
The firſt he ſlew quhilk him in hand hes hint
And vther twa he ſtikkit with ane dint.
The remanent to him with Speiris hes ſocht
Bute him to ground that farther he micht nocht.
The Lordis bad that thay ſuld not him ſla,
To tyne him mair thay chargit him to ta.
Into thair Iunes ſumpeis that he had ſworne,
Out of the gait he force thay haus him borne.
Thus gude Wallace with Inglilſmen was tane,
In fait of help for he was him allane.
He cuid not ceis his courage ſa him bair,
Freuoll Fortoun hes brocht him in the ſnair,
Thir fals Goddis ſum of vnrichteouſnes,
And fals Juno full of doubilnes.
They fenzeit Goddis:zit Wallace neuer knew,
Greit richteouſnes ap hun to mercy drew.
His kin micht not him get for na kin thing,
Micht thay haue payit the ranſoun of ane king.

The mair thay bad, the mair it was in vane,
Of thair best men that day sevin hes he slane.
Thay gart set him into ane presoun fell,
Of his tormẽt greit pitie was to tell.
Euill meit and drink, thay gart vnto him geif,
Greit meruell was gif he mieht lang thair leif.
And eik thairto he was in presoun law,
Quhill thay thocht tyme on him to hald the law.
Leif I him thus into this panefull steid,
Quhill God abufe do send him some remeid,
The plane complaint, and piteous womenting,
The wofull weping that was for his taking,
The tormenting of euerie creature,
Allace thay said how sall our lyfe indure.
The flour of youth into his tender age,
Be forroun of armes, hes left him in thirlage.
Leuand this day ane Chiftane haue wenane,
Durst tak on hand, bot young Wallace allane.
The land is loist, he is slaucht in the snair,
The Aperlie of Scotland is in greit cair.

¶How Wallace was presonit in Air, and eschaipit. Cap. III.

BARRELLIT hering and water thay him geif
Quhair he was set into that vgly Caif.
Sic fude for him was febill to commend,
Than said he thus, gif God wald me reskaif,
My pitious Spreit and Saull ouer all the laif.
My cairfull lyfe I may nocht now defend.
Ouer few Sutheroun vnto the deith I drew,
And that I rew, in deid and verray trew.
That sone I will not of this warld wend,
Gif I suld now in presoun mak ane end.

Eternall

Eternall God, quhy ſuld I thus wilfe die,
Sen my belief all haill remainis in the.
And thyne awin hand full worthely hes wrocht.
Bot thow remeid, na lyfe thay ordane me.
My only Sauiour that deit on the trie,
Fra Hellis preſoun with thy blude hes me bocht,
Quhy will thow gif thy handy work for nocht,
And mony vther in greit pane that I ſe,
For of my lyfe ellis na thing I rocht.
O waryit ſword, of temper neuer trew,
Thy fruſchand blaid, in preſoun ſone me threw:
And Inglißnen ouir lyttill harmis hes tane:
Of vs thay haif vndone ma than anew,
My faithfull Father deſpytefully thay ſlew,
My Brother als, and guid men mony ane:
This is the dait, ſall vs ouirrome ilkane.
Of this kinrik, deir GOD quhen ſall thow rew,
Sen my power thus ſuddainly is gane.
All worthy Scottis Almichty GOD zow leid,
Sen I na mair in worſchip may zow ſpeid:
In preſoun heir me worthis to miſcheif,
Now ſyllie Scotland, that of help hes greit neid,
Thy Natioun ſtandis into ane felloun dreid:
Of wardlines richt thus I take my leif,
Of vther panis GOD let zow neuer preif.
Thocht I for wo, out of my wit ſuld wend,
Nane vther gift I may now to zow geif.
Adew Wallace vmquhyll was ſtark and ſture,
Thow man on neid in preſoun now indure:
Thy worthy kin the may nocht ſaif for gold,
Ladyis weipis that was baith myld and mure,
In furious pane thy mother that the buir,
For thow to hir was deirar nor the gold.

Hir maiſt deſyre, was to be vnder mold,
In wardlines quhy ſuld ony alluir,
For thow was formed forſy on the fold.
Complene ze puir thus as zour ſcedull tellis,
Complene to heuin with wordis that not faillis,
Complene zour voce to the greit GOD abuik,
Complene for him that ſittis in ſytefull cellis:
Complene his pane, that thus in dolour dwellis,
In langour lyis for lolling of thair luik,
His furious pane was felloun for to pruik:
Complene alſo ze birdis als blyith as bellis,
Sum happy chance may fall for zour behuik.
Complene Lordis, complene Ladyis wicht,
Complene for him that worthy was and wicht.
Of Saxonis ſonis that ſuffereit mekill deir,
Complene for him that is in preſoun dicht:
And for na caus Scotland bot for thy richt,
Complene alſo ze worthie men of weir.
Complene for him that was zour alper ſpeir.
Few Inglilmen zit to the deith he dicht,
Complene for him zour triumph had to beir.
Cellimus his maiſter Jauelour was now,
In Inglilmen allace quhy ſuld we trow,
Our worthy kin ar pynit on thus wiſe,
Sic reule bot richt is lyttill to allow,
We thinkis we ſuld in Barret mak thaine bow,
At zour power, and ſa we do full ſyle,
Fra thair danger God mak vs for to ryſe,
That weill hes wrocht befoir thir tymis now,
For thay mark ay to wait vs with ſuppryſe.
Quhat ſuld I mair of Wallace torments tell,
The Flures he tuik into that preſoun fell.
Neir to the deith lykely he was to draw,

Thay

Thay chargit the Jauelour on him not for to dwell,
Bot bring him furth fone of that vgly Cell:
In iudgement quhair that he ſuld thoill the Lain
This man went down, and ſuddanly he ſaw,
And to his ſicht deith had him ſnappit ſnell,
Syne ſaid to them, he hes payit that he aw.
Quhen thay preſumit he ſuld be verray deid,
Thay gart ſeruandis withouttin langer pleid,
With ſchort auyſe, vnto the wall him bair,
Thay caſt him ouir out of that bailfull ſteid:
Of him thay trowit, thair ſuld be na remeid.
In ane drakmydding, quhair he remanit thair.
His firſt Nureis, of the new town of Air,
To him ſcho come quhilk was full will of reid,
And purcheſt leif away with him to fair,
Into greit Ire, thay grantit hir to go,
Scho tuik him vp withouttin wordis mo,
And on ane cairt vnlykly thay him caſt,
Attour the water thay led him with greit wo,
To hir awin hous withouttin eny ho.
Scho warmit water, and als hir ſeruandis faſt,
His body waſche, quhill fylth of him was paſt.
His hart was wicht, and flickerit to and fro,
And his twa eyne at laſt keſt vp alſo.
His Foſter mother him luiffit attour the laik,
Gat mylk to warme his lyfe gif ſcho micht laik,
With all hir cure greit kyndnes couth him kyith,
Hir doughter had of twelf oulkis ane knaik,
Hir Chyldis pape in Wallace mouth it gaik,
The womans mylk comforted him full ſwyith,
Syne in ane bed thay brocht him for to lyith,
And couertly keipit him in that caik,
Him for to ſaik how ſecretly thay micht.

In thair Chalmer thay keipit him that tyde,
Scho gart graith vp ane buird in the hous syde,
With Tapistrie claithis, honourit with greit sicht
And that the voce in euery land suld licht,
That he war deid, throw out the land sa wyde,
In presence ay scho weipit vnder sicht,
Bot guidly meitis, scho graithit ayther nicht.
And sa befell into that samin tyde,
Quhill farthermair, that Wallace worthit wicht.

Thomas Rymour, withouttin faill was than,
With the Minister, quhilk was ane worthie man.
He vsit oft to that Religious place,
The pepill demit, of mekill wit he can
And sa he did, suppois thay blis or ban,
Quhilk hapnit suith, in mony diuerse place,
I can nocht say, be wrong or richteousnes,
In reule of weir, qnhidder tint or wan,
It man be demit be diuisioun of grace.

That man that day, in the mercat had bene,
Of Wallace knew this cairfull cace sa kene:
His Maister speirit, quhat tidingis that he saw,
His man answerit, of lyttill hard I mene,
The Maister said, that hes bene seildin sene,
Quhair Scottis and Inglis, assemblit on ane raw
Was neuer zit, sa far as I could knaw,
Bot outher ane Scot wald do ane Sutheroun tene
Or he to him for auenture micht faw.

Wallace ze wait, was tane into that steid,
Out ouir the wall, I saw thame cast him deid,
Out of thair presoun, faineist for falt of fude.
The Maister said, with hart heuy as leid,
Sic deid to thame, me thinks suld foster feid,
For he was wicht, & cummit of gentill blude,

Thomas

Thomas anſwerit, thir tydingis ar not guid,
And that be ſuith, my ſelf ſall neuer eit breid,
For all my wit, heir ſchortly I conclude.
Ane woman ſyne, of the new town of air,
To him ſcho went, fra he was fallin thair,
And on hir kneis, richt lawly thame beſocht,
To purches leif, ſcho micht hyne with him fair.
In lychtlynes, thay grantit to hir thair.
And ouir the water, vnto hir hous him brocht,
To bury him, als guidly as ſcho mocht.
Than Thomas ſaid, zit ſall I leif na mair,
Gif that be trew be GOD that all hes wrocht.
The Maiſter hard quhat Thomas ſaid in plane
He chargit his man to ſpeid him faſt agane,
To ſe the hous, and warly to eſpy,
Quhat word he hard, amang thame beſily
The man went forth, at biddingis was all bane,
To the new town to pas, he did his pane.
To that ilk hous, and went in ſuddainly,
About he blenkit, vnto the buird him by.
The woman raiſ, in hart ſcho was nocht faine,
Quha lyis heir, he did demand in plane.
Wallace ſcho ſaid, full worthy that hes bene,
Than wepit ſcho, that pitie was to ſene.
The man thairto, greit credence gaif he nocht,
Towart the buird, he bownit as he beſt thocht,
On kneis ſcho fell, and cryit for Jeſus ſchene,
Let ſclander be, and fra zour thocht it ſteme,
The man than ſwoir, be him that all hes wrocht,
I wald his weilfair, and cuiſt into his thocht.
Micht I on lyfe anis ſe him with my ene,
He ſuld be ſaif, thocht Ingland wald him ſteme.
Scho led him vp, to Wallace by the greis,

He ſpak with him, ſyne faſt agane can preis,
With glaid bodwart thair myſthis to amend,
And come agane, and tald thame haill to end,
He tauld to thame, the firſt tyddingis was leis,
Than Thomas ſaid forſuith or he deceis,
Mony thowſand in feild ſall tak ane end:
Fra this regioun, he ſall the Sutheroun ſend.
And Scotland thryis, he ſall bring to ane peace,
Into this Realme, greit God ſall ſend him grace.
All worthie men that hes guid wit to waill,
Be war that ze do nocht miſdeme my taill,
Perchance ze ſay, to Bruce was nane ſic lyke,
He was als guid quhair deidis war to aſſaill,
As of his handis, and balder in battaill,
Bot Bruce was knawin richt air of this Kinrik,
For he had richt, we call no man him lyke.
Bot Wallace thryis this Kinrik conqueſt haill.
In Ingland far ſocht Battell on that ryke.

The Battell of Loudoun Hill. Cap. IIII.

I Will returne to my purpoſe agane,
Quhen Wallace was releiſſit of his pane,
The countrie demit all haill that he was deid
His deireſt kin wiſt not of his remeid.
Quhill haill he was, lykely to gang and ryde.
Into that place he wald na langer byde.
His trew keiper he ſent to Ellerſlie:
Efter him thair he durſt not lat hir be.
Hir dochter als, hir ſeruandis, and hir Chyld,
He gart thame pas vnto his Mother myld.
Quhen thay war gone, na wapinnis thair he ſaw,
To help him with quhat auenture micht faw.
Ane rouſty ſword in ane muik he ſaw ſtand,
Withouttin belt, hois, buckler or brand,

Lang

Lang tyme befoir, it had bene in that steid.
Ane aigit man it left quhen he was deid.
He drew the blaid, and fand it wald weill byte,
Thocht it wes foull, he tuik it with him tyte.
God help his man, for thow sall gang with me,
Quhill better cum, will God sone may that be.
To schir Rannald as than he wald nocht fair,
Into that passage for Sutheroun maid repair,
At Rickartoun he wald full faine haue bene,
To get him Hors, and part of armour schene.
Than efterwart as he bownit to fair.
Thrie Inglismen he met rydand to Air.
At thair voyage in Glastow furth had bene.
Ane Longcastell that cruell was and kene,
Ane bauld squyar: with him guid zemen twa,
Wallace drew by, and wald haue lattin thame ga.
To him thay ryde, and said despyteously,
Thow Scot abyde, I trow thow be ane spy.
Or ellis ane theif fra presence wald the hyde,
Than Wallace said with sober wordis that tyde,
Schir I am seik, for Goddis luiklat me ga,
Longcastell said, forsuith it beis not swa.
Ane felloun treik thow semis in thy fair,
Quhill men the knaw, thow sall with me to Air.
Hint out his sword that was of noble hew,
Wallace wirh that at his lichting him threw
Upon the craig, with his sword hes him tane,
Throw brane and lyre, in sunder brak the bane,
Be he was fallin the twa was lichtit down,
To venge his deid, on Wallace maid tham bown.
The tane of tham vpon the heid he gaif,
The rousty blaid vnto the craig him claif.
The vther fled, and durst na langer byde,

With ane rude ſtep, Wallace culd eſter glyde,
Out throw the ribbis, ane ſicker ſtraik gaif he
Quhill leuer, and lungis, men micht attanis ſe
The hors he tuik, baith weaponis & armour,
Syne thankit God with glaid hart in that hour.
Siluer thay had all with him hes he tane,
Him to ſupport, for ſpending had he nane
Into greit haiſt he raid to Rickertoun,
Ane blyth ſembly wes, at his lychting doun:
Quhē Wallace met, with Sir Richart that knicht
For him had murnit, quhill feill was his micht
His twa Sonis of wallace was full faine
Thay had him loſt, zit God ſauit him againe,
His eme Sir Rannald, to Rickertoun come faſt.
The woman tauld, by Corſoie as ſho paſt,
How Wallace eſchaipit, syne on thair way zeid.
Sir Rannald zit, was in ane ſelloun dreid,
Quhill he him ſaw, in hart he thocht full lang,
Than ſuddainly in harnes he him thrang,
He micht not ſpeik, bot kiſſit him tenderly,
His troubled ſpreit, was in ane extaſie.
The blyith teiris, thay braſt fra his eyne twa,
Or that he ſpak, ane lang tyme held him ſa.
And at the laſt, richt friendfully ſaid he,
Welcome Nevoy, welcome deir ſone to me.
Thankit be he, that all the warld hes wrocht,
That fairly the, he out of preſoun brocht.
His mother come, and vther friendis anew,
With full glaid will, to ſe thir tydingis new.
Guid Robert Boyde, that worthy was and wicht,
Wald not them trow, quhill he him ſaw with ſicht.
Fra ſundrie partis, thay ſocht to Ricartoun,
Feill worthie folkis, that was of greit renown,

Thus

Thus leif I thame, in mirth blythnes & plesance,
Thankand greit God of his happy chance.

THE THRID BVIK.

IN Jeneus Julii quhen the flouris is sweit,
Digestabill, engendring with the heit.
Baith flour and fruit, buskis, and bewis braid,
Abounndantly in euerie slonb and slaid.
All bestiall thair riche cours to indure,
Weill helpit ar be wirking of Nature.
On suit ascendant to the Heuinis hicht,
Conseruit weill be the maker of michi.
Fischie in the flude refertit reallie,
To mannis fude, the warld to occupy.
Bot Scotland sa was waistit mony day.
Throw weir, sic skaith, that labour was away.
Victell worthit scant, or August culd appeir,
Throw all the land the fude hapnit full deir.
Bot Inglismen that riches wantit nane,
Be Cariage brocht thair victell in gude wane.
Stuffit houslis with wyne and gude vernage,
Enjopit this land as thair awin heritage.
This kingrik haill thay rewlit at thair will,
Wellingeris thay sic richingis tald thame till.
And tald the Perlis that Wallace leuand was,
And fra thair presoun in Air eschaipit has.
Thay trowit it weill that Wallace past that steid,
For Longcastell and his thre men wer deid.
Thay warnit the chance, that Wallace was sa past.
In euerie pairt, thay war full greidy agast.
Throw Prophecie that thay had hard befoir,
Lord Perlis said, quhat neidis wordis moir.
Bot he be fast he sall do greit maruell,
It war the best for King Edwardis availl,

Mieht he him get to be his steidfast man:
For gold or land his conquest micht stand than.
We think be force he may noght gottin be:
wyse men forsuith be his eschaip may se.
Thus deme thay him in monp dpuers cace.
we leif thame thus, and speik of gude Wallace
In Ricardtoun he wald na langer byde,
For freindis counsell: nor noght that may betyde.
And quhan thay saw that it auaillit nocht,
His purpose was to venge him gif he mocht.
On Sutheroun blude that wes his Eldaris slane,
Tyey leit him wirk his awin will into plane.
Schir Richard had thre Sonnis as I zow tald,
Adam, Richard, and Simon that was bald.
Adame eldest was gro win into courage,
Forduart richt fair and rom zeiris of age.
Large of persoun, richt hardy wyse and wicht
Gude King Robert in his tyme maid him knicht.
Long time efter in Brucis weiris abaid,
On Inglismen mony gude tournay maid.
This gude squyer with Wallace bownit to ryde
And Robert Boyd, quhilk wald na langer byde.
Vnder thirlage of Seiges of Ingland.
To the fals King he had neuer maid band.
Cleland was thair neir cousing to Wallace,
Sone baid with him in mony perrellous place.
And Edward Aprill his Sister sone sa deir.
Full weill graithit into thair armour cleir.
With thair seruandis to Ricardtoun thay raid,
To Wauchope miice ane schort time thair abaid
For freindis thame tald was bandin in thirlage
Tyat Fenwik sent was for the Cariage.
Within schort tyme he will bring it to Air.

Quhe-

Out of Carleill thay had reſſauit it thair.
That pleiſit wallace in hart richt gracyumly,
wit ze thay war ane gudly company
Towart Lowdoun thay bounit thame to ryde,
And in ane ſchaw ane lytill thair beſyde.
Thay ludgit thame for it was neir the nicht,
To wache the way alſ gudelyas thay micht.
Ane gude trew Scot, quhilk oiſtlair hous held yair,
Vnder Lowdoun mp Author can declair.
He ſaw thame cum he went to thame in hy,
Baith meit and drink he brocht thame priuelly.
And to thame tald the Cariage men in plane,
Thair foir ryder to Air was paſtagane.
Left thame to come with power of greit anaill
Thay nowit be than thay war in Annandaill.
wallace than ſaid we will not ſoiorne heir,
Nor change na weid bot our ilk dapis geir.
At Crollintoun the way was ſpylt that tyde.
For that ſame way behouit thay to ryde.
And fra the tyme that he of preſoun fure,
Gude Homer weid daply on him he bure.
Gude lycht harnes fra that tyme vſit he euer,
For ſudden ſtryfe fra it he wald not ſeuer.
Ane haberzoun bader his goun he bair,
Ane gude ſteill cap in his bonnet but mair.
Twa glufſis of plait with clayth was couerit wel
In his dowblet ane cloſs coller of ſteill,
His face he keipit for it was euer bair,
with his twa handis, the quhilkis full worthy wair.
Into his weid and he come in ane thrang,
was na man than on fute micht with him gang.
Sa growin of pith, of power ſtark and ſture,
His terrabill dintis was feirfull to Indure.

Thay traistit mair of Wallace him allane,
Than ane hundreth of Ingland mieht be tane.
Thir worthie Scottis maid thair na tarying,
To Lowdoun hill past in the grap dawing.
Stupsit the place and put thair hors away,
And ethcht to win, or neuer hyne to ga.
Twa Scurriouris send, to visie weill the plane,
Bot thay richt sone returnit in agans.
To Wallace tald, that thay war cummand fast,
Than to the ground all kneilland at the last,
with humbill hartis prapand with all thair mieht,
To God abuif to help thame in thair richt,
Thay graithit thame to harnes haistelly,
Thair sonzeit nane of that gude company,
Than Wallace said heir was my Father slane,
My Brother als, quhilk dois vs mekill pane.
Sa sall my self, or vengit be but dreid,
The tratour is heir is cauiser of the deid.
Than hecht thay all to byde with hartly will,
Be that the power was takand Lowdoun hill
The knicht Fenwik conuoyit the cariage,
He had on Scottis, maid mony schrewd vsage.
The Sone was rysin, lemand ouer landis licht,
The Inglismen saw that thay come to the hicht,
Neir him thay raid, and sone the Scottis saw,
He tald his men and said to thame on raw.
Sone is Wallace that eschaipit our presoun,
He sall againe be drawin throw the toun.
His heid I wait mieht better pleis the king,
Than gold or land or ony eirdly thing.
He gart his seruands byde with the Cariage still
I hecht to demane the Scottis at thair will.
Syne sterir he led in harnes burneist bricht.

And

And fyftie war with Wallace in the riche.
Vnrebutit, the Sutheroun was in weir,
And fast thay come, full awfull in effeir.
Ane maner of dyke of stanis thay had maid,
Narrowit the dyke quhair throw the thikest raid.
The Scottis on fuit, tuik the gait thame befoir
The Sutheroun saw, thair courage was the moir
In pryd full yre thay thocht ouer them to ryde,
Bot vtherwayis it happnit in that tyde.
On ather syde togidder fast thay glaid,
The Scottis on fuit greit rowme about pame maid
With pryngand speiris throw plaitis of fyne steill
The Inglis men that thocht to venge thame weill:
On harnest hors, about thame ruidly raid,
That with brais vpon thair feit thay baid.
Wallace the formest in the birny bair,
The groundin speir throw out his bodie schair.
The schaft he schuik it of the fruschand tre,
Deuydit it sone, ien na better micht be.
Drew swordis syne, baith heavy schairp and lang,
On ather syde full cruelly thay dang.
Fechtand ataynis into that felloun dout,
Than Inglis men enuponit thame abont
On force ettrilit out throw thame to ryde.
The Scottis on futs that baldly couth abyde.
With swordis schair throw hals and habris gude,
Vpon the feildis schot out the Sutheroun blude.
Fra hors and man throw harnes burneist bene
Ane fair assailze forsuith thair micht be sene.
Thay traistit na lyfe, bot to the latter end,
Of fla few folk, greit nobilnes micht be kend.
Togidder baid defendand thame sa fast,
Durst nane dissenez quhill that the pryis was past.

The Inglismen, that war richt wyse in weir,
Be force ordanit in sunder thame to beir.
Thair cheif Capitane as feirs as ony bair,
Throw matalent and verry proper cair.
On ane greit horss into his glitterand geir,
Out ouer castis ane fellown asper speir.
The knicht Fenwik, that cruell was and kene,
Of Wallace Father he at the deith had bene.
And of his brother that douchtis was and deir,
Quhen Wallace saw that fals knicht was sa neir,
His courage grew in Ire as ane Lyoun.
To him he ran and freikis feill bair doun,
As he raid by ane akwart straik can him ta.
Baith thie and arsoun in sunder gart he ga,
Fra the Cuirsour he fell on the far syde,
with ane schairp sword he straik him in that tyde.
Or he was deid ane greit preis come sa fast,
Ouer him to ground thay buir Boyd at the last.
Wallace was neir and turnit in agane.
Him to reskew, quhill he rais of the pane.
wichtly did him weir quhill he ane sword had tane
Throw out the stour, thir twa in feir ar gane,
The remanent vpon thame followit fast,
In thair passage feill Sutheroun maid agast.
Adame Wallace the air of Richardtoun,
Straik ane Bewmont, ane squyer of renoun,
On the pesane with his sword burneist bair,
The burneist blaid his hals in sunder schair.
The Inglismen saw chair Chiftane was slane,
Baldly abaid as men of mekill mane.
Riche hors rampand ruschit freikis vnder feit,
The Scottis on fute gart monye lois the sweit,
wicht men lichtit thame self for to defend,

Quhair

Quhair wallace some thair deid was lyeill kend,
The Sutheroun pairt, forfruschit war that tyde.
That in that stour thay micht not lang abyde.
wallace in deid he wrocht richt worthely,
The squyer Boyd, and all thair chevalrie,
thir Inglismen tuik plane pairt to flie,
Littill and Cleland gart of thair ennemeis de.
On hors sum pairt to strenthis can thame found,
to succour thame with mony wirkand wound.
Ane hundreth deid in feild was levit thair,
And threscore men of wallace deid but mair,
twa was of Kyle and ane of Cuninghame,
with Robert Boyd to wallace come fra hame,
Fourscoir eschaipit fra feild on Sutheroun syde.
the Scottis in place that baldly couth abyde.
Spulzeand the feild of gold and vther geir,
Harnes and hors quhilk thay inplesit in weir,
tyne Inglis knaifis thay gart the Cariage leid,
to Clydis Forrest quhan thay war out of dreid.
And band thame fast with widdeis sad and fair,
On bowand treis syne hangit thame richt thair.
He spairit nane that abill war for weir,
Bot wemen and Preistis he gart thame ay forbeir
Quhen this was done to Benner sone thay wend,
Of stuf and wyne that God had to thame send.
ten scoir thay wan of hors that Cariage buir,
with victell and wyne als mekill as they micht fuir.
And vther stuf, that they of Carlell led,
the Sutheroun pairt out of the feild thay fled.
with sorrow socht to the Castell of Air,
Before the Lord and tald him of thair fair.
Quhat gude they left, and quha in feild wer slane,
throw wicht wallace that mekill was of mane.

And how he had gart all thair ſeruandis hang.
The Peirſie ſaid, and that ſquyer left lang:
Out of this land he ſall eyrle vs clene.
Sa diſpyteſull in warld was neuer ſene,
In our preſoun heir laſt quhen that he was,
Quer ſleuthfully our keiper leit him pas.
Than this our hald, I find weill may not be,
we man gar bring our vittell be the ſey.
Bot lois our men it helpis vs richt nocht,
Our kin map ban that euer we hether ſocht.
Leif I thame now blamand thair ſary chance
And mair to ſpeik of Scottiſmennis gouernance.

¶ Quhen Wallace had weill vincuſt into plane,
The fals tyrrane that had his Father ſlane.
His Brother als quhilk was a douchtie kniche,
Vther gude men befoir to deith thay dicht.
He gart prouyde and pairtit thair vittaill,
With ſtuf, and hors, that was of greit auaill,
To freindis about richt priuelie thay ſend,
The remenent full glaidly thair thay ſpend.
In Clydis wod thay ſoiornit thair thrie dayis.
Na Sutheroun was that did perſew thay wapis,
Bot he thoillit deith that come in their dangeir,
The word of wallace walkit far and neir.
Wallace was knawin on lyke leifand agane,
Thocht Inglis men thairof had mekill pane.
The Lord Peirſie to Glaſgow cuid he fair,
with wiſe Lordis, and held ane counſell thair.
Quhan thay war met, ma than ten thouſand,
Na Chiftane was that tyme durſt tak on hand:
To leid ane range, on wallace to aſſaill,
Speirit ab out qnhat was thair beſt counſaill.
Schir Aymeir Vallange, yat fals traitour & ſtrang,

In Bothwell dwelt and than was thame amang,
He said my Lord my counsell will I giue,
Bot ze do it fra skaith ze may not liue.
Ze man tak peis without mair tarying.
As for ane tyme we man send to the king.
Thay perfe said of our trewis will he nane,
Ane awfull Chiftane trewlp he is ane,
He will do mair in Faith or that he blin,
Sutheroun to slay, he thinkis it is na sin.
Schir Aymeir said trewis behouis zow to tak,
Quhill efterwart for him prouisioun mak.
I knaw he will do mekill for his kin,
Gentrice and treuth ay restis him within.

How the Inglismen tuik peis with Wallace. Cap. II.

HIS Vncle Schir Rannald may mak the band,
Gif he will not, recogneis all his land.
Vnto the tyme that he this work haue wrocht,
Schir Rannald was sone to thair counsell brocht.
Thay chargit him to mak Wallace at peis,
Or he suld pas to Londoun or he ceis.
To king Edward and byde in his presoun,
Thay ask to haue peis for his ransoun.
Schir Rannald said, Lordis ze knaw richt weill,
At my counsell he will nocht do ane deill.
His worthie kin dispitefullp ze slew,
In presoun sins neir to the deith him drew.
He is at large and will not do for me,
Thocht ze thairfoir suld now gar me de.
Schir Aymeir said, thir Lordis counsell send
We to the king, to mak ane finall end.
Of his conquest forfuith he will it haue,
Wallace nor thow may not this countrie saue.
Wicht Edward king get him for gold or land,

To be his man than micht he bruik Scotland.
The Lord bad eris thow faillis to that knicht,
Far mair in treuth than it is ony richt.
The wrang conquest our King despyis ay,
On him and vs it sall be sene sum day.
Wallace hes richt baith force and fair Forroun,
Te hard how he eschaipit our presoun.
Thus said that Lord & prayit Schir Rannald fair,
To mak this peis, thow Schiref art of Air.
As for ane tyme we may aduyse be,
Vnder my Seill I sall be bund to the.
The Inglismen that thay sall do him nocht,
Nor to na Scottis, bot it be on thame socht.
Schir Rannald wist he micht thame not gainstand,
Of Lord Persie he hes resaue that band.
Persie was trew and ay of greit auaill,
Sober in pece and cruell in battaill.
Schir Rannald him bounit on the mone but baid,
Wallace to seik, in Clydes Forrest raid.
Sa he him fand bewand to his Denneir,
Quhan thay haue sene this gude knicht cũand neir,
weill he him knew, and tald thame quhat he was,
Meruell he had quhat gart him hidder pas.
Maid him gude cheir of meitis gude and fyne,
King Edwardis self cuid get na better wyne.
Than thay had thair, vernage and vennisoun,
Of bestiall into greit fusioun.
Than efter meit he schew thame of this deid,
How he had bene into sa mekill dreid.
Neuyn he said, work pairt of my counsaill.
Tak peis a quhyle and for the mair auaill.
Bot thow do sa, forsuith thow hes greit sin,
For thay ar set to vndo all thy kin.

Than

Then Wallace said to gude men him about,
I will na peis for all this felloun dout.
Bot gif it pleis better to zow than me,
The Squyer Boyd him answerit soberlie.
I gif zow counsell or this gude knicht be slane,
Tak peis a quhyle suppois it do vs pane.
So said Adam the Air of Ricardtoun,
And Cleland als to thair opinioun.
with thair consent Wallace this peis hes tane,
As his Eme worthe quhill ten Monethis war gane.
Thair leif thay tuik with sad comfort in plane,
Fand God to bryth thay sould meit haill agans.
Boyd and Cleland past to thair placis hame,
Adame Wallace to Ricardtoun be name.
Furth with Schir Rannald can williams Wallace (ryde
And his houshald in Corsbie for to byde.
This peis was cryit in August moneth myde,
Thir Goddis of battell furious and wyde.
Mars and Juno, ay dois thair business,
Causer of weir, ay wirker of wickitnes.
And Venus als quhilk Goddes is of Luke,
And auld Saturne his cours for to appruke
Thir four schawis of dyuers complexioun,
Battell, Debait, Inuy, and Destructioun.
I can not deme of thair Melancholy,
Bot Wallace culd not weill in Corsbie ly,
Him had leuer in trauell for to be,
Richt fair he langit the toun of Air to se.

How Wallace slew the Bukler player in the toun of Air. Cap. III.

SCHIR Rannald past fra hame vpon a day,
Eyrene he tuik and to the toun went thay.
Couerit his face that na man micht him knaw,

Na thing him rocht how few ennemeis him saw.
In sober weid disagysit weill war thap,
Ane Inglisman on the gait saw he ptap.
At the scrimmage, ane bukler on his hand,
Wallace neir by in fellowschip couth stand.
Lichtly he said, Scot dar thow nocht preis?
Wallace said ze, sa thow dar gif me leis.
Smyte on said he I defy thy nationn,
Wallace thair with hes tane him on the Croun.
Throw Bukler band and the harnepan also,
Vnto the schulderis the scharp sword gart he go.
Lichtly returnit to his awin men agane,
The wemen cryit our Bukler player is slane.
The man was deid quhat neidis wordis mair,
Feill men of armes about him semblit thair.
Aucht scoir ataris vpon sertene thap set,
Bot Wallace sone with the formest hes met.
with Ire and will on the heid hes him tane,
Throw the bricht helme in sunder brist the bane.
Ane vther braithly in the breist he bair,
His burneist blaid throw out the body schair.
Greit roume he maid, his men was fechtand fast,
And mony ane grome full sair thap maid agast
For thap war wicht and weill vsit in weir,
Of Inglismen richt baldly doun thap beir.
On thair ennemeis greit marter dome they maid,
Thair hardy Chiftane so weill amang thame glaid
Quhat Inglisman that baid into his gait,
Incontrair Scotland maid neuer mair debait.
Feill freikis on fold war fellit vnder feit,
Of Sutheroun blude lap stikkit in the streit.
New power come fra the Castell that tyde,
Quhen Wallace fled and drew toward ane syde.

with riche gude will he wald eschew suppryse,
For he in weir was worthis wicht, and wyse.
Harnes and heidis he hewit in sunder fast,
Be force out throw the thikkest preis he past.
Wallace returnit behind his men agane,
At the reskew feill Sutheroun dyd he slane.
His men all than he out of perrell brocht,
Fra thair ennemeis with all the power he mocht.
Vnto thair horss thay went but mair abaid,
For danger sine to Lagiane wod thay raid.
Twentis and nyne thay left into that steid,
Of Sutheroun men that brittinit war to deid.
The remanent agans turnit that tyde,
For in this wod thay durst not him abyde.
Toward the soun thay drew with all thair mane,
Cursand the peis thay cuik befoir in plane.
The Lord Persis in hart was greitly greuit,
His men suppryssit agane to him releuit.
And feill war deid into thair armour cleir,
Thre of his kin, that war to him full deir.
Quhan he hard tell of thair greit greuance,
Thair self was caus of this mischewous chance,
Murning he maid thocht few Scottis it kend,
Ane Herald than to Schir Rannald he send,
And to him tald of thair suddand race,
And chargit him tak sourance of Wallace,
Ye suld him hald fra Market-toun and fair,
Quhair he micht best be out of thair repair.
The Sutheroun wist that it was wicht Wallace
That thame ouerset into that suddand race.
Thair trewis for this thay wald not brek aweill,
Quhan wallace had this chance eschewit weill.
Vpon ane nicht fra Lagiane hame he raid.

In Chalmer ſone thair reſidence thay maid.
Vpon the morne quhan that the day was licht,
with Wallace furth went Schir Rannald ye knicht
Schew him the writ that Lord Perſe him ſent,
Deir Sone he ſaid this is my haill intent.
That thow wald grant quhill that thir trewis war
Na ſkaith to do to Ingliſmen pat is borne; (worne.
Bot quhair I pas daply thow byde with me,
Wallace anſwerit gude Schir that may not be.
Richt laith I war deir Vncle zow to greif,
I ſall do nocht quhill tyme I tak my leif,
And warne zow als or that I fra zow pas,
His Eme and he on this accordit was.
Wallace with him maid his continuance,
Ilk wicht was blyth to do him pleſance.
In Corſbie thus he reſtit thame amang.
Thair ſeuintene dayis ſuppoſe he thocht it Lang;
Thocht thay him pleiſit as primate or King,
Into his mynde remanit another thing.
He ſaw his ennemeis maiſter in this Regioun,
Wicht nocht him pleis thocht he war King with Crown
Thus leif I him with his deir freindis ſtil,
Of Inglismen now ſpeik ſum pairt I will.

The fourt Buik declairis how Wallace wan the Peill of Cargunnok. Cap. I.

IN September that humbill moneth ſweit,
Quhan paſt by the hicht was of the heit.
Vittell and frute ar rypit in abundance,
As God ordanit to mannis ſuſtenance.
Sagittarius with his aſper bow,
Be ilk Signe the veritie to know,
The changeing cours quhilk makis greit differance,

And

And leiffis had laid thare cullour of pleſance,
All warldlp thing hes nocht bot ane ſeaſoun,
Baith herb and frute, man fra the hicht cum doun.
In this tik tpme ane gpeit counſell was ſet,
In Glaſgow toun quhair mony maiſteris met.
Of Inglis Lopdis to ſtance thir cuntpe
Thair chargit thay all Schirefis chair to be,
Schir Rannald Crawfurd behouit yat tpme be yais
For he thpow richt, was bepne Schirref of Air.
His deir Newop with him that tpme he tuik,
Williame wallace as witnes beiris the buik,
For he na tpme ſuld far be fra his ſicht.
He inuitit him with hart and all his micht.
Thay graithit thame withone langer abaid,
Wallace ſum part before the Court furth raid.
Quer tuik the Chpld Schir Rannaldis ſoume ſuld
With him twa men that wopthie war in deid. (leid,
Sobeip thap raid quhill thay the Court ſuld knaw,
Sa ſuddanlp that tpme him ſelf he ſaw.
The Perſeis ſoume, in quhilk gpeit richeſ was,
The hopis was tpnt and micht na forther pas.
Fyue men war chargit to keip it weill that tpde,
Twa was on fute, and thpe on hopis can tpde.
The maiſterman at thair ſeruand can ſpeir,
Quha aw this ſoume, the ſuith to me thow leir.
The man anſwerit withoutten wopdis mair,
Pp Lopd he ſaid quhilk Schirefis of Air.
Sen his it is this hopis ſall with me gang,
To ſerue our Lopd or ellis me thynk gpeit wrang.
Thocht ane ſubiect indeid wald pas his Lopd.
It is nocht leuit be na richteous tpepd,
Thap cuttit the brace and leirchpe p arnes faw,
Wallace was neip quhan he ſik rubeis ſaw.

He ſpak to thame with manly countenance,
In fair forme he ſaid but variance.
Ze do vs wrang, and it in tyme of peis,
Of ſik rubrie it war gude tyme to ceis.
The Sutheroun ſchrew in Ire anſwerit him to,
It ſall be wrocht as thow may ſe vs do.
Thow getis na mendis, quhat neidis wordis mair,
Sadly aduyſit, Wallace remembrit thair.
Of the promeis he maid his Eme befoir,
Reſſoun him reulit as than he did no moir.
Bot paſt away to meit his Eme agane,
Heand this reif was mouit with grit pane
The hors zit tuik thay for auenture micht fall,
Band on thair ſoume, ſyne fuyth the way can call.
Thair tyrit ſoumar thay left thair on the plane,
Wallace returnit toward the Court agane.
On the mure ſyde ſone with his Eme he met,
And tald how thay the way had for him ſet.
And war nocht I was bund in my legeance,
we pairtit nocht thus for all the gold in France.
The hors thay reft quhilk ſould zour harnes beir,
Schir Rannald ſaid that is bot lytill deir.
we may get hors and vther thing in plane,
And men be loiſt we get thame neuer agane.
Wallace than ſaid als wyſely God me ſaue,
Of this grit mis amendis ſall I haue.
And nouther lat for peis nor zit pleſance,
with witnes heir I gif vp my legeance.
For cowartly ze ar ipke to tyne the richt,
Sone efter ſyne zour ſelf to deith will dicht.
In wraith thairwith ſuddanly fra him he went,
Schir Rannald was wyſe and reſt in his intent.
And ſaid I will byde at the Wernis this nicht,

Sa Inglismen of vs sall deme na vnricht,
Gif ony be deid befoir vs vpon cais,
Then we in law may vpde the richteousnes.
His iudgene tuik at the Meirnis still he baid,
Full greit mourning for his Nevop he maid.
Bot all for nocht quhat micht it him auaille
As into weir he wrocht not his counsaill.
wallace raid furth, with his twa zemen past,
The Sowmar man he followit wonder fast,
Be eist Cathcart he ouerhpit thame agane,
Than knew thap weill that it wes he in plane,
Be hors and weid, had arguit thame befoir,
And fyue to thame, returnit withoutin moir.
wallace to ground fra his Tuirsour can glide,
Ane burneist brand he braidit out that tyde.
The maisterman with sa gude will struik he,
Baith hand and heid in sunder gart he fle.
Ane vther fast vpon the face he gaue,
To deid on ground but merey sone him draue,
The thrid he hit with greit pre in that steid,
Fey on the feild, he hes him left for deid.
Wallace slew thre, be that his zemen wicht,
The tother twa derkly to deith had dicht.
Syne spuilzeit they the harnes or they wend,
Of siluer and gould thep gat aneuch to spend.
Jowellis they tuik the best was chosin thair,
Gude hors and geir, syne on thair wayis can fair.
Then wallace said, at some strenth wald I be,
Ouer Clyde that tyme was ane gude brig of tre.
Thither thep past in all their gudlie micht,
The day was gane and cummin was the nicht.
Thap durst not weill neir still be Glasgow vpde.
In the Lennox, he tuik purpois to rpde.

And

And ſa he did ſyne iudgit thaim that nicht,
As thay beſt micht, quhill that the day was licht.
To ane Oſtillary he went and Soiornit thair,
with trew Scottis that his neir freindis wair,
The counſell met richt gladly on the morne.
Bot feill tithingis war brocht Perſie befoirne.
His men was ſlane, his treaſure als was reft,
with feill Scottis, and thame na Iowellis left.
Thay demit about of that derf doutfull cace,
The Sutheroun ſaid forſuith it is Wallace,
The Schirrefkis court was cummand to the toun,
And he was ane for Scot of maiſt renoun,
Thay gart ga ſeik Schir Rannald in that rage.
Bot he was ſtill than at his herberage.
Sum wyſemen ſaid thairof na thing he kend,
The men war ſlane heir at the tounis end.
Schir Rannald come be nyne houris of the day,
Befoir the Perſie and his men brocht wer thay
Thay followit him of felonp that was wrocht
The allyſe of this to him couth ſay richt nocht,
Thay demit about thair of that felloun cace,
Befoir the Iudge thair he denyit Wallace,
And ſa he micht, he wiſt not quhair he was,
Fra this counſell my purpoſe is to pas.

Of Wallace to ſpeik in wildernes ſa wyde,
The Lord God be his gouernour and gyde.
Still at that place four dayis he ſoiornit haill,
Quhill tithingis come to him fra that counſaill,
Than ſtatute thay in ilk ſteid of the weſt,
In thay boundis wallace ſould haue na reſt.
His deir Vncle ane grett aith gart him ſweir.
That he but leſs na freindſchip ſould him beir,
And mony vther full wo was that day,

Robert

Robert Boyd ſtall of the toun away,
And Cleland als beleir with him had bene,
Thay had far leuer to ſe him with thair ene:
Leand on lyfe as thay knew him befoir,
Than of clene gold ane fine Myllioun and moir.
Boyd wepit ſair, and ſaid our Lord is gane,
Amang his fais is ſet all him alane.
Than Cleland ſaid fals Fortoun chaingis fall,
Greit God ſen we wich him had euer paſt.
Edward Lyttill to Annandaill is went,
And wait richt nocht of this new Judgement,
Adame Wallace baid ſtill in Ricardtoun,
Sa fell it thus with Wallace of renoun.
Hir with his power pairtit merneliouſly,
Bot Fortoun of chance ouerturnis doubilly.
Thair pitious mane as than could not be bet,
They wiſt na wit quhair that thay ſould him get.
He left the place quhair he in ludgene lay,
To Earle Malcolme he went vpon ane day,
The Lennox haill hir hald into his hand.
To king Edward than had he nocht mid band,
The land was ſtrait and maiſterfull to win
Gude men of armes that tyme was it within,
The Lord was traiſt, the men ſiker and trew,
with wark power thay durſt him not perſew.
Richt glaid he was of Wallace cumpanie,
welcummit him fair with worſchip reuerentlie.
At his awin will deſyrit gif he wald,
To byde thair ſtill maiſter of his houſhald.
Of all his men he ſould haill Chiftane be
Wallace anſuerit that war aneuth for me,
I can nocht abyde, my mynde is ſet in plȝ
wrokin to be or ellis die in the pane.

Our weſt countrie, thair ſtatute is ſa ſtrang,
Into the Northy my purpois is to gang.
Stewin of Ireland into the Lennox was,
With wicht Wallace he ordanit him to paſs.
And vther als, that borne was of Argyle.
Wallace ſtill thair maid reſidence ane quhyle.
Quhill men it wiſt, and ſemblit ſone him till,
He chargit nane bot at thair awin gudis will,
Thocht thay war ſtrangeris; zit couth he not paine
Bot reſſauit thame all in his weiris to leid. (dreid,
Sum paire of thame was than of Ireland borne,
That Wakſadzane had exylit out before.
King Edwardis man, he was ſworne of Ireland,
Of richt law birth ſuppois, he tuik on hand.
To Wallace thair come ane that hecht Fawdoun,
Of Melancholik and euill complexioun,
Heavy of ſtature and dour of countenance,
Sorrowfull was ay in dreid without plesance.
Wallace reſſauit quhat men wald cum him till,
The bodely aith thay maid him with gude will.
Before the Erle, all in ane gude concord.
And him reſſauit as thair Capitane and Lord.
His ſpeciall men, that come with him fra hame,
The tane hecht Gray, the tother Keirlie be name.
In his ſeruice come firſt in all thair mane,
To Lowdoun hill, quhair that Fenwik was ſlane,
He thame commandit ay nire thame to perſew,
For he thame kend, richt hardy, wyſe, and trew.
His leif he tuik richt on ane fair maneir,
The gude Erle than he bad him giftis ſeir,
Wallace wald nane, bot gane of his feill ſpis,
Tenure and riche on ane gudly wyis.
Humbill he was, hardie, wyſe, and fre,

And of riches he held na propertie.
Of honour, worschip, he was ane myrrour kend,
As he of gold had aboundantly to spend.
Upon his fais he wan it worthelie.
Thus Wallace past and his gude chenaldrie.
Sertis he had of likly men at wage,
Throw the Lennox he led thame with courage
About Lekkp he ludgit thame in ane vaill,
Ane strenth thair was quhilk thay thocht to assaill
On Carguntok thair biggit was ane peill,
That stuffit was with men and victell weill.
Within ane dyke, Cloys, Chalmer, and Hall,
Capitane thairof to name hecht Thirlwall.
Thay led Wallace quhair that this biggit was,
Thocht to assailze it far by or he wald pas.
Twa spyis he send to vesie all the land,
Richt latch he was the thing to tak on hand,
The quhilk be force that suld gang him agane,
Rather he had throw auenture be slane.
Thir men went furth, quhan it was large midnicht
About the hous thay spyit all at richt.
The watchymen heavy was and fallin on sleip,
The brig was drawin that the entrie suld keip.
The laboureris lait reklesly went in,
Thir men returnit without noyes or din.
To thair maister and tald quhat thay had sene,
Than graithit he sone thir men of armes kene.
Hastily on fute vnto the hous thay socht,
And enterit in for letting had thay nocht.
Wicht men assapit with all thair vesie cure,
Ane lokkit bar was drawin athort the durs.
Bot thay micht not it brek out of the waw,
Wallace was greuit quhan he siklary saw.

Sum paird annopit, wraithly to it he wene,
Be force of handis it raisit out of the wyrent.
Thre elne of breid als of the wall pullit out.
Then meruellit all his men that was about.
How he did mair than twentie of thame micht,
Syne with his fute the zet he straik vp richt.
Quhill brace and bandis he brystit all atanis,
Frapitly thay rais that was within thap wapnis.
The watcheman had a felloun staf of steill,
At Wallace straik bot he keipit him richt weill.
Rudelp fra him he reft it in the thrang,
Dang out his harnis sine in the dyke him slang.
The remanent be that was on thair feit,
Thus Wallace sone can with the Capitane meit.
The staf he had heauy and forgit new,
with that Wallace vpon the heid him brew.
Quhill bane and brane all in sunder zeid,
His men enterit that worthie war in deid.
In handis hint and stikkit all the laik,
Wallace commandit thay sould na weirman saik,
Twentie and twa thay strikkit in that steid,
wemen and bairnis quhan that the men was deid,
He gart be tane, and keipit in Cloys full weill,
That thay thairout micht haik thairof na feill
The deid bodyis thap put sone out of sicht,
Tuik vp the brig or that the day was licht.
In that place baid four dayis or he wald pas,
wist nane thairout how that the maner was.
Spuilzeit that steid and tuik thame ganand geir,
Jowellis and gould awap with thame thay beir.
Quhan he thocht tyme thap Ischit on the nicht,
To the nixt wod thay went with all thair micht.
The Capitanis wyfe, wemen and Childer thre,

Past

Paſt quhair thay wald, for Wallace left thame fre.
In that Forreſt he lykit not for to byde,
Thay bownit thame ouer Forth for to ryde.
The Moſs was ſtrang to ryde than was na bute.
Wallace was wicht and lichtit on his fute.
Few horſs thay had lytill thairof thay rocht,
To ſaik thair lymes fell ſtrenthis oft thay ſocht.
Steuin of Iteland was thair gyde that nicht,
Toward Kincardin fine reſtit thairat richt.
In that Forreſt quhilk was baith lang and wyde,
Quhilk fra the Moſs grew to the watter ſyde.
Efter the Sone Wallace walkit about,
Vpon Tech ſide, quhair he ſaw mony ane rout.
Of wilde beiſtis, wauerand in wod and plane,
Sone at ane ſchot ane greit hart gat he ſlane.
Flew fyre of flint, and graithit thairat richt,
Suddantly thair freſche Venniſoun thay dicht.
Victell thay had baith breid and wyne ſa cleir,
with vther ſtuf aneuch at thair Denneir.
This ſtak of ſteill he gaif Keirly to keip.
Syne paſt thay ouer the watter of Tech ſa deip
Into Stracharne thay enterit ſuddantly,
In couert paſt or Sutheroun ſuld thame ſpy.
Quhome that thay fand of Scotlandis aduerſouris
without reſpect was cum thair fatall houris.
Quhome euer thay met was at the Inglis kap.
Thay ſlew all doun withouttin mair delap.
Thay ſpairit nane that was of Inglis blude,
To deith he zeid thocht he was neuer ſa gude.
This was the grace that Wallace to thame gaif,
Thay ſaue nane, Knicht, Squyer, nor Knaif.
Bot waiſtit all be worthines of weir,
Of that partie, that micht beir bow or ſpeir.

Sum pairt be slicht, sum pairt be force thay slew,
Bot Wallace thocht thay waistit neuer anew.
Siluer thay tuik and als gold as thay fand,
Vther gude geir full lichtly red fra hand.
Cuttit throttis, sine into Peitpottis thame kest,
Put out of sicht for that thay thocht was best.
At the blak furde as thay suld than pas ouer,
Ane squyer come and with him beirnes four.
To Doun suld ryde, and wenit that thay had bene,
All Inglismen that he befoir had sene.
Tythingis to speir, he houit thame amang.
Wallace thair with ane gude swerd out he swang
Vpon his heid he straik with sa greit Ire,
Throw bane and brane in sunder straik the syre.
The tother thre in handis sone war hint.
Berkly to deith stikkit or thay wald stint.
The hors thay tuik, and quhat thay lykit best,
Spuilzeit thame bair, sine in the Bog thame kest.
Of this mater na mair tary thay maid,
Bot furth thair way passit without abaid.
Thir weirlybe Scottis all with ane assent,
Ha north ouir Erne out throw ye land thay went.
In Methuen wod thair ludging tuik that nicht,
Vpon the morne, quhen that the day was licht.
Wallace rais vp went to the Forrest syde,
Quhair that he saw full weill beistis abyde.
Of wyld and tame walkand aboundantlie,
Than Wallace said this countrie lykis me.
weirmen may do with fude that thay suld haik,
Bot want thay meit thay rek not of the laik.
O daintey fair Wallace tuik neuer keip,
Bot as it come welcum was meit and sleip.
Sumtime he had greit sufficience within.

Now

Now want, now haue, now lois, now win.
Now licht, now sad, now blyith, now in baill
In haist, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haill.
Now weildand weill, now cald wedder, now heit,
Now moist, now drouth, now wauerand wind, now
Sa fairis with him, for scotlādis richt ful euin (weit
In fell debait, seuin zeiris & monethis seuin,
Quhen he wan peice, and left Scotland in plane,
The Inglismen maid new conqueist agane.
In frustrat termis I will not tary lang,
Wallace agane vnto his men can gang.
And said heir is ane land of greit aboundance,
Thankit be God of his hie purueyance.
Seuin of zow feiris, graithy sone and ga with me,
Richt sair I lang, Sanct Johnstonn for to se.

¶ How Wallace past to Sanct Johnestoun, and slew the Capitane, and how he wan Kincleuin. CAP. II.

SEuin of Ireland, as GOD of heuin the saik,
Maister and leidar I mak the of the laik.
Keip weill my men, lat nane out of thy sicht
Quhill I gang hidder, sall cum with all my micht,
Byde me seuin dayis into this Forest strang,
Ze may get fude suppois I dwell sa lang.
Sum part ze haue, and God will send zow mair.
Thus turnit he, and to the toun can fair.
The Mair keipit the Port of the Village,
Wallace knew weill, and send him his Message.
The Mair was drocht, saw him ane gudelie man.
Richt reuerentlie he hes resauit thame than.
At him he speirit, all Scottis gif ze be,
Wallace said ze, and it is peice trow we.
I grant he said, that likis vs wounder weill,

Trew men of peice man ay sum freindschip seill.
Quhat is zour Name? I pray zow tell me it.
Williame Malcolme sone he said, sen ze wald wit,
In Etrik Forest hes my wynning bene,
Thair I was borne amang the schawis schene.
Now I desyre this Northland for to se.
Quhair I micht find better dwelling for me.
The Mair said Schir, I speirit for nane euill,
Bot feill tithingis is brocht oft tymes vs till,
Of ane Wallace that borne was in the west,
Our kingis men he haldis at greit unrest.
Martyris thame doun, greit pietie is to se,
Out of the trewis forsuith I trow he be.
Wallace said than, we heir speik of that man.
Tithingis of him to zow tell I nocht can.
For him he gart than ane Inmis graithit be,
Quhair nane suld cum, bot his awin men and he.
The Stewart keirlie brocht thame in sulloun.
Gude thing aneuch the best was in the toun.
Als Inglismen to drinking wald him call,
And commounlie he delt nocht thair with all.
In thair presence he spendit reasonablie,
Zit for him self he payit aboundantlie.
On Scottis meu he spendit mekill gude,
Nane with his will upon the Sutheroun blude.
Sone he consauit in his wit priuatlie,
Into that toun quha was of maist partie.
Schir James Buttellar ane agit cruell knicht.
Keipit Kincleuin, ane Castell wounder wicht.
His Sone Schir Johne, that dwelt into the toun,
Under Capitane to Schir Gerard Heroun.
The weinen als, he belyit at the last,
And sa on ane his Ene began to cast.

In the South gait, of Iedboun ferlie fair,
Wallace to hir maid priuatlie repair.
Sa feiſit thus, fra the toun or he paſt,
At anis accord thay happinit at the laſt.
Wallace with hir in ſecreit maid him glaid,
Sutheroun wiſt nocht that he ſic pleſance had.
Oft on the nicht he wald ſay to him ſell,
This is ferr war than ony pane of hell,
That thus with wrāg thir Deuils bruikis our land,
And I with force may nocht aganis thame ſtand.
To tak this toun my power is to ſmall,
Greit perrell als of my lyfe may befall.
Set it in fyre it will vndo my ſell,
Or lois my men, thair is na mair to tell,
The zettis ar cloiſit, the dykis ar deip with all,
Thocht I wald ſwome, forſuith thay can nocht all.
This matter heir thairfoir will I lat flyde,
For in this tyme I may na langer byde.
Als ſoon him tauld, the Capitane was to pas
Hame to Kincleuin, quhairof richt glaid he was.
His leif he tuik at Heiris of the toun,
To Methuen wod richt glaidlie maid him boun.
His horne he hint, and blythlie bownit to blaw.
His men him hard, and thair ſone can thay draw.
Richt blyith he was, for thay war haill and feir,
Mony at him for tithingis wald nocht ſpeir.
He thame commandit for to mak reddy faſt,
In gude array out of the wod thay paſt.
Towart Kincleuin thay bownit thame that tyde,
Syne in the baill that neir was thame beſyde,
Faſt vpon Tay his buſhement he can draw,
In ane deirne wod he ſtellit thame on raw.
Set Scurriouris furth the countrie to eſpy,

Bot sone or none thair come foir Ridaris by.
The watche turnit, to se quhat was his will,
He them commandit in couert hald them still.
And we skaill furth, the hous will knawledge hail,
And that may sone be warning to the laif.
All force in weir dois nocht bot greuance,
Wallace was few bot happy was his chance.
Maid him feill sise his aduersaris to win,
Be that the court of Inglismen come in.
Four scoir and ten, weill graithit in thair geir,
Harnest on hors, as likelie men of weir,
Wallace saw weill, that number was na ma,
He thankit GOD, and syne the feild can ta.
The Inglis meruellit greitlie quhat they suld be,
Bot fra they saw they maid them for melle:
In reist they kest, schairp speiris in that tyde,
In ouir they thocht, outouir the Scottis to ryde.
Wallace and his, went cruelly thame agane,
At the first rusche feill Sutheroun war slane.
Wallace straik nane with his speir of gude steill,
Throw out the coist the schaft frulschit ilk deill,
Ane burneist brand in haist then hint he out,
Thirse vpon fute he thrang throw all the rout.
Sterne hors they stikkit suld men of armis beir,
Fey vnder fuit was fulzeit men of weir.
Buttellar lichtit him self for to defend,
With men of armis quhilk full worthie war kend.
On athet syde feill freikis wer fechtand fast,
The Capitane baid thocht he was sair agast.
Part of the Scottis be worthynes they slew.
Wallace was wa, and toward him he drew,
His men than dred the Buttellar bald and kene,
On him he socht, with Ire and proper tene.

Upon

Vpon the heid him straik in matalent,
The burneist blaid throw out his basnet went,
Baith bane and haine, he beistit throw his weid.
Thus Wallace hand deliuerit tham in that dreid.
Fit feill on fold was fechtand fellounlie,
Steuin of Ireland, and all the Cheualrie.
Into that stour did worthelie and weill,
And keirlie alss, with his gude staff of steill.
The Inglismen fra thair Chiftane was slane,
Thay left the feild, and fled in all thair mane.
Thrie scoir war slane or thay wald leif that steid,
The sleand folk that wist of na remeid:
Bot tak the hous, thay fled in all thair micht,
The Scottis followit, that worthie wer and wicht,
Few men of fence war left that place to keip,
Weimen and Preistis vpon the wall can weip.
For weill thay wenit, the slearis war thair Lord.
To tak thame in thay maid thame reddy ford.
Leit doun the brig, kest vp the zettis wyde,
The frayit folk enterit that durst not byde.
Gude Wallace euer he followit thame sa fast,
Quhill in the hous he enterit at the last.
The zet he wore quhill cummit was all the rout
Of Inglis and Scottis, he held na man thairout.
The Inglismen that winnit in that steid,
Withouttin grace thay brittinit thame to deid.
The Capitanis wyfe, weimen and Preistis twa,
And zoung Childer, forsuith thay sauit na wa.
Held thame in cloiss efter this suddane race,
Or Sutheroun men suld seige thame in that place.
Tuik vp the brig, and cloisit zettis fast.
The deid bodyis out of sicht thay gart cast.
Within the hous, and out with that war deid,

Fyne of his awin to bury ye gart leid.
In that Caſtell ſeuin dayis ſtill baid ye,
And euerilk nicht thay ſpuilzeit beſyde.
To Schortwod ſchawis led wine & vittall wicht.
And houſhald geir, baith gold and ſiluer wicht.
Wemen and thay quhome to ye grantit grace,
Quhen ye thocht tyne, thay put out of the place.
Quhen thay had tane quhat lykit thame to haik,
Straik doun the zet, and ſet in fyre the laik.
Out of windois ſtanechouris all thay drew,
Full greit Irne wark into the watter threw,
Buirdin durris, and lokkis in thair Ire,
All wark of tre thay brint into the fyre,
Spilt that thay micht, brak brig & bulwark doun.
To ſchortwod ſchaw in haiſt yai maid thame boun.
Cheiſſit ane ſtrenth, quhair thay thair lugeing maid
In gude effeir ane quhyle thair ſtill ye baid.
Zit in the Toun of this na wit had thay,
The countrie folk, quhen it was licht of day:
Greit reik ſaw ryſe, and to Kincleuin thay ſocht,
Bot wallis and ſtane, mair gude fand thay nocht.
The Capitanis wyfe to Sanct Johnſtoun ſcho zeid,
And to Schir Gerard tauld this felloun deid.
Als to yir Sone quhat hapnit was be cace,
Than demit thay all, that it was wicht Wallace.
Befoir tyme thair ye ſpyit had the Toun,
Than chargit thay all, thay ſuld be reddy boun.
Harneſt on hors into thair armour cleir,
To ſeik Wallace thay went all furth in feir.
Ane thowſand men weill garneiſt for the weir,
Toward the wod richt awfull in effeir.

TO Schortwod schaw, and set it all about,
With fiue staillis that stalwart war and stout.
The sart thay maid ane selloun Kaynge to leid
Quhair Wallace was, full worthie ay in deid.
The strenth he tuik, and bad thame hald it still,
On euerie syde assaidge quha sa will.
Schir Johne Buttellar into the Forest went,
With twa hundreth, sair muskit in his intent.
His Fatheris deith to wenge him gif he mocht.
To Wallace sone with men of armis he socht.
Ane cleuch yair was quhairof ane strenth thay maid
With thortour treis, and baldlie thair abaid.
Fra the ane syde thay micht Ische to the plane,
Syne throw the wod to the strenth pas agane.
Twentie he had that nobill Archearis wair,
Aganis seuin scoir of Inglis bowmen sair.
Thre scoir of speiris neir hand thame baid full richt,
Gif Scottis Ischit to help thame at thair micht.
On Wallace set ane bikker bald and kene,
Ane bow he bair was big and weill besene.
And arrowis als, baith lang and schairp with aw,
Na man thair was that Wallace bow micht draw.
Richt stark he was, and in full couer geir,
Baldlie he schot amang thay men of weir.
Ane Angill heid vnto the huikis he drew,
Syne at ane schot the formest sone he slew.
Inglis Archearis that hardy war and wicht,
Aganis the Scottis bikkerit with all thair micht.
Thair awfull schot was selloun for to byde,
Of Wallace men thay woundit feill that tyde,
Few of thame was sicker of Archery,
Bettet thay war, and they gat euin party.
In feild to byde, outher with sword or speir.

Wallace perfauit his men tuik mekill deir,
He gart thame change, and stand not in that steid,
He kest alwayis to saif thame fra the deid.
Full greit trauell vpon him self tuik he,
Of Sutheroun Archearis feill men he gart de.
Of Longcastell Schyre bowmen war in that place,
Ane fair Archear ay waitit on Wallace.
At ane oppin, quhair he vsit to repair,
At him he drew ane sicker shot and fair.
Under the Chin throw ane collar of steill.
On the left side, and hurt his hals sum deill.
Astonieist he was, bot nocht greitlie agast,
Wallace him saw, and followit him full fast,
And in the turning with gude will hes him tane,
Vpon the Craig, in Lundey strait the bane.
Than feill of thame na freindschip with him fand.
Fyftene that day he slew deit with his hand.
Be that his arrowis waistit war and gane,
The Inglis Archearis forthuith thay wantit name,
Outwith thay war thair power to renew,
On euerik syde to thame thay culd persew,
Williame Lorane come with his bousteous staill,
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assaill.
Neuoy he was, as it was knawin plane,
To the Buttellar, befoir that they had slane.
To venge his Eme, he come in all his micht,
Thrie hundreth led of men in armis bricht.
To leid the Raynge on fute he maid him bowd,
Wallace to God his conscience couth temord.
Syne comfort thame with manlie countenance,
Ze se, he said, gude Schyrris thair ordinance.
Heir is nane chois, bot outher do or de,
We haue the richt, the happyer may it be.

That

That we sall chaip with grace out of this land,
The Lorne be that was reddy at his hand.
Be this it was efternone of the day,
Feill men of wit to rownsell sone zeid thay,
The Sutheroun kest sehairply on euerie syde,
And saw the wod was nouther lang nor wyde.
Lichtly thay thocht he suld it hald sa lang,
Fyue hundreth maid on fute throw it to gang.
Sad men of armes that eger war of will
About the Scottis, with mony schout full schill,
with bow and speir, and swordis stif of steill,
On atherside na freindschip couth thay feill.
Wallace in Ire ane buriy brand can draw,
Quhair feill Sutheroun war semblit on ane raw.
To fend his men with his deir worthis hand,
The folk war fey that he befoir him fand.
Throw the thikkest of the grit preis he past,
Vpon his ennemeis hewand wonder fast.
Aganis his dint na weidis micht auaill,
Quhome sa he hit was deid withouttin faill.
Of the feirsest full braithly dang he doun,
Before the Scottis that war of grit renoun.
To hald the strenth thay preistit with all yair micht
Than Inglismen that worthie war and wicht.
Schir Johne Butteller releuit in agane,
Sindrit the Scottis and did thame meikill pane.
The Lorne als that cruell was and kene,
Ane fair assay, forsuith thair micht be sene.
Than at the strenth thay micht na langer byde,
The Rayngе sa strang come vpon ather syde.
In the thikkest wod thay maid thair feill defence.
Aganis thair fais sa full of violence.
Richt feill Sutheroun leuit thair lyfe in wed.

To ane new ſtrenth Wallace and his men fled
On his aduerſaris, thay maid full feill debait.
Bot help thame ſelf nane vther ſuccour thay wait,
The Sutheroun als war ſinderit than in twin,
Bot thay agane togidder ſone ran win.
Full ſubtelly thair ordinance thay maid.
The rayngе agane thay bownit but mair abaid,
The Scottis was hurt & pairt of thame war ſlane,
Than Wallace ſaid we labour all in vane.
To ſlay commounis it helpis vs richt nocht,
Bot thair Chiftanes that hes thame hidder brocht.
Wicht we wirk ſwa that ane of thame war ſlane,
Sa ſair aſſay thay ſuld not get agane.
Be this the Oſt approchand was full neir,
Thus thay thame beid, full manly vpon ſteir.
Quhan Wallace ſaw the Sutheroun was at hand,
Him thocht na tyme langer than for to ſtand.
Richt manfully he graithit hes his geir,
Sadly he went aganis thay men of weir.
Throw out the ſtour full faſt fechtand he ſocht,
with Godis grace to venge him gif he mocht.
Vpon the Butteller awfully ſtraik he,
Saifgaird he gat vnder a bowand tre.
The branche in twa he ſtraik abone his heid,
Als to the ground he fellit him in that ſteid.
The haill power vpon him come ſa faſt,
That thay be force reſkewit him at the laſt.
Lorne was wa and thidder faſt couth draw,
Wallace returnit ſa ſuddenly him ſaw.
Out at ane ſyde full faſt to him he zeid,
He gat na gyrth for all his burneiſt weid.
with Ire him ſtraik on his gorget of ſteill,
The trenchand blade it perſit euerie deill.

Throw

Throw plait and ſtuf, micht not aganis it ſtand,
Deirfly to deith he left him on the land.
Him haſtyp loist thocht Sutheroun had it ſwoin
For his Craig bane was all in ſunder ſchoirne.
The worthie Scottis did nobilly that day.
About Wallace quhill he was won away.
He tuik the ſtrenth aganis thair fais will.
Aboundantly in bargane baid thame ſtill
The ſtry ſone rais the bald Lozane was deid.
Schir Gerard Heroun tranoupntit to that ſteid.
And all the Oist assemblit him about.
At the Nozth ſyde than wallace Iſchit out.
with his gude men, and bownit thame to ga,
Thankand greit God that thay war pairtit ſa.
Seuin of his men that day to deith was dicht,
To Cargill wod, thay went that ſamin nicht.
In the feild left of the Sutheroun ſex ſcoir,
And Lozane als, thair murning was the moir.
The raynge in haiſt thay raſit ſone agane,
Bot quhen they ſaw thair trauell was in vane.
Quhen it was paſt full mekill mane thep maid,
To rppe the wod, baith baill ſtonk and ſtaid.
For Buttelleris gold, wallace tuik gold befoir,
Bot thep fand nocht wald thay ſeik euer moir.
His hozs thap gat bot nocht ellis of his geir,
with dulefull mane returnit thair men of weir.
To Sanct Johneſtoun with ſozrow and greit cair,
Of wallace furth me ſpkis to ſpeik na mair.
The ſecound nicht the Scottis couth thame draw,
Richt pzeuatly agane to Schoztwod ſchaw.
Tuik vp thair gude quhilk was put out of richt,
Cleithing and ſtuf, baith gold and ſiluer brycht,
Vpon thair feit, for hozs was than thame fra,
Of the Sone rais to Meth uen wod tan ga,

The twa dayis ouer thair iudging still thay maid,
On the thrid nicht thay mouit but mair abaid.

¶How Wallace was sauld to Inglismen be his Lemmane. Cap. IIII.

TO Elchok Park full suddenly thay went,
Thair in that strenth to byde was his intent.
Than Wallace said he wald ga to the toun,
Arrayit him weill into ane Preistis goun.
In Sanct Johnestoun diſagyſit can he fair,
To this woman the quhilk we spak of air.
Of his presence scho richt reioyſit was.
And ay in dreid how he away suld pas.
He soiornit thair fra none was of the day,
Quhill neir the nicht or that he went his way.
He trystit hir quhen he sould cum agane,
On the third day than was scho wonder fane.
Sit he was sene with enemeis as he zeid,
To Schir Gerard thay tauld of all his deid.
And to Butteller that wald haue wrokin bene,
Then thay gart tak that woman bricht and schene,
Accusit hir sair of resset in that place.
Feill spie scho swoze that scho knew not Wallace.
Then Butteller said we wait weill it was he,
And but thow tell in haill spre sall thow de.
Gif thow will help to bring zone rebald doun.
we sall the mak ane Lady of renoun.
Thay gaif to hir bauth gould and siluer bricht,
And said scho sould be wedet with ane knicht,
Quhome scho desyrit that was but mariage.
Thus temptit thay hir throw counsell & greit wage
That scho thame tald quhat nicht he wald be thair
Than thay war glaid, for thay desyrit na mair.
Of all Scotland bot Wallace at thair will,
This ordand thay that point meut to fulfill.

Feill

Feill men of armes thay gracht hailfelip,
To keip the zettis wicht Wallace to slpy.
At the set tryste he enterit in the toun.
wittand na thing of all this fals treffoun.
To his chalmer he went but mair abaid,
Sche welcomit him, and full greit plesance maid,
Quhat that thay wrocht I can not graithly sap,
Richt vnperfyte I am of Venus play.
Bot haistelip he graithit him to gang,
Than sche him tuik and speirit gif he thocht lang.
Sche askit him that nicht with hir to byde
Bone he said nay for chance that micht betyde.
Wp men ar left at mistrull all for me.
I may nocht sleip this nicht quhill I thame se
Then weipit schc and said full oft allace,
That I was maid wa worth the Cursit race.
Now haue I lost the best man leuand is,
O febill mynd to do sa foull ane mis.
O wrink wit wickit, and variance
That me hes brocht in this mischeuous chance.
Allace schc said in warld that I was wrocht,
Gif all this pane on my self micht be brocht,
I haue seruit to be brint in ane gleid,
Quhen Wallace saw schc neir fra wit couth weid,
In his armes he caucht her soberly,
Quha hes done ocht, he said, dew hart, haue I?
Na I (quod schc) hes failly wrocht this trans,
I haue zow sauld, richt now ze will be slane.
Schc tald to him hir treffoun to ane end,
As I haue said, quhat neidis mair lesende
At hir he speirit gif schc forthocht it sair,
Ze schir schc said, and sall do euer mair.
Wp warpit weirds in warld I man fulfill,

To mend his mis I wald bpene on ane hill,
He comfort her and bad her haue na dreid.
I will he said haue sumpart of thy weid.
Hir goun he tuik on him and courcheis als,
will God I sall eschaip this treasoun fals
I the forgif without tin wordis mair,
He killit hir, syne tuik his leif to fair.
His buirly brand helpit him oft in neid,
Richt prinatly hid it vnder that weid.
To the south zet the ganest way he drew,
Quhair that he fand of armit men anew.
To thame he said dissimulat in countenance,
To the chalmer quhare he was in perchance.
Speid fast he said Wallace is tokkit in.
For him thay socht without noyes or din.
To that same hous about thay ran thame rasf,
Out at the zet than Wallace gat full fast.
Richt glaid in hart quhan that he was without.
Richt fast he zeid ane stuir pace and ane stout:
Twa men beheld and said we will ga se,
Ane stalwart quene forsuith zone semes to be,
Thay followit him throw the south Inche yat twa,
Quhen Wallace saw with thame thair rome na ma
Agane he turnit and hes the formest slane,
The tother fled than Wallace with grit mane,
Vpon the heid with his sword hes him tane,
Left thame baith deid syne to the strenth is gane,
His men he gat richt glaid quhan thay him saw,
To thair defence in hartt he gart thame draw.
Deuoyd it him sone of the womans weid,
Thus chaipit he out of this fellown dreid.

¶ The fyft buik declairis how Wallace eschapit out of Sanct

of Sanct Iohnstoun, and past to Elchok Park. And how he slew Fawdoun. Cap. I.

THE dark Regioun appeirit wonder fast
In Nouember quhan October was past.
The dayis fast throw richt cours worthit sched,
To bandit men that is na greit confort.
with thair power thair places worthis gang,
Heuy thay think quhen that the nicht is lang.
Thus Wallace saw the nichtis messingeir,
Phebus had loist his fyrie brandis cleir.
Out of the wod thay durst not turne that tyde,
For aduersaris that in thair way wald byde.
Wallace thame tald anew war on his hand,
The Inglismen war of the toun command.
The dule thay drak quhair pat trewit Wallace was,
Quhan thay him missit thay bowrit hyne to pas.
In this greit noyis the woman gat away,
Bot to quhat steid I can not grauthly say.
The Sutheroun socht right sadly for that steid,
Throw the south Inche, & fand thair twa men deid,
Thay knew be that Wallace was in the streath,
About the Park thay set on breid and lenth.
with sax hundreth weill graithit in thair armes,
All lykis men to wrek thame of thair harmes.
Ane hundreth men thargit in armis strang,
To keip ane heund that thay had thame amang.
In Gilbertland thair was that bratchet bred,
Siker of sent to follow thame that fled.
Sche was sa vse in Esk and Liddisdaill,
Quhill sche had blude na fleing micht availl.
Than said thay all Wallace micht not away
He sould be thairis for ocht that he do may.

The Gill they left in vthers partis that tyde,
Schir Gerard Heroun in the ſtaill can byde.
Schir Johne Buttellar the range he tuik him till,
with thrie hundreth quhilk war of hardy will,
Vnto the wod vpon Wallace thay zeid,
The worthie Scottis that war in mekill dreid.
Horht to ane place for to haue Iſchit out,
And ſaw the ſtaill enuyronit thame about.
Agane they went with hiddeous ſtraikis & ſtrang,
Greit noyis and din was raiſit thame amang.
Their cruell deith richt merueillous to ken.
Quhair fourtie matchit aganis thrie hundreth men,
Wallace ſa weill vpon him tuik that tyde:
Throw the greit preis he maid ane way full wyde,
Helpand the Scottis with his deir worthie hand,
Fell ſa men he left ley vpon the land.
Sir Wallace loſt fyftene in that ſteid,
And fourtie men of Buchcroun thair war deid.
The Buttellaris folk ſa fruſchit war in deid,
The hardy Scottis & the ſtrenthis throw yat zeid
Vpon Tay ſyde thay haiſtit thame full faſt
In will thay war the watter to haue paſt.
Better him thocht in perrell for to be
Vpon the land, than wilfully to ſe,
His men to droun quhair reſkew micht be nane,
Agane in Ire to the feild ar they gane.
Buttellar be than had put his men in array,
On thame he ſet with hardy awfull aſſay.
On ather ſide with waponis ſtif of ſteill,
Wallace agane na freindſchip leit thame feill.
But do or die thay wiſt na mair ſuccour,
Thus fend thay lang into that ſtalwart ſtour,
The Scottis Chiftane was zoung and in ane rage.

Vaſur

Wilt in weir, and fechtis with courage.
He saw his men of Sutheroun tak sic wrang,
Thame to reuenge all dreidles he did gang.
For mony of thame war bleidand wonder fair.
He couth nocht sie, na help apperand thair.
Bot gif thair Chiftane war put out of thair gait,
The wyne Buttellar sa baldly maid debait.
Throw the greit preis richt fast to him he socht,
His awfull deid avenge it gif he mocht.
Under ane aik, with men about him set,
Wallace micht not ane graith straik on him get.
Zit sched he thame, ane full rude step he maid,
The Scottis went out, na langer thair thay baid,
Stewin of Ireland that hardy was and wicht,
To help Wallace he did full preis and micht.
With trew keirly douchty in mony deid,
Upon the ground feill Sutheroun thay gart bleid.
Sexty was slane of Inglismen in that place,
And nyne of Scottis war tint into that cace.
Buttellaris men wer sa destroyit that tyde,
Into the stour thay wald na langer byde.
To get supply, he went into the staill,
Thus loist he thair ane hundreth of greit auaill,
As thay war best arayand Buttellaris rout,
Betwix parties, than Wallace ischit out.
Sextene with him thay graithit thame to ga,
Of all his men he had leuit na ma.
The Inglismen hes millit him in hy,
The hound thay tuik, and followit him haistely.
At the Galstwod full fane he wald haue bene,
Bot this sluith hound that cruell was and kene,
On Wallace fute followit him wonder fast,
Quhill in thair sicht thay approchit at the last.

Thair hors was wicht, and ſo cournit weill lang,
To the nixt wod twa myle thay had to gang.
Off vpwith eird, thay zeid with all thair micht,
Guid hope thay had, for it was neir the nicht.
Fawdoun he tyrit and ſaid he micht not gang,
Wallace was wa to leif him in that thrang.
He bad him ga, and ſaid the ſtrength was neir,
Bot he thairfoir wald not the faſter ſteir.
Wallace in Ire on the craig can him ta,
With his guid ſwerd and ſtraik the heid him fra.
Deidlie to ground he duſchit to the deid,
Fra him he lap, and left him in that ſteid,
Sum demis it to euil, and ſum to gude,
Bot I ſay heir into thir termis rude,
Better it was, he did as thinkis me,
Firſt to the hound it micht greit ſtopping be,
Als Fawdoun was haldin at greit ſuſpitioun,
For he was haldin of ſwckill complexioun.
Richt ſtark he was and had but lytill gane,
Thus Wallace wiſt, had he bene left allane,
And he war fals, to enemies wald he ga,
Gif he war trew the Sutheroun wald him ſla.
Micht he do echt bot tyne him as it was,
Fra this queſtioun now ſchortly will I pas.
Deme as ze liſt ze that can beſt and may,
Bot I reheirs, as myne authour dois ſay.
Sternis as than began for to appeir,
The Inglißmen war cummand wonder neir.
Fyue hundreth haill war in thair Cheualry.
To the nixt ſtrength than Wallace can him hy,
Steuin of Ireland enwirtand of Wallace,
And guid Keirly baid ſtill neir hand that place,
At the Ware ſyde into ane ſtroggy ſtaid,

Be eiſt

Be eist Dunbrtn, quhair thay this tary mast,
Fawdoun was left behynde thame on the land,
The power came, and suddainly him fand.
For thair sleuth hound the graith way to him zeid
Of other tred as than scho tuik na heid.
The sluith hound stoppit, at Fawdoun stil scho stuid
Na farther wald, fra tyme scho fand the bluid.
The Inglismen demit, for vther thay couth not tell
Bot that the Scottis had fochtin amang tham sell.
Richt wa thay war for loisit was thair sent,
Wallaces twa men amang the Oist in went.
Dissemolit weill that na man suld them ken,
Richt in effeir as thay war Inglismen,
Keirly beheld vnto the bald Heroun,
Upon Fawdoun as he was luikand down.
Ane subtill straik vpwart him tuke that tyde,
Under the cloik the grundin sword can glyde.
By the guid mailzie baith craig and hals bane,
In sunder strak: thus endit that Chiftane.
To ground he fell, feill folk about him thrang.
Tressoun thay cryit, ane Traitour is vs among.
Keirly with that slaid out at the oist syde,
His fellow Steuin than thocht na tyme to byde.
The fray was greit, and fast away thay zeid,
Baith towart Eirn, thus chaipit thay that dreid.
Buttellar was wa of weping micht nocht stint,
Thus recklesly this guid knicht haue thay tint.
Thay demit all that it was Wallace men,
Or ellis himself thocht thay culd nocht him ken.
He is richt neir, we sall him haik but faill,
The feole wod may lytill him auaill.
Fourty thair past agane to Sanct Johnstoun,
With deid corpis to burying maid thame bown.

Dairtit thair men, and dyuers wayis zeid,
Ane greit power at Duplyn still thair baid.
To Danrich the Buttellar past but let,
At sundry partis the gait was vmbeset.
To keip the wod quhill it was day thay thocht,
As wallace thus in the thick Forest he socht,
For his twa men in mynd he had greit pane,
He wist not weill gif thay war tane or slane.
Or chaipit haill, be ony Jeopardie,
Threttene war left, with him na ma had he.
In Gaskhall thair, thair ludging haue thay tane,
Fyre thay gat sone, bot meit than thay had nane,
Twa scheip thay tuke besyde thaime in ane fald,
Ordanit thair supper into that seimly hald.
Graithit in haist, sum meit to thame was dicht,
Sa hard thay blaw, rude hornis vpon hicht,
Twa send he furth, to se quhat it micht be,
Thay baid richt lang, bot na tyddingis gat he.
Bot boisteous noyis sa brymely blawand fast,
Sa vther twa, into the wod furth past.
Nane come againe, bot boisteously can blaw,
Into greit ire he send thaime furth on raw,
Quhen that a lane Wallace was leuit thair,
The awfull blast aboundit mekill mair.
Than trowit he weill, thay had his ludging sene,
His sword he drew of noble mettall kene.
Syne furth he went, quhair that he hard the horne
Without the dur Fawdoun was him before,
As to his sicht, his heid into his hand.
Ane cros he maid quhen that he saw him stand,
At Wallace in the heid he swakkit thair,
And he in haist sone hint it be the hair,
Syne out agane at him he couth it cast

Into

Into his hart he was greitly agast,
Richt weill he trowit it was na ſpreit of man,
It was ane Deuill that ſic malice began.
He wiſt nane auaill, thair langer to abyde,
Up throw the hall, this wicht Wallace can glyde.
To ane cloiſ ſtair, the burdis raikin twyn,
Fyfteue fute lang he lap furth of that In.
Up the water ſuddanly can he fair,
Agane he blenkit quhat apeirance was thair.
Him thocht he ſaw Fawdoun that vgly ſyre,
Upon the hous, and all the laikin fyre.
Ane greit ruſtrie he had into his hand,
Wallace as than na langer wald he ſtand,
Of his guid men full greit meruell had he,
How that thay war tint throw this fantaſie.
Traiſtand richt weill all this was ſuith in deid,
Suppois that it be na point of the creid.
Power thay had with Lucifer that fell,
The tyme that he pairtit from Heu in to Ile
Be ſic miſcheif gif his men micht be loſt,
Drownit or ſlane amangis the Inglis Oſt.
Or quhat it was in lykenes of Fawdoun
Quhilk brocht his men to ſic confuſioun.
Or gif the man endit in euill intent,
Sum wickit ſpreit agane for him wer ſent
I can nocht ſpeik of ſic diuinitie
To Clerkis I will let all ſic matteris be.
Bot of Wallace on furth I will zow tell,
Quhen he was went out of this danger fell,
Zit glaid he was that he had chaipit ſa,
Bot for his men greit murning can he ma.
Flait be him ſelf to the Maker aboue,
Quhy he laſſerit his ſaull ſic matteris preue.

He wist not weill gif it was Goddis will.
Richt or wrang his Fortune to fulfill.
Had it pleisit GOD he trowit it micht not be,
He sud him set in sic perplexitie.
Bot greit courage in his mynd euer draik,
Of Inglismen ane mendis thinkand to haik.
As he was thus walkand be him allane,
Upon Erne syde makand ane piteons mane,
Schir John Buttellar to watch the Furdis richt,
Out fra his men of Wallace had ane sicht,
The mist was went, and to the mountainis gane,
To him he raid quhair that he maid his mane,
On lowd he speirit, quhat art thou walkis yis gait
Ane trew man sir, thocht my vayage be lait.
Erandis I pas fra Down vnto my Lord,
Schir John Stewart the richt quha will record.
In Down is now new cummit fra the king,
Than Buttellar said, this is ane selcouth thing,
Thow leid he said, thow hes bene with Wallace.
I sall the knaw or thow cume from this place.
To him he start the Courser wonder wicht,
Drew out a sword, syne maid him for to licht.
Aboue the knie guid Wallace hes him tane
Throw thie and bran in sunder strak the bane,
Deidly to ground the knicht fell on the land,
Wallace the Hors sone seisit in his hand,
Ane akwart straik syne tuik him in that steid,
His craig in twa, thus was the Buttellar deid.
Ane Inglisman saw thair Chiftane was slane,
Ane speir in reist, he kest with all his mane,
On Wallace draik, fra the hors him to beir
Warly he wrocht as worthie man of weir.
The speir he wan withouttin mair adoaid,

On hors

On hors he lap, and throw ane greit rowt raid.
To Dalrich than, he knew the furd full weill,
Befoir him come, feill stuffit into steill.
He straik the first but baid in the blasoun,
Quhill hors and man all fleit the water down
Ane other sone down fra his hors he bair.
Strampit to ground, and drownit withouttin mair
The thrid he hit, in the harnes of steill,
Throw out the coist, the speir it raik ilk deill.
The greit power efter him than can ryde,
He saw na wisdome thair langer to abyde.
His burneist brand, braithly in hand he bair,
Quhom he hit richt, thay followit him na mair.
To stuf the chace, few freikis followit fast,
Bot Wallace maid the gayest ay agast.
The muir he tuik, and throw thair power raid,
The hors was guid bot zit he had greit dreid.
For failzeing thame or he wan to ane strenth.
The chase was greit staillit on breid and lenth.
Throw strang danger thay had him ay in sicht,
At the Blak sted thair Wallace down can licht,
The hors stiffit the way was deip and lang,
Ane larg lang quhyle on fute wichtly can gang,
Or he was horsit rydaris about thame kest.
He saw full weill lang swa he micht not lest,
Sad men in deid, vpon him can renew.
Without recouery twenty that nicht he slew,
The feirsest ay rudely rebuitit he,
Keipit his Hors and richt wisely can fle.
Quhill that he come the mirkest mure amang,
His hors gaif ouir, and wald na farther gang.
Wallace on fute tuik him with guid intent,
The hors he slew, or that he farther went,

That

That Inglismen of him sould haue na guid.
And left on fute, for weill he vnderstuid,
For Sutheroun men of him sould haue na sicht,
In hich hadder he past with all his micht.
Throw yat dark mure, than fra thame hes he socht
Bot suddanly thair come into his thocht,
Greit power did walk at Striuiling brig of tre,
Sichand he said, na passage is for me.
For falt of fude, and I haue fastit lang,
On weir men, now me thinkis na tyme to gang.
At Cambuskinneth I sall the water till.
Let God abuik, do with me quhat he will.
Into this land na langer may I byde,
Tarie he maid, sum pairt on Forthis syde.
Tuik of his weid, and graithit him but mair,
His sword he band that wounder scharply schair.
Amang his geir, on his schoulderis aloft,
Thus in he went to greit God prayand oft.
Of his guid grace his caus to tak on hand.
Quir the water he swame to the South land,
Arrayit him weill, the seasoun was richt cauld.
For Pisces was into his dayis auld,
Quir thort he cuist, to the Torwod he zeid,
Ane wedow dwelt quhilk helpit him in neid.
Hidder he come, or day began to daw,
To ane window, and priuily can caw,
Thay speirit his name, bot tell tham wald he nocht
Quhill scho hir self neir to his language socht.
Fra tyme scho knew that it was wicht Wallace,
Reioisit scho was, and thankit God of his grace.
Murnand he said, as now men haif I nane,
Scho speirit sone, gif he was his alane,
Scho askit him quhair that his men suld be,

Fair

Fair dame he said ga get sum meit for me.
I haue fastit sen zisterday at morne,
I dreid full sair that my men be forlorne.
Greit pairt of thame I saw to the deith brocht,
Scho gat him meit in all the haist scho mocht.
Ane woman he callit and als with hir ane chyld,
And bad thame pas agane thay wapis wild,
To the Gask hall tythingis for to speir,
Gif pairt waz left of his men into feir.
And scho sould find ane horss sone in hir gait,
He bad thame se gif that place stuid in stait,
Thairof to heir he had full greit desyre
Becaus he thocht it was all into fyre.
Thay passit furth withouttin tary mair,
Him for to rest Wallace remanit thair.
Refreschit he was with meit drink and heit,
Quhilk causit him throw naturall cours to sleip,
Quhair he sould sleip at that woman he speirit,
The wedow had thre sonnes that war leirit.
First twa of thame scho send to keip Wallace,
Ane hart the thrid ga sone to Dunypace.
And tald his Eme that he was hapnit thair,
The Persoun come to se of his weilfair.
Wallace to sleip was laid in the wedsyde,
The twa zoung men without him neir couth byde,
The Persoun come neir hand, thair maner saw,
Thay bekennit him to quhat steid he suld draw.
The Rone was thik that Wallace sleipit in,
About he zeid and maid but lytill din.
Sa at the last of him he had ane sicht
Full prematly quhair that his bed was dicht,
Ane him behetd, sine said vnto him sell,
Heir is meruell quha lykes it for to tell,

This is ane Perſoun he wes thines of hand,
Trewis to ſtop the power of Ingland.
Now fals Fortoun the miſwirker of all,
Be auenture hes geuin him ane fall,
That he is left without ſupple of me,
Ane cruell wyfe with waponis micht him ſle.
Wallace him hard with that the ſleip euerpaſt,
Feirſly he rais and ſaid to him als faſt,
Thow leis fals Preiſt war thow ane ſa to me,
I wald not dreid ſic vther ten as the.
I haue had mair ſen ziſterday at morne,
Than ſic ſaytie war aſſemblit me beforne.
His Eme him tuik, and went furth with Wallace,
He tald to him all his panefull cace.
This nicht he ſaid I was left myne allane,
In tell debait with ennemeis mony ane.
God at his will hes ay my lyfe to keip,
Ouer Forth I ſwame that awfull is and deip.
Quhat I haue had in weir befoir this day,
Preſoun and pane, to this nicht is but play.
Sa bet I am with ſtraikis ſad and ſair,
The ſchill watter bynt me meikill mair.
Efter greit blude throw hett and cald was wroght,
That of my lyfe almaiſt na thing I rocht.
I mene far mair the tinſell of my men,
Nor for my ſelf micht I ſuffer ſik ten.
The Perſoun ſaid deir Sone thow may ſe weill,
Langer to ſtryue it helpis nocht a deill:
Thy men ar loſt and nane will with the ryſe,
For Godis ſaik mak as I ſall deuyſe.
Tak ane lordſchip quhairon that thow may leif,
King Edward will greit landis to the geif.
Wallace he ſaid of ſik wordis na mair,

This

This is na thing but ernyng of my eais,
I hyke better to se the Sarzeroun de,
Than gould or land that thay can gif to me.
Traist thow richt weill of weir I fail not reis,
Vntill the tyme I bring Scotland to peis,
Or die thairfoir in plane to vnderstand.
Sa come Keirlip and gude Steuin of Ireland.
The wedowis sone to wallace he thame brocht,
Fra thay him saw of na ladnes thay worthe,
For perfyte Joy thay weipit with thair ene.
To ground thay fell and thankit heuinis Quene,
Als he was glaid for relkew of thame twa
Of thair feiris levand war left na ma.
thay tald him that Schir Gerard was deid,
How thay had weillescheapit of that steid.
throw the Qiehell thay had gane all that nicht,
to Mirth Ferry quhan that the day was licht.
How ane trew Scot throw kyndnes of wallace
Brocht thame sone ouer syne kend them to yat place
Als keirlie wist gif wallace levand war.
Neir Donppace that he sould find him thair.
The Parsoun gart gude puruepance for them diehe,
In the Torwod thay iudgit all that nicht,
Quhill the woman that wallace North had send,
Returnit agane and tald him to ane end.
Quhat Inglismen in the wap schoe fand deid.
Feill was fallin fey in mony sindrie steid.
the horss schoe saw that wallace had bereft:
And the Gaistbail stand and as it was left.
withouttin harme not steirit of ane stane,
Bot of his men gude tithingis yat schoe nane,
thairfoir he greuit greitly in that tyde.
In the Forrest he wald na langer abyde.

The wedow him gaue paire of siluer brichis.
Twa of hir sonnes that worthie war and wiche.
The thrid scho left becaus he lakkit age,
In weir as than micht not win vassalage.
The Persoun than gat thame gude horss and geir,
Bot wo he was his mynd was sa in weir.
Thus cuik he leif without langer abaid,
To Dundas muir the samin nicht he raid.
Schir Johne the Grahame quhilk lord was of that land.
Ane agit knicht had maid nane vther band,
Bot purchest peax in rest he micht byde still,
Tribute he payit full sair aganis his will.
Ane sone he had baith wyse worthie and wicht,
Alexander the feirs at Berwik maid him knicht,
Quhair schawin was of battell to haue bene.
Betuix Scottis and the bald Perse kene.
This zoung Schir Johne richt nobill was in weir,
On ane braid sword his Father gart him sweir.
He sould be trew to Wallace in all thing,
And he to him quhill lyfe in thame micht ring.
Thrie nichtis thair Wallace was out of dreid,
Restit him weill sa hes he mekill neid.
On the ferd day he wald na langer abyde,
Schir Johne the Grahame bownit with him to ryde.
And he said nay as than it sould not be,
Ane plane pairt zit I will not tak on me.
I haue tynt men throw my ouer rekles deid,
Ane brint chyld als mair sair the fyre sould dreid.
Freindis sumpairt I haue in Clyddisdaill,
I will ga se quhat thay map me anaill.
Schir Johne answerit I will zour counsell do.
Quhen zit think time send priuatly me to.
Than I sall come with my power in haist.

He him betaucht vnto the halle Gaist.
Sanct Johne to borgh thay suld meit haill & sound,
Out of Dundaf he and his four couth sound.
In Bothwell mure that nicht remainit he,
With ane Craufurd that ludgeit him priuilie,
Upon the morne to the Gilbank he went,
Reffaut he was of monie with glaid Intent.
For his deir Eme young Auchinlek dwelt thair,
Brother he was to the Schirek of Air.
Quhen auld Sir Rannald to his deid was dicht,
Then Auchinlek weddit that Ladie bricht.
And Children gat, as storyis beiris recor),
Of Lesmahago for he held of that Lord.
Bot he was slaine that pietie was the mair,
With Perseis men into the toun of Air.
His Sone dwelt still than nyntene zeir of age,
And bruikit haill his Fatheris heritage.
Tribute he payit for all his landis braid,
To Lord Persee as his brother had maid.
I leis Wallace with his deir Unkill still,
Of Inglismen zit sum thing speik I will.
Ane Wellinger sone throw the cuntrie zeid,
To Lord Persee, and tauld this felloun deid.
Kincleuin was brynt brokin and cassin doun,
The Capitane deid of it and Sanct Johnstoun.
The Lorane als in Schortwod schawis schene,
Into the land greit sorrow hes bene sene.
Throw wicht Wallace that all this deid hes done,
The toun he spyit and that forthocht vs sone.
Butteler is slaine with douchtie men and deir,
In asper speiche the Persee than can speir.
Quhat word of him I pray the graithlie tell,
My Lord he said richt this the cace befell.

We knaw for kreuth he was left him allane,
And as he fled he slew full monie ane.
The hors we fand that him that gait couth beir,
Bot of him self na vther word we heir.
At Striuiling brig we wait he passit nocht,
To deith in Forth he may for vs be brocht.
Lord Persee said now suithlie that wer sin,
Sa gude of hand he is this warld within.
Had he tane peace, and bene our kingis man,
This haill Empyre he micht haue conqueist than,
Greit harme it is our knichtis that ar deid,
We man gar se for vtheris in thair steid.
I trow not zit that Wallace loisit be,
Our Clerkis sayis he sall gar monie de.
The Messinger sayis all that full suith hes bene,
Monie hundreth that cruell was and kene.
Sen he began ar loisit without remeid,
The Persee said forsuith he is nocht deid.
The cruikis of Forth he knawis wounder weill,
He is on lyue that sall our Nation seill.
Quhen he is stressit than can he swome at will,
Greit strenth he hes baith wit and grace pairtill.
Ane Messinger the Lord chargit to wend,
And his command in writ he with him send.
Sir Johne Stewart greit Schiref than he maid,
Of Sanct Johnstoun and all the landis braid.
Into Kincleuin thair dwelt nane syne againe,
Thair was pair nocht bot brokin wallis in plaine.
Leif I thame thus reuland the landis thair,
And speik I will of Wallace gude weilfair.
He send Keirlie vnto Rannald that nicht.
To Boyd and Blair that worthie wer and wicht.
And Adam als his Cousing gude Wallace,

To

To thame declairit he all this paine full race.
Of this eschaip out of that cumpanie,
Richt wounder glaid wer thir gude Cheualrie.
Fra tyme thay wist that Wallace leuand was,
Gude diligence thay maid to him to pas.
Maister Johne Blair was ane of that messge,
Ane worthie Clerk baith wyse and als richt sage.
Leirnit he was befoir in Pareis toun,
Amang Maisteris in science of gude Renoun.
Wallace and he at hame in schule had bene,
Sone efterward as veritie was sene:
He was the man that principall vndertuke,
That first compylit in dyte the Latine buke,
Of Wallace lyfe richt famous of Renoun,
And Thomas Gray Persoun of Liberstoun.
With him thay wer and put in Historiall,
Oft ane or baith mekill of his trauell.
And thairfoir heir I mak of thame mentioun,
Maister Johne Blair to Wallace maid him boun.
To se his heilth his comfort was the moir,
As thay full oft togither wer befoir.
Siluer and gold thay gaif him for to spend,
Sa did he thame frelis quhen GOD it send.
Of gude weilfair as than he wantit nane,
Inglismen wist he was left him allane.
Quhair he suld be was nane of thame couth say,
Drownit or slaine or ryan eschaipit away.
Thairfoir of him thay tuke bot lytill heid,
Thay knew him not the les he was in dreid.
All trew Scottis greit fauour to him gaif,
Quhat gude thay had he neidit nocht to craif.
The peice lestit that Sir Ranald had tane,
Thay thyle Monethis it suld not be out gane.

Haill Criſtmas than Wallace remainit thair,
In Lanerk oft to ſpoyt he maid repair.
Vnhen that he went to Gilbank fra the toun,
Gif he fand men was of that Natioun:
To Scotland thay did neuer greuance mair,
Sum ſtikkit thay, ſum thrattis in ſunder ſchair.
Feill wer fund deid bot nane wiſt quha it was,
Quhome he handillit he leit na farther pas.
Thair Heſilrig dwelt that curſſit knicht to waill.
Schirefe he was of all thay landis haill.
Of felloun outrage diſpytefull in his deid,
Monie of him thairof had mekill dreid.
Meruell he thocht quha durſt his pepill ſla,
Without the toun he gart greit number ga:
Quhen Wallace ſaw that thay wer ma than he,
Than did he nocht bot ſaluſt courteſie.
Als his four men bure thame ſa quyetlie,
Na Sutheroun culd deme thame vnhoneſtlie.
In Lanerk ane gentill woman thair,
Ane madin myld as my buik will declair.
Auchtene zeir auld or lytill mair of age,
Als borne ſcho was to part of heritage.
Hir Father was of worſchip and renoun,
And Hew Braidfute he hecht of Lammintoun.
As feill was than into the cuntrie cald,
Befoir tyme thay gentill men wer of ald.
Bot this gude man and als his wyfe was deid,
The madin than wiſt of na vther remeid.
Bot ſtill ſcho dwelt on tribute in the toun,
And purcheſt had king Edwardis protectioun.
Seruandis with hir of freindis at hir will,
Thus leifit ſcho without deſyre of Ill.
Ane quyet bous as ſcho micht hald in weir,

For

For Hessilrig had done hir mekill deir.
Slane hir brother quhilk eldest was end Air,
All sufferrit scho, and richt lawlie hir bair.
Amiabill, sa bening war and wise,
Courtes and sweit, fulfillit of all gentrice.
Weill reullit of tong, richt haill of countenance,
Of wertewis scho was worthie to auance.
Humill hir led, and purchest ane gude name,
Of alkin wicht scho keipit hir fra blame.
Trew richteous folk ane greit fauour hir lent,
Upon ane day to the kirk as scho went.
Wallace hir saw, as he his Eyne can cast,
The prent of lufe, him prunzeit at the last.
Sa asperly throw bewtie of that bricht,
With greit vneis in presence byde he micht,
He knew full weill hir kinrent and hir blude.
And how scho was in honest vse and gude.
Quhyle wald he think to lufe hir ouer the laue,
Ane vther quhyle, he thocht on his desaue.
How that his men, war brocht to confusioun,
Throw his last lufe he had in Sanct Johnestoun.
Then wald he think to leue and let ouer slyde,
Bot that thocht lang in mynde micht not abyde.
He tald Keirlie of this new lust and baill,
Syne askit he him of his trew counsall.
Maister he said, als far as I haue skill,
Of lyklynes it may be wonder weill.
Sen saze lufe, take hir in mariage,
Gudlie scho is, and als hes heritage.
Suppois that ze in lufing keill ane mis,
Greit God forbid it suld sa be with this.
To marie thus I cannocht zit attend,
I wald of weir first see ane finall end.

I will na mair allane to my luke gang,
Tak tent to me for dreid I lufker wrang.
To proffer luke this sone I wald nocht preik,
Wicht I leif of in weir I think to leik.
Quhat is this luik no thing bot fulischnes,
It may reik me baith wit and stedfastnes.
Than said he thus, this will not graithlie be,
Amouris and weir atanis to reigne in me.
Richt suith it is, studie I in blis of luke,
Quhair deidis war I suld the better pruke.
Bot weill I wait quhair greit ernest is in thocht,
It latt is weir in the wyrkest man was wrocht.
Les gif it be bot anerly till ane deid,
Than he that thinkis of luke to forspeid,
He may do weill haue he fortoun and grace,
Bot this standis all into ane vther cace,
Ane greit kinrik with keill fais overset,
Richt hard it is amendis for to get,
Atanis of thame, and keip the obseruance,
Quhilk belangis luke, and all his friuoll chance.
Exempill I haue that me forthinkis sair,
I trow to God it sall be sa na mair.
The treuth I knaw of this and hir lynnage,
I knew nocht hir, thairfoir I loissit ane gage.
To keirlie he thus arguit in this kynd,
Bot greit desyre remaning in this mynd,
For to behauld that freiy of fassoun,
Ane quhyle he left, and come nocht in the toun.
On vther thing he maid his wit to waik,
Preuand gif he micht of that laubour staik.
Quhen keirlie saw he sufferit pane for thy,
Deir Schir, he said, ze liue in slogardie.
Ga se zour luke, than ze sall get comfort,

Athis

At his counsaill he walkit for to sport.
Unto the Kirk quhair scho maid residence.
Scho knew him weill, bot as of eloquence.
Scho durst nocht weill in presence to him kyth,
Full sair scho dred that Sutheroun suld hir myth.
For Hessilrig had ane mater new begune,
And hir desyrit in mariage to his Sone.
With hir madin this Wallace scho besocht,
To dyne with hir, and priuatlie scho him brocht.
Throw ane gardin scho had gart wirk of new,
Sa Inglisch men nocht of thair meiting knew.
Than kissit he this may glaidlie with plesance,
So he hir besocht richt hartlie of acquentance.
Scho answerit him with humbill wordes and wise,
War my acquentance richt worthie for to prise.
Ze sall it haue as God me saue in sauil,
Bot Inglismen garris our power fall.
Throw violence of thame and thair bairnage,
That hes weill neir distroyit our lynnage.
Quhen Wallace hard hir compleine pitiouslie,
Greiuit in hert he was richt gretumlie.
Baith Ire and luif him set into ane rage,
Bot nocht for thy he soberit in curage.
Of this mater he tauld as I said air,
To that gudelie how luse constranit him sair.
Scho answeirit him richt ressonabillie agane,
And said I all to zour seruice be bane.
With all plesance in honest causes haill,
And I trust nocht ze wald set to assaill.
For zour worschip to do me dishonour,
And I ane Mayd and standis in monie stour.
Fra Inglismen to saif my womanheid.
And cout hes maid to keip me fra thair feid.

With my gude will, I will na Lemman be,
To na man borne, thairfoir me think suld ze.
Desyre me nocht bot into gudlines,
Perchance me think I war to law percace.
For to pretend to be zour richteous wiue,
Into zour seruice I wald vse all my liue.
Heir I beseik for zour worschip in armes.
Ze charge me nocht with na vngodlie harmes.
Bot me defend for worschip of zour blude,
Quhen Wallace weill hir trew taill vnderstude:
As in a part him thocht it was ressonn,
Of hir desire thairfoir to conclusioun.
He thankit hir and said giue it micht be,
Throw Goddis wil that our kinrik be fre.
I wald zow wed with all hertlie plesance,
Bot at this tyme I may nocht tak sic chance.
And for this caus na vther now I craue,
Ane man in weir may not all plesance haue.
Of thair talk then can I tell zow na mair,
To my purpois quhat band that thay maid thair.
Conclude thay this, and to the Denner went,
The lair greuance remanit in his Intent.
Lois of his men and lustie pane of luke,
His leiue he tuik at that tyme to remuke.

¶ How Wallace past to Lochmabane, and how thay cuttit his hors taillis, and how he schaif the blude latter. CAP. II.

SYNE to Gilbank he past or it was nicht,
Vpon the morne with his four men him dicht.
To the Corheid without resting he raid,
Quhair his Neuoy Thom Haliday him abaid.

And

And Edward Lytill als his Cousing deir,
Quhilk was sa blyith quhen he wist him sa neir,
Thanking greit God he send him saue agane,
For monie dremit he was in Stratherne slane.
Gude cheir thay maid all out thay dayis thrie,
Than Wallace said that he desyrit to see.
Lochmabane toun, and Inglishmen that wer thair,
On the feird day thay bownit thame to fair.
Sextene he was of gudlie Cheualrie,
In the knok wod he leiuit all bot thrie.
Thomas Haliday went with him to the town,
Edward Lytill and keirlie maid thame bown.
To ane Oistler Thomas Haliday led thame richt,
And gaue command thair denner suld be dicht.
To heir ane Mes in gude Intent thay zeid,
Of Inglishmen thay trowit thair was no dreid.
Ane Clifford come was Emis Sone to the Lord,
And thrie with him, in treuth for to record.
To thair Innis sone efter Wallace past,
Quha aucht thay hors in greit hething he ast.
The gude wiue said for to haue pleisit him best,
Thrie gentill men ar cummin out of the west.
Quha deuill thame maid sa gaylie for to ryde,
In faith with me ane wed thair man abyde.
Thrie lewit Scottis hes leirit lytill gude.
Lo all thair hors ar schent for fault of blude.
Into greit scorne withouttin wordes mair,
The taillis all of thay thrie hors thay schair.
The gude wiue cryit, and pitiouslie couth greit,
Sa Wallace come, and couth the Capitane meit.
Ane woman tauld him thay had his hors schent,
For proper Ire he grew in matalent.
He followit fast and said gude freindis abyde,

Seruice to ask for thy craft in this syde.
Watcheit thow art without command of me,
Reward agane me think I suld pay the.
Sen I of lait new come out of the west,
In this countrey ane barbour of the best.
To cut and schaif and that ane wonder gude,
Now thow sall seill how I vse to lat blude.
With his gude sword the Capitane hes he tane,
Quhill hors agane he mechellit neuer ane.
Ane vther sone vpon the heid straik he,
Quhill chaftis and cheik vpon the gait can fle.
Be that his men the vther chze had slane,
Thair hors thay tuik, and graithit thame full bane.
Out of the towne, for denner baid thay nane,
The wife he payit, that maid sa pieticus mane.
Than Inglismen fra that Chiftane was deid,
To Wallace socht fra monie sindzie steid.
From the Castell come cruell men and kene,
Quhen Wallace hes thair suddane semblie sene.
Toward sum strenth he bownit him to ryde,
For than him thocht it was no tyme to byde.
His hors bled fast that gart him dzeiding haue,
Of his gude men he wald haue had the laue.
To the knok wod withouttin mair thay raid,
Bot into it na Soiozning he maid.
That wod as than was nouther thick nor strang,
His men he gat, syne lichtit he to gang.
Towart ane hicht and led thair hors ane quhyle,
The Inglismen wer than within ane myle.
On fresche hors rydand full haistely,
Seuin scoir as than was in that company.
The Scottis lap on quhen thay that power saw,
Frawart the south thame thocht it best to dzaw.

Than

Than Wallace said, it is na wit in weir,
With our power to byde thaime bargane heir.
Sone ar gude men thairfoir I reid that we,
Inuermair seik, quhill God send vs supple.
Haliday said, we all do zour counsaill,
Bot sair I dreid that thir hurt hors will faill.
The Inglismen in burneist armour cleir,
Be than to thame approchit wonderous neir.
Horsit Archearis shot and wald not spair,
Of Wallace men thay woundit two full sair.
In Ire he grew quhan that he saw tham bleid,
Himself he turnit, and on thame sone he zeid.
Sextene with him that worthie was in weir,
Of the formest rycht scharplie doun thay beir.
At that returne fyftene in feild was slane,
The laif thay fled vnto thair power agane.
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualrie,
Thomas Haliday in weir was full besie.
Ane buschement saw that cruell was and keue,
Twa hundreth haill of weill graithit Inglismen,
Unsill he said our power is to smaw,
Fra this plane feild I counsell zow to draw.
To few we ar aganis zone felloun staill.
Wallace returnit full sone at his counsell.
At the Corheid full fane thay wald haif bene,
Bot Inglismen hes weill thair purpois sene
In plane battell thaime followit hardely,
In danger thus thay held thame awfully.
Hew of Morland Wallace followit fast,
He had befoir maid monie Scot agast.
Haldin he was, of weir the worthiest man,
In north Ingland with thame was leuand than.
In his armour weill forgit of fyne steill,

Ane nobill curſour buir him baith faſt and weill.
Wallace returnit beſyde ane buirlie Aik,
And on him ſet, ane felloun ſicker ſtraik.
Baith coller bane and ſchulder blaid in twa,
Throw the mid coſt, the gude ſword gart he ga.
His ſpeir he wan, and als his curſer bricht,
Syne left his awin for loiſſit was his micht.
For laik of blude he micht na farther gang,
Wallace on hors the Sutheroun men amang.
His men releuit, that douchtie wer in deid,
Him to reſkew out of that felloun dreid.
Cruell ſtraikis forſuith thair micht be ſene,
On ather ſyde quhill blude ran on the grene.
Richt perrelous the ſemblay was to ſe,
Hardlie and hait continewit the mellee.
Schawand reſkew of Scottis and Inglis als,
Sum caruit bane in ſunder and ſum the hals.
Sum hurt ſum hint, ſum doungin to the deid,
The hardie Scottis ſa ſteirit in that ſteid.
With Haliday on fute that boldlie abaid.
Amang Sutheroun ane full greit rowme thay maid
Wallace on hors hynt ane nobill ſpeir
Out throw thame raid, as gude Chiftane in weir.
Thre ſlew he thair or that his ſpeir was gane,
Thus his gude ſword in hand hes he tane.
Dang on derflie, with ſtraikis ſad and ſair,
Quhome that he hit, greiued the Scottis na mair.
Fra Sutheroun men be naturall reſſoun knew,
How with ane ſtraik ay ane man he ſlew.
Than maruellit thay, he wes ſa mekill of mane,
For thair beſt man in that kynd he had ſlane.
That his greit ſtrenth agane him helpit nocht,
Nor nane wther incontrair Wallace ſocht,

Thame

Than ſaid thay all leik he in ſtrenth vntane,
This haill kingrik he will wyn him allane.
Thay left thair feild and to thair power fled,
And tauld thair Lord how euill the formeſt ſped.
Quhilk Grayſtok hecht was new cum in the land
Thairfoir he trowit nane durſt agane him ſtand.
Wounder him thocht quhen that he ſaw that ſicht
Quhy his gude men for ſa few tuke the flicht.
At that returne in feild twentie wer tynt,
And Mureland als thairfoir he wald nocht ſtynt.
Bot followit faſt with thrie hundreth but dreid,
And ſwore he ſuld be vengit of that deid.
The Scottis wan hors becaus thair awin did
In fleing fyne cheiſit the maiſt awaill. faill,
Out of the feild thus wicht Wallace is gane,
Of his gude men he had not loiſſit ane.
Fyue woundit war bot lichtlie furth thay raid,
Wallace ane ſpace behind thame ay abaid.
And Halyday preuit weill in monie place
And Siſter Sone he was to gude Wallace.
Warlie thay raid and held thair hors in aynd,
For thay trowit weill ye Sutheroun wald affaynd
With haill power atanis on thame ſet.
Bot Wallace keſt thair purpois for to let.
To brek thair ray he veſyit thame full faſt,
Than Inglifmen ſa greitlie was agaſt:
That nane of thame durſt ruſche out of the ſtaill,
All in array togither held thame haill.
The Sutheroun ſaw how that abandounly,
Wallace abaid neir hand thair Cheualry.
Be Murlands hors thay knew him wounder weill,
Vaſt to thair Lord and tauld him euerilk deill.
Lo Sir thay ſaid forſuith this ſame is he,

That with his handis garris ſa mone de.
Haue his hoꝛs grace vpon his feit to byde,
He doutis not thꝛow fyue thouſand to ryde.
We reid ze ceis and follow him na mair,
Foꝛ dꝛeid that we repent it ſyne full ſair.
He blamit thame and ſaid men may weill ſe,
Cowartis ze ar that foꝛ ſa few wald fle.
Foꝛ thair counſell zit leſt wald he thame nocht,
Into greit Ire he on thame ſadlie ſocht.
Wailling ane place quhair thay micht bargane mak,
Wallace was wa vpon him foꝛ to tak.
And he ſa few to byde thame on ane plaine,
At Quenſbery he wald haue bene full faine.
Upon him ſelf he tuke full greit trauell,
To ſend his men gif that micht him auaill.
Ane ſwoꝛd in hand richt manlyke him to weir,
Ay waittand faſt gif he micht get ane ſpeir.
Now heir now thair, befoꝛe thame to and fra,
His hoꝛs gaif ouer and micht not farther ga.
Richt at the Skirt of Quenſbery befell,
Bot vpon grace as my Authoꝛ will tell.
Sir Johne ye Grahame ꝑ woꝛthie was and wicht,
To the Coꝛheid come on the vther nicht.
Thꝛettie with him of Nobill men at wage,
The firſt Douchter he had in mariage.
Of Haliday was Neuoy to Wallace,
Tythingis to ſpeir Sir Johne pallit of the place.
With men to ſpeik quhair thay ane tryſt had ſet,
Richt neir the ſteid quhair Scottis & Inglis met,
Ane Kirkpatrik that cruell was and kene
In Eſkdaill wod that hait ane zeir had bene.
With Inglifmen he cuid not weill accoꝛd,
Of Toꝛchoꝛwald he Barroun was and Loꝛd.

Of

Of kin he was to Wallace mother deir,
On Craukurd syde that mekill had to steir.
Twentie he led of worthie men and wisght,
Be than Wallace approchit to thair sicht.
Sir Johne ye Grahame quhen he the sounter saw,
On thame he raid and stude bot lytill aw.
His gude Father he knew richt wounder weill,
Kest doun his speir and sonzeit not adeill.
Kirkpatrik als with worthie men of weir,
Fyftie in front atanis doun thay beir.
Thrzow ye thickest of thrie hundzeth thay raid,
On Sutherouns syde full greit slauchter thay maid.
Thame to reskew that was in felloun thzang,
Wallace on fute the greit power amang,
Gude rowme he gat thzow help of GODDIS grace,
The Sutherouns fled and left thame in that place.
Hozsis thay wan to stuf the chace gude speid,
Wallace and his that douchtie wer in deid.
Graystok tuke slicht on sterne hozs and on stout,
Ane hundzeth held togidder in ane rout.
Wallace on thame full sadlie culd persew,
The fleing weill of Inglismen he knew.
That ay ye best wald pas with yair Chistane,
Befoir him fand he gude Sir Johne ye Grahame.
Ay strykand doun quhome euer he micht hy,
Than Wallace said this is bot waist foly.
Commonis to slay quhair Chistanes gais away,
Zour hozs ar freshe thairfoir do as I say.
Gude men ze haue arzit in nobill stait,
To zone greit rout foz GODDIS luke hald zour gait.
Hinder thame sone we sall cum at zour hand,
Quhen Sir Johne had his taill weill vnderstand:
Of nane vther fra thynefurth tuke he heid.

To the formest he followit weill gude speid.
Kirkpatrik als considderit thair counsaill,
Thay chargit thair men ay follow on the staill,
At his command full sone with thame thay met,
Sad straikis and sair sadlie vpon thaime set.
Sir Johne ye Grahame to Graystok fast ye socht,
His pesane than it helpit him richt nocht.
Upon the craig ane graith straik gaif him richt,
The burelie blaid was braid and burnest bricht,
In sunder keruit the mailzeis of fyne steill,
Throw bran and bane it ruschit euerilk deill.
Deid with that dynt to the ground doun him draif
Be that Wallace assemblit on the laif.
Perslie to deith feill freikis yair ye dicht,
Rais neuer agane quha euer that ye hit richt.
Kirkpatrik come, Thom Haliday and thair men,
Thair douchtie deidis wer nobill for to ken.
At the knok heid the bald Graystok was slaine,
And monie men quhilk wer of mekill maine.
To saif thair lyfis part in the wood thay past,
The Scottis men thay ran togither fast.
Quhē Wallace with Sir Johne ye Grahame met,
Richt gudlie he with humbilnes him gret.
Pardoun he askit of the reproue befoir,
Into the chace and said he suld no moir:
Informatioun mak to him that was sa gude.
Quhen yat Sir Johne Wallace weill vnderstude,
Do way he said thairof as now na mair,
Ze did full richt it was for our weilfair.
Wyser in weir ze ar all out then I,
Father in armes ze ar to me for thy.
Kirkpatrik syne that was his Cousing deir,
He thankit him richt on ane gude maneir.

Nocht

Nocht ane was loist of all thair Theuatrie,
Sir Johne the Grahame to thame come happilie.
The day was done approchand was the nicht,
At Wallace syne thay askit his counsall richt.
He answerit thus I speik bot with zour leif,
Richt faith I wer ony gude man to greif.
Bot this I say in termis schort for me,
I wald assaill gif ze think it may be,
Lochmabane hous, quhilk now is left allane.
For weill I wait that power in it is nane.
Carlauerok als zit Maxwell hes in hand,
And we had thir that micht be baith ane wand.
Aganis Sutheroun that now hes our cuntrie,
Say quhat ze will this is the best think me.
Sir Johne ye Grahãe gaif first his gude consent,
Syne all the laif richt with ane haill Intent.
To Lochmabane richt haistelie thai ryde,
Quhen that come thair not halfane myle besyde.
The nicht was mirk to counsall ar thai gane,
Of Mone or Sterne apperance was thair nane.
Than Wallace said me think this land at rest,
Thom Haliday thow knawis the cuntrie best.
I heir na noyis of feill folk heir about,
Thairfoir (I trow) we ar the les in dout.
Haliday said I will tak ane with me,
And ryde befoir the cuntrie for to se.
Watsoun he callit with me thow mak the boun,
With thame thow was ay nichtbour in this toun.
I grant I was with thame aganis my will,
And my Intent is euer to do thame euil.
Unto the zet thai twa perrlie furth raid,
The Porter come without langer abaid.
At Johne Watsonn than ty thingis cuild he speir,

Oppinhe bad the Capitane cummis neir.
Thē zet but mair vntwyselie vp he drew,
Thoin Haliday sone be the craig hym threw.
And with ane knyfe he stikkit him in yat steid
In ane dark hoill doun dreidles kest him deid.
Johne Watsoun hes hynt the keyis in his hand,
The Porter yan with Wallace was cūmand.
Thai enterit in befoir thame fand na ma,
Except wemen and simpill seruantis twa.
In the kiching lang scudlaris had thai bene,
Sone thai war slane, quhen the Lady had sene.
Scho cryit grace for him that deit on tre.
Than Wallace said Madame zour noyis let be:
To wemenzit we do bot lytill euill,
And zoung childzen we lyke not for to spill.
I wald haue meit Haliday quhat sayis thow,
For fastand folk to dyne gude tyme war now.
Greit purueyance was ordanit thame befoir.
Baith breid and aill gude wyne and vther stoir,
To meit thai bownit for thai had fastit lang,
Gude men of armes vnto the clois gart gang.
Part steand folk on fute thai fra thame glaid,
On the knock heid quhair greit melle was maid.
Ay as thai come Johne Watsoun leit thame in,
And done to deith without in noyis or din.
Na man left thair that was of Ingland borne,
The Castell weill thai belyit on the morne.
For Johnstoun send ane mā of gude degre,
Secund dochter forsuith weddit had he.
Of Halidayis deir Neuoy to Wallace,
Greit Capitane than thai maid him of that place.
Thai left him thair into ane gude array,
Syne Ischit furth vpon the secund day.

Wemen

Wemen had leif in Ingland for to fair,
Sir Johne ye Grahãe & gude Wallace culd cair.
To the Corheid and ludgit thame that nicht,
Upon the morne the Sone was at the heicht.
Efter Denner thai wald na langer byde,
Thair purpois tuik in Craufurd mure to ryde.
Sir Johne ye Grahãe with Wallace ỳ was wicht,
Thom Haliday agane returnit richt.
To the Corhall and thair remanit but dreid,
Na Sutheroun wist principall quha did yis deid.
Kirkpatrik past in Elkdaill woddis wyde,
In saiftie thair ye thocht he suld abyde.
Sir Johne ye Grahame & gude Wallace in feir,
With thame fourtie men in armis cleir.
Throw Craufurd mure as that thai tuik ye way,
On Inglismen thair mynd remanit ay.

¶ How Wallace wan the Castell of Craufurd, & how he slew ye Capitane thairof. CA. III.

IRA Craufurd Johne ye watter doũ yai ryde,
Neir hand the nicht thai lichtit vpon Clyde.
Thair purpois tuik into ane quyet vaill,
Than Wallace said I wald we micht assaill.
Craufurd Castell with sum gude Jeopardie,
Sir Johne the Grahame how say ze best may be.
This gude Knicht said and the men wer without,
To tak the hous thair is bot lytill dout.
Ane Squyar than reullit that Lordschip haill,
Of Cumbirland borne his name was Mortindaill.
Than Wallace said myself will pas in feir,
And ane with me of herbery for to speir.
Follow on dreich gif that we myster ocht,

Edward Lytill with his maister furth socht.
To ane Distillery and with ane woman met,
Schyo tauld to thame that Sutheroū thair was set
And ze be Scottis I counsall zow pas by,
For and thay may ze will get euill herbery:
It drink thai ar, sa haue thai bene richt lang
Greit word thair is of Wallace thame amang.
Thai trow that he hes fund his men agane,
At Lochmabane feill Inglismen arslane.
That hous is tynt, that garris thame be full wa,
I trow to GOD that thai sall sone tyne ma.
Wallace speirit of Scotland gif schyo be,
Schyo said him zee and thinkis zit to se
Sorrow on thaime throw help of GODDIS grace,
He askit hir quha was into the place.
Na men of fence was left that hous within,
Twentie ar heir makand greit noyis and din.
Allace schyo said gif I micht anis se,
The worthie Scottis in it maist maister be.
With this woman he wald na langer stand,
Ane bekin he maid Sir Johne come at his hand.
Wallace went in and said Benedicite,
The Capitane speirit quhat bellamy may thow be.
That cummis sa grym sum tythingis to vs tell,
Thow art ane Scot the Deuill thy natioun quell.
Wallace braid out his sword without tin mair,
Into the breist the bryme Capitane he bair.
Throw out the coist and stikkit him to deid,
Ane vther he hit akwart vpon the heid.
Quhome euer he straik he bristit bane and lyze,
Feill of thame deid fell flatlingis in the fyze.
Haistie payment he maid thame on the flure,
And Edward Lytill keipit weill the dure.

Schir

Schir Johne ye Grahame fane wald haue bene in,
Edward him bad at the Caſtell begin.
For of thir folk we haue bot lytill dreid,
Sir Johne ye Grahame faſt to the Caſtell zeid.
Wallace rudelie ſic routes on thame gaik,
That twentie men derflie to deith thaj draik.
Fyftene he ſtraik and fyftene hes he ſlane,
Edward ſlew fyue quhilk was of meikill mane.
To the Caſtell Wallace had greit deſyre,
Be that Sir Johne had ſet the hous in fyre.
Nane was thairin that greit defence culd ma
Bot wemen faſt ſair weipand into wa.
Without the place ane auld Bulwark was maid,
Wallace zeid outr withouttin langer baid.
The wemen ſone he ſaifit fra the deid,
Waik folk he put and barnis fra that ſteid.
Of purueyance he fand lytill or nane,
Befoir that tyme thair victuall all was gane.
Zit in that place thaj ludgit all that nicht,
Fra Diſtillary brocht ſic gude as thaj micht.
Upon the morne houſis thaj ſpulzeit faſt,
All thingis that docht out of that place thaj caſt.
Treine wark thaj brynt yat war within yaj wanis,
Wallis brak doun that ſtalwart was of ſtanis.
Spilt that thaj micht ſyne wald na langer byde,
Unto Dundaf that ſamyn nicht thaj ryde.
And ludgit thair with mirth and all pleſance,
Thankand greit GOD yat ſent yame ſic gude chãce.

In yis Sext Buik is declairit the Spousage of Wallace and how Hessilrig slew Wallace wyfe in the toun of Lanerk, & how he slew Hessilrig for ye lanyn cause, and put the Inglismen out of Lanerk.

THAN passit was ye Octauis of Februar,
And part of Marche be richt digestioun.
Appeirit than the last moneth of Ver,
The Signe of Somer with his sweit seasoun,
Be that Wallace fra Dundaf maid him boun,
His leiue he tuik and to Kilbank can fair.
The rumour rais throw Scotland vp and doun,
With Inglismen that Wallace leuand war.

Into Aprill quhen cleithit is but wene,
The abill ground throw wirking of Natour.
And woodis hes won thair worthie wedis of grene
Quhen Nympheus in beilding of his bour.
With oyll and balme fulfillit of sweit odour,
Canetis in trace as thai war wont to gang.
Walkand thair cours in euerie casuall hour,
To glaid the hunaris with thair mery sang.

In this same tyme to him approchit new,
His lustie paine the quhilk I spak of air.
Be luifis cace he thocht for to persew,
In Lanerk toun and hidder can he fair.
At residence ane quhyll remainit thair,
In hir presence as I haue said befoir.
Thocht Inglismen greuit at his repair,
Zit he desyrit the thing that set him sour.

The fyre of luif him reullit at sic wyse,

He lykis.

He lykit weill with that gudelie to be,
Quhylis he wald thynk of danger for to ryde.
And vther quhylis out of hir presence fle.
To ceis of weir it war the best for me.
Thus wan I nocht bot sadnes on ilk syde.
Sall neuer man this cowardnes in me se,
To weir I will for chance that may betyde.

Quhat is this luik, it is bot greit mischance,
That me wald bring fra armis verrely:
I will not change my worschip for plesance,
In weir I think my tyme to occupy.
Sit hir to luik I will not let for thy,
Wair I sall despyte my worschip to reserk.
Fra this day furth than euer mair did I,
In feir of weir quhidder I leine or sterk.

Quhat sall I say Wallace was plainelie set,
To luik hir best in all the warld la wyde:
Thinkand he suld of his despyte to get,
And sa befell be concord on ane tyde.
That scho was maid at his command to byde,
And this began the stynting of his stryke:
The band began with grauth witnes besyde,
Myne Author sayis scho was his weddit wyfe.

Now leik in peice now leik in gude concord,
Now leik in play now leik in hall plesance:
For scho be chance hes vaith hir lufe and Lord,
He thankis lufe that did him sa auance,
Sa euinlie held be fauour the Ballance,
Sen he at will may lap hir in his armis:
Scho thankit GOD of hir hie happie chance,
For in his tyme he was the flour of Armis.

Forfoun him schew hir figurit doubill face,
Feill syis or than he had bene set abuse:
In presoun now, delyuerit now throw grace
Now at vneis now at vnrest and ruse.
Now weill at will weildand his plesand luse,
And thocht him self out of aduersitie:
Delyrand ay his manheid for to pruse,
In curage set vpon the staigis hie.

The verray treuth I cannot graithlie tell,
Into this lyfe how lang that thai had bene:
Throw naturall cours of generatioun fell,
Ane chylde was cheuit thir twa luifaris betwene
Quhilk gudelie was ane madin bricht & schene,
Sa farther furth become tyme to hir age:
Ane Squyar Schaw that than full weill hes sene
This lyfe lait man get hir in mariage.

This vther mayd weddit ane Squyar wicht,
Quhilk weill was knawin cummin of Balliollis
And thair Airis be lyne succedit richt, (blude:
To Laummyntoun and vther landis guds.
Of this matter the richt quha vnderstude,
Heirof as now I will na mair proceid:
Of my sentence than schortlie to conclude,
Of vther thing my purpois is to reid.

Richt gudelie men come of this Ladie zing,
Farther of thame as now I speik na mair:
Bot Wallace furth into his weir can ring,
He micht not ceis greit curage sa him bair.
Sutheroun to slay for dreid he wald not spair,
And thai oft syis feill cauſis to him wrocht:
Fra that tyme furth quhilk mouit him sa sair,

That neuer in warld out of his mynd was brocht.

Now leik thy mryth, now leik thy haill plesance
Now leik thy blis, now leik thy chyldis age
Now leik thy zouth, now follow thy hard chance
Now leik thy lust, now leik thy mariage
Now leik thy lufe or thow sall tyne ane gage,
Quhilk neuer in eird salbe redemit agane:
Felloun Fortoun and all hir feirs outrage,
Go leik in weir, go leik in cruell pane

Fy on Fortoun, fy on thy freuoll quheill.
Fy on thy traist for heir it bes no lest:
That sa transfigurit Wallace out of his weill,
Quhen he traistit for to haue leuit best.
His plesance heir to him is bot ane gest.
Throw thy feirs cours that bes na hap to ho:
Him thow ouirthrew out of his lykand rest,
Fra greit plesance in weir trauell and wo.

Quhat is Fortoun quha drawis the dait sa fast:
We wait thair is baith weill and wickit chance:
Bot this fals warld with monie doubill cast,
In it is nocht bot verray variance.
It is na thing to heuinlie gouernance,
Than pray we all to the maker abufe:
Quhilk bes in hand of Justice the Ballance,
That he vs grant it of his deir lestand lufe.

Heirof as now, farther I speik na mair,
Bot to my purpois schortly will I fair.

TWEL hundreth zeir thairto nyntie & seuin,
Fra Christ was borne the richteous King of he
Williame Wallace into gude lykig gais (uin.

In Lanerk toun amang his mortall fais.
The Inglismen that euer fals hes bene,
With Hesilrig that cruell was and kene.
And Robert Thorne ane felloun subtill knicht,
Hes found the way be quhat mene best he micht,
How that thai suld mak contrarie to Wallace:
Be argument as he come vpon cace.
Onfra the kirk that was without the toun
Nubill thair power micht be in armis boun.
Sir Johne ye Grahãe yat worthie was & trew,
To Lanerk toun gude Wallace can persew.
Of his weillfair as he full oft had sene,
Of men he had in cumpany fyftene.
And Wallace nyne thai war na feiris ma,
Upon the morne vnto the Wes can ga.
Thai and thair men graithit in gudelie grene
For the seloun sic vse full lang hes bene.
Nuben sadlie thai had said thair deuotioun,
Ane arguit thame as thai went throw the toun.
The starkest man that Hesilrig than knew,
And als he said of lichtlie wordis anew.
He salust thame as it wer bot in scorne,
Dew gard gude day bone senzeour & gude morne.
Nuhome scornes thow (quod Wallace) quha leirit
Nuhy Sir (said he) come ze not ouir ye see (the
Pardoun me than for I weind ze had bene,
Ane Imbarat to bring ane vncouth Quene.
Wallace answerit sic pardoun as we haue,
In vs to gif thy part thow sall not craue.
Sen ze ar Scottis zit salust sall ze be,
Gude euin daucht Lord Ballanch Banzeochade.
Wa Sutheroun men to thame assemblit neir,
Wallace was laith as than to mak ane steir.

Ane

Ane maid ane ſkrip and tit at his lang ſwoꝛd,
Hald ſtill thy hand (quod he) and ſpeik thy woꝛd.
With thy lang ſwoꝛd thow makis mekill boiſt,
Thairof (quod he) thy dame maid lytill coiſt.
Quhat caus hes thow to weir that gudelie grene.
Wy maiſt caus is bot foꝛ to mak the tene.
Quhat ſuld ane Scot do with ſa fair ane knyfe,
Ye ſaid the Preiſt that laſt Janglit thy wyfe:
That woman lang hes callit him ſa fair.
Quhill that his thyide woꝛthit to be thyne air.
We think (quod he) thow dꝛyfis me to ſcoꝛne
Thy dame was Jaipit oꝛ euer thow was boꝛne.
The power than aſſemblit him about,
Twa hundꝛeth men that ſtalwart wer and ſtout.
The Scottis ſaw thair power was cummand,
Sir Robert Thoꝛne and Heſſilrig at hand.
Greit multitude with wappinnis burneiſt bene,
The woꝛthie Scottis quhilk cruell war and kene.
Amang Sutheroun ſic dyntis gaue that tyde,
Quhill blude on bꝛeid bꝛiſtit fra woundis wyde.
Wallace in ſtour was cruellie fechtand,
Of ane Sutheroun he ſmoit of the richt hand
And quhen that Carll of fechting micht na mair,
With the left hand in Ire held ane bukler.
Than fra the ſtump the blude out ſpꝛang full faſt,
In Wallace face aboundantlie can it caſt.
Into greit part it marrit him of his ſicht,
Sir Johne ye Grahãe ane ſtraits hes tane him richt
With his gude ſwoꝛd vpon the Sutheroun ſyre,
Verſlie to deith dꝛaue him into that Ire.
The perrell was richt awfull hard and ſtrang,
The ſtour induꝛit mꝛuellouſlie and lang.
The Inglißmen zit gaddꝛit wounder faſt,

The worthie Scottis the gait left at the last.
Quhen thai had slane and woundit monie ane,
To Wallace Innis the ganest way thai gane.
Thai passit sone defendit thame richt weill,
He and Sir Johne with swordis stiff of steill.
Behind thair men quhill thai the zet had tane.
The woman than quhilk was full will of wane,
The perrell saw with felloun noyis and din,
Set vp the zet and leit thame enter in.
Throuch to ane strenth thai passit of that steid
Fyftie Sutheroun vpon the gait lay deid.
This fair woman with busynes and micht,
The Inglismen did tarie with ane slicht.
Quhill that Wallace into the wod was past,
Than Cartlane craigis thai persewit full fast.
Quhen Sutheroun saw that chaipit was Wallace
Agane thai turnit, the woman tuik on cace.
Put hir to deith I can not tell zow how,
Of sic matter I may not tarie now.
Quhair greit dule is but redeming agane,
Renewing of it is bot eiking of pane.
Ane trew woman had seruit hir full lang,
Out of the toun the ganest way can gang.
To Wallace tauld how all this deid was done,
The panefull wo socht to his hart full sone.
War not for schame he had schot to the ground,
For bitter baill that in his breist was bound.
Sir Johne ye Grahame baith wyse gentill & fre,
Greit murning maid that pietie was to se.
And als the laif that war assemblit thair,
For pure sorrow with hart weipit full sair.
Quhen Wallace feld thair curage was so small,
He fenzeit him for to comfort thame all.

Ceis

Ceiz men he ſaid this is ane buttles hane,
For we can not cheueis hir lyfe agane.
Uneis ane word he micht bring out for tene,
The baillfull teiris birſt braithlie fra his ene.
Sichaud he ſaid ſall neuer man me ſe,
Reſt into eis quhill this deid wrokin be.
The ſaikles ſlauchter of hir baith blyith & bricht,
That I awow to the maker of micht.
Of that Nation I ſall neuer forbeir,
Young nor auld that ayill is to weir.
Preiſtis nor wemen I think not for to ſla,
In my default bot gif thai cauſing ma.
Sir Johne he ſaid let all this murning be,
And for hir ſaik thair ſall ten thowſand de.
Quhair men may weip thair curage is the les,
It ſlaikis Ire of wrang thai ſuld redres
Of thair complaint as now I ſpeik na mair,
Of Auchinleik in Kilbank dwelland thair.
Quhen he hard tell of Wallace duratioun,
To Cartlane wod with ten men maid him boun.
Wallace he fand lumpart within the nicht
To Lanerk toun in all haiſt thai thame dicht.
The watche as than of thame had lytill dreid,
Partit thair men lyne diuers wayis zeid.
Sir Johne ye Grahame and his gude cumpany,
To Sir Robert Thorne hill faſt that hy.
Wallace and his to Heſſilrig ſone thai paſt,
In ane heich hous quhair he was ſleipand faſt.
Struik ar the dure with his fute hardely,
Quhill bar and braiſ in the flure gart he ly.
The Schireff cryit quha makis this grit deray.
Wallace he ſaid quhilk thow hes ſocht this day.
The womanis deith will GOD thow ſall deir by,

Hesilrig thocht it was na tyme to ly.
Out of that hous full fane he wald haue bene.
The nicht was mirk zit Wallace hes him sene
Feirslie him straik as he come in greit Ire,
Upon the heid brist thrzow bane and lyre.
The scheirand sword glaid to his schulder bane,
Out owir the stair amang thame is he gane.
Gude Auchinleck trowit not that he was deid,
Thryse with ane knyfe he straik him in that steid.
The scry about rais rudelie in that streit,
Feill of the laif wer fulzeit vnder feit.
Young Hesilrig and wicht Wallace is met,
Ane sicker straik Williame hes on him set.
Derflie to deith owir the stair dang him doun,
Wonie that nicht thai slew in Lanerk toun.
Sum Greissis lap and sum stikkit within,
Effeirit thai war with hiddeous noyis and din.
Sir Johne the Grahame had set the hous in fyre,
Quhair Robert Thozne was brynt vp bane & lyre
Twelf scoir thai slew that war of Ingland bozne,
Wemen thai leuit and Preistis on the mozne.
To pas thair way of blis and gudis bair,
And swoze that thai agane suld cum na mair.
Quhen Scottis hard thir syne tythingis of new:
Out of all partis to Wallace fast thai drew.
Pleneist the toun quhilk was thair heritage:
Thus Wallace straik aganis that greit barnage.
Ay he began with stryfe and stalwart hand,
To cheueis agane sum rowmes in Scotland.
The wozthie Scottis yat semblit to him thair,
Cheisit him foz cheif thair Chistane and leidair.
Aymer Wallange ane felloun Tyzan knicht,
In Bothwell dwelt King Edwardis man full richt

Murray

Murray was out thocht he was richteous Lord,
Of all that land as trew men will record.
Into Arrane he was dwelland that tyde,
And vther men in this land durst not byde.
Bot this fals knicht in Bothwell winnand was,
Ane man he gart sone to King Edward pas.
And tauld him haill of Wallace ordinance,
How he had put his pepill to mischance.
And plainlie was rissin agane to Ring,
Greuit thairat richt greitlie was the king.
Throw all Ingland he gart his doaris cry,
Power to get and said he wald plainely:
In Scotland pas: that Realme to statute new,
Feill men of weir to him richt fast thai drew.
The Quene keld weill how that his purpois was,
To him scho went on kneis syne can scho as.
He wald desist and not in Scotland gang,
Ze suld haue dreid to wirk sa felloun wrang.
Cristinit thai ar zone is thair heritage,
To reif thair Croun it is ane greit outrage.
For hir counsell at hame he wald not byde,
His Lordis him keit in Scotland for to ryde.
Ane Scottis man that dwelt with King Edward
Quhen he hard tell that Wallace tuik sic part:
He stall fra thame als priuilie as he may.
In Scotland syne he come vpon ane day.
Seikand Wallace he maid him reddie boun,
This Scot was borne in Kyle at Ricardtoun:
All Ingland coist he knew it wounder weill,
Fra Hull about to Bristoll euerie deill.
Fra Carlyle throuch Sandwiche that Royall steid,
Fra Douer ouer vnto Sanct Bayis heid.
In Picardy and Flanderis baith had bene,

All Normandy and France hes he sene.
Ane Pursevant to King Edward in weir,
Bot he culd neuer gar him his armis beir.
Of greit stature and sumpart gray was he,
The Inglismen callit him bot Grymsbie.
To Wallace come and into Kyle him fand,
He tauld him haill the tythingis of Ingland.
That turnit his name fra tyme yat yai him knew,
And callit him Jop of ingyne he was trew.
In all his tyme gude seruice in him fand,
Gaif him to beir the armis of Scotland.
Wallace agane in Cliddisdaill sone he raid,
And his power semblit withouttin baid.
He gart command quha wald his peice tak,
Ane fre remit he suld gar to him mak.
For alkin deid that thai had done before,
The Perseis peice & Sir Rannaldis was wone.
Feill to him drew that baldlie durst abyde,
Of Wallace syn of monie diuers syde.
Sir Rannald than send him his power haill,
Him self durst not be knawin in battell.
Agane Sutheroun for he had maid ane band,
Lang tyme befoir to hald of thame his land.
Adam Wallace past out of Ricardtoun,
And Robert Boyd with gude men of Renoun.
Of Cuninghame and Kyle come men of waill,
To Lanerk socht on hors ane thowsand haill.
Sir Johne ye Grahame and his gude Cheualrie
Sir Johne of Tynto with men yat he micht be,
Gude Auchinlek that Wallace Unkill was,
Mony trew Scot with thair Chiftane culd pas.
Thrie thowsand haill of lyklie men of weir,
And feill on fute quhilk wantit hors and geir.

The

The tyme be this was cummand vpon hand,
The awfull Oist with Edward of Ingland.

¶ The Battell of Biggar.

TO Bigger come with sextie thousand men,
In weir weids, that cruell was to ken.
Thay plantit thair feill Tentis & pauillions,
Quhair clariouns blew with many michtie sounis
Plenist that place with gude victuall and wyne,
In Cartes brocht thair purueyance full fyne.
This awfull King gart twa Heraldis be brocht,
Gaue thame command in all the haist they mocht.
To charge Wallace that he suld cum him till,
Without promis and put him in his will.
Becaus we wait he is ane gentill man,
Cum in my grace, and I sall saue him than.
As for his liue I will vpon me take,
And efter thus giue he will seruice make.
He sall haue wage that may him weill suffice,
That Rebald wenis, for he hes done suppryce.
To my pepill oft vpon auenture,
Aganis me that he may lang Indure
To this proffer ganestandand giue he be,
Heir I awow he sall be hangit hie.
The young Squyar was brother to Schir Hew,
He thocht he wald ga disagyst to persew.
Wallace to se, that tuke sa hie ane part,
Borne Sisters Sone he was to King Edward.
Ane coit of Armes he tuke on him but baid,
With the Heraldis full priuilie furth raid,
To Tynto hill withouttin residence,
Quhair Wallace lay, with his folk at defence.

Ane likly Oist as of sa few thay fand,
To him thay socht and wald na langer stand.
Gif ze be he that reullis all this thing,
Credence we haue brocht fra our worthie king.
Than Wallace gart thre Knichtis to him call,
Syne red the writ in presence of thame all.
To thame he said, answer ze sall nocht craue,
Be word or writ quhilk lykis zow best to haue.
In writ thay said it wer the lyklieſt,
Than Wallace thus began to dyte in haist.
Thow reuar king thow charges me throw care,
That I suld cum and put me in thy grace.
Giue I gane stand thow hechtis for to hang me,
I awow to GOD and euer I may take the:
Thow sall be hangit ane exampill to geiue,
To Kingis of Reik, als lang as I may leiue.
Thow profferis me of thy wages to haif,
I the defy power and all the laik.
That helpis the heir of thy fals Nation,
Will GOD thow salbe put from this Regioun.
Or die thairfoir contrair thocht thow had swone,
Thow sall vs see or nyne houris the mone.
Battell to giue, maugre of all thy kyn,
For falſlie thow seikis our Realme within. (*)
This wryt he gaue to the Heraldis but mair,
Ane gude reward he gart delyuer him thair.
Bot Jop knew weill the Squyar zoung sir Hew,
And tauld Wallace, for he was euer trew.
He thame commandit that thay suld sone him tak,
Him self began fair accusing to mak.
Squyar he said, sen thow hes fenzeit armes,
On the sall fall sum part of thir harmes.
Exampill to giue to all thy fals Nation.

Upon

Upon the hill he gart syne set him doun.
Straik of his heid or he wald farther go,
To the Herald said syne with outtin ho.
For thow ar fals to armes and manesworne,
Throw thy cheikis thy toung salbe out schorne.
Quhen that was done, than to the thrid said he,
Armis to Judge thow sall neuer graithly se,
He gart ane Smyth with his turcas richt thair,
Pull out his ene, syne gaue thame leue to fair.
To your fals King thy fellow sall the leid,
With thy answeir, turs him his Neuoys heid.
Thus fair I dreid the King and all his boist,
His dum fellow led him vnto thair Oist.
Quhen King Edward his Heraldis thus hes seyn,
In proper Ire he wore neir wod for tene.
That he wist nocht, on quhat wise him to wreik,
For sorrow almaist one word he culd not speik,
Ane lang quhyle he stude wrythand in ane rage,
On loud he said, this is ane fell outrage.
This deid to Scottis, full sair it salbe bocht.
Sa dispitfull in warld was neuer wrocht.
Fra this Regioun I think not for to gang,
Quhill tyme that I sall se that Rebell hang.
I lat him thus inspyte and sorrow dwell,
Of the gude Scottis schortlie I will tell.

WALLACE fra his men than Wallace raikit richt
To him he callit schir Johne Tynto ye knicht.
And leit him wit, to besy he wald ga,
The Inglis Oist, and bad him tell na ma.
Quhat euer thay speirit, quhill that he come agane
Wallace disagyst thus bownit our ane plane.
Betuix Culter and Biggar as he past,

He was sone war quhair ane warkman come fast.
Dryuand ane meir and pitcheris for to sell.
Gude freind he said in treuth will thow me tell.
With this chaukry quhair passis thow truly
To ony place quha lykis for to by.
It is my craft and I wald sell thame sane.
I will thame by, sa GOD me help fra pane.
Quhat pryce lat heir, I will haue thame ilk ane,
Bot halfane mark, for sic pryce haue I tane.
Tuentie schillingis, Wallace said thow sall haue,
I will haue Meir pitcheris, and all the laue.
Thy gowne and hois in haist thow put of syne,
And mak ane change for I sall giue the myne.
And thy auld hude, becaus it is threid bair.
The man wend weill he had scornit him thair.
Thow tarie nocht, it is suith that I say,
The man kest of his sedill weid of gray.
And Wallace his, syne payit siluer in hand,
Pas on he said thow art ane bad Merchand.
The gowne and hois in clay that claggit was,
The hude heklit, and syne maid him to pas.
The quhip he tuke, and furth the Meir can call,
Attour the bray the vpmaist pot gart fall.
Brak on the ground, the man leuch at his fair,
Bot thow be war, thow tynis of thy chauffair.
The Sone be than, was passit out of sicht,
The day was went, and cumming was the nicht.
Amang the Suthroun full beselie he past,
On ather syde his ene he can to cast.
How Lordis lay, and had thair ludging maid,
The pauilloun quhair that the Leopardis baid,
Spyand full fast, quhair his awaill micht be,
He culd weill wynk, and luke vp with ane Ee.

Syne

Sum ſcornit him, ſum gleyit Carll callit himthair,
Aggreuit thay war of thair Heraldis miſkair.
Sum ſpeirit of him how he ſauld of the beſt,
For fourtie pennyis he ſaid quhill thay may left.
Sum brak ane part ſum prickit at his Ee,
Wallace ſtaid out priuatlie and leit thame be.
Unto his Oſt agane he paſſit richt,
His men be than had tane Tynto the Knicht.
Sir Johne ye Grahame gart bind him woũder faſt,
For he wiſt weill he was with Wallace laſt.
Sum bad byrn him ſum hang him in ane cord,
Thay ſwore that he deſauit had thair Lord.
Wallace be this was enterit thame amang,
To him he zeid, and wald nocht tarie lang.
Syne he gart lous him of thay bandis new.
And ſaid he was both ſober, wiſe, and trew.
To Supper ſone bownit but mair abaid,
He tauld to thame quhat market he had maid.
And how that he the Sutheroun ſaw full weill,
Schir Johne ye Grahame diſpleiſit was ſum deill.
And ſaid to him nocht Chiftane lyke it was,
Throw wilfulnes in ſic perreil to pas.
Wallace anſwerit, or we win Scotland fre,
Baith ze and I, in perreil mair mon be.
And mony vther the quhilk full worthie is.
Now of ane thing we do ſum part ane mis.
Ane lytill ſleip I wald fane that we had,
With zone men ſyne luke how we may vs glaid.
The worthie Scottis tuik gude reſt quhill neir day
Than rais thay vp, to array ſone ordanit thay.
The hill is left, and to ane plane is gane,
Wallace him ſelf the vangard firſt hes tane.
With him was Boyd, and Auchinlek but dreid,

With ane thousand of worthie men in weid.
Als monie syne in the middill ward put he,
Sir Johne the Grahame, he gart thair leidar be.
With him zoung Adam the Lord of Ricardtoun,
And Somerueill bald the Squyar of Renoun.
The thrid thousand in the reirward he dicht,
To Walter gaue of Newbigging the knicht.
With him Tynto that douchtie was in deid.
And Dauid Sone to Sir Walter to lei d
Beihnd thame neir the fute men gart he be,
And bad thãe byde quhill thay thair tyme micht se
Ze want wappinnis and harnes in this tyde,
The first counter ze may nocht weill abyde.
Wallace gart sone the Chiftanes to him call.
This charge he gaif, for chance that micht befall.
To take na heid to geir nor zit pillage,
For thay will fle as wood folk in ane rage.
Win first the men, the gude syne ze may haue.
And take na tent of couetise to craue.
Throw couetise men loisis gude and lyfe.
I zow command forbeir sic in our stryfe.
Luke ze saue nane Lord Capitane nor knicht
For worshipwirk, and for our Elderis richt.
GOD bis vs all that we may in our beyage,
Put thir fals folk outof our heritage.
Than thay Inclynit all with ane gude will,
His plane command thay hecht it to fulfill.
On the greit Dist the parteis furth can draw,
Cummand to thame out of the South thay saw.
Thrie hundreth men into thair armour cleir,
The ganest way to thame approchit neir.
Wallace said sone thay ar na Inglismen,
For by this Dist the gaitis weill thay ken.

Thom-

Thom Halliday thay men he gydit richt,
From Annandaill he had led thame that nicht.
His twa gude Sonnis Johnstoun and Rutherfurd
Wallace was blyith, fra yat he had hard that word.
Sa was the laik of his gude Cheualry,
Jardane thair come into thair cumpany.
And Kirkpatrik befoir in Eskdaill was.
Ane wing thay wer in Wallace Oist to pas.
The Inglis watche, that nicht had bene on steir,
Wp to thair Oist, richt as the day can peir.
Wallace knew weill for he befoire had sene,
The kingis Pauillione quhair it had buskit bene.
Than with riche hors the Scottis vpō thame raid,
At the first counter, sa greit abaising maid.
That all the Oist was stoneist of that sicht,
Full monie ane derflie to deith was dicht.
Feill of thame as than was out of thair array,
The mair awfull and haistie was the fray.
The noyis was hudge, throw straikis yat thai dāg,
The rumour rais sa rudelie thame amang.
That all the Oist was than in point to fle,
The wyse Lordis fra thay the perrell se.
The felloun fray als raisit was about,
And how thair King stude in sa meikill dout.
To his Pauillione full monie thowsand socht,
Him to reskew be ony way thai mocht.
The Erll of Kent that nicht walking had bene,
With fyue thowsand of men in armour kene.
Woout the King full suddanlie thay gang.
And traist weill the assailze was richt strang.
All Wallace folk in vse of weir was gude,
Into the stour sone lichtit quhair thay stude.
Quhome euer thai hit na harnes micht [illegible]

Fra thay on fute assemblit with swordes dynt,
Of manheid thai in hertis full cruell was,
Thai thocht to win, or neuer hyne to pas.
Feill Inglismen befoir the King thay slew,
Sir Johne ye Grahame cõe with his power new.
Amang the Oist with the myddill ward he raid,
Greit martirdome on Suthroun men thay maid.
The reirward than set on sa hardelie,
With Newbigging and all the Chevalrie.
Pauillione raipis thay cuttit all in sunder,
Borne to the ground and monie smorit vnder.
The fute men come the quhilk I spak of air,
On frayit folkis set straikis sad and sair.
Thocht thay befoir wantit baith hors and geir,
Aneuch thay gat quhat thay wald waill to weir.
The Scottis power then all togidder war,
The Kingis Pauillione brymlie doun thay bair.
The Erll of Kent with ane gude axe in hand,
Into the stour full stoutlie cuild he stand.
Befoir the King makand full greit debait,
Quha best did than he had the hiest estait.
The felloun stour sa stalwart was and strang,
Thairto continewit meruellouslie and lang.
Wallace him self full sadlie cuild persew,
And at ane straik the cheif Chiftane he slew.
The Sutheroun folk fled fast and durst not byde,
Horsit thair King and of the feild can ryde.
Aganis his will for he was laith to fle,
Into that tyme he thocht nocht for to de.
Of his best men thrie thowsand thair was deid,
Or he cuild find to fle and leik that steid.
Twentie thowsand fled with him in ane staill,
The Scottis gat hors, and followit that battell.

Throw

Throw Culter hope before thay wan the hicht,
Feill Sutheroun folk war marrit in thair micht.
Slane be the grit as thair King fled away,
Baith fair and bricht & richt cleir was the day,
The Sone rysin schinand ouir hill and daill,
Than Wallace kest quhat was his best auaill,
The steand folk that of the feild first past,
Unto thair King agane thay semblit fast.
Fra ather side sa monie assemblit thair,
That Wallace waid lat follow thame na mair
Befoir he raid gart his folk turne agane,
Of Inglismen seuin thowsand thair was slane.
Then Wallace Dist agane to Bigger raid,
Quhair Inglismen greit purueyance had maid.
The Jowalrie as they war hidder led,
Pauillounis and all thay leifit quhen thay fled.
The Scottis gat gold gude geir & vther wage,
Releiuit thay war that partit that pillage.
To meit they went with mynth and plesance,
Thay spairit nocht King Edwardis purueyance.
With solace syne ane lytill sleip thay ta,
Ane priuat wache he gart amang thame ga.
Twa Cuikis fell thair lyfis for to saik,
With deid Crocis that lay vnput in graik.
Quhen they saw weill the Scottis war at rest,
Out of the feild to steill thay thocht it best.
Full law thay crap quhill thay war out of sicht,
Eftir the Dist syne ran in all thair micht.
Quhen that the Scottis had sleipit bot a quhyle,
Than rais thay vp for Wallace dreidit gyle.
He said to thame the Sutheroun may persew,
Agane to vs for they ar folk anew.
Quhair Inglismen prouisioun makis in weir,

It is full hard to do thame meikill deir.
On this plane feild we will thame not abyde,
To sum gude place my purpois is to ryde.
The puruеyance that left was in that steid,
To Roppis Bog he gart seruandis it leid.
With ordinance that Sutherroun brocht in thair,
He with the Dist to Dauidschaw can fair.
Quhair thay remainit ane greit space of the day,
Of Inglismen zit sum thing I will say.
As King Edward throw Culter hopis socht,
Quhen he persauit the Scottis followit nocht
In Johnes graue he gart his Dist byde still,
Feill steand folk assemblit sone him till
Quhen thay wer met, the King neir worthit mad,
For his deir kyn that he thair loissit had.
His twa Emis into the feild was slane,
His secund Sone that meikill was of mane.
His brother hew was killit thair full cald,
The Erll of Kent that cruell berne and bald.
With greit worschip tuke deid befoir the King,
For him he murnit sa lang as he micht Ring.
At this semblay as thay in sorrow stand,
The twa Cuikis come sone in at his hand.
And tauld to him how thay eschaipit wair,
The Scottis all, as swyne lyis drunkin thair
Of zour wicht wine ze gart vs bidder leid,
Full weill ze may be vengit of thair deid.
Upon our lyfis is suith that we zow tell,
Returne agane ze sall find thame zour sell.
He blamit thame and said na wit it was,
That he agane for sic ane taill suld pas.
Thair Chiftane is richt meruellous in weir,
Fra sic perrell he can full weill thame beir.

For

For to seik mair as now I will nocht ryde,
Our meit is lossit thairfoir we may not byde.
The hardie Duke of Longcastell and Lord,
Souerane he said to our counsall concord.
Giue this be trew, we haue the mair auaill,
We may thame win and mak bot licht trauell.
Uar zone folk deid quha now aganes vs stand:
Than neid we nocht for meit to leiue the land.
The king ansueirit I will not ryde agane,
As at this tyme my purpois is in plane.
The Duke said Sir giue ze determinit be,
To moue zow mair, effeirs not to me.
Command power agane with me to wend,
And I of this sall se the finall end.
Ten thowsand haill be chargit for to ryde,
Heir in this strenth all nicht I sall zow byde.
We may get meit of bestiall in this land.
Gude drink as now we may not bring to hand.
Of Westmureland the Lord had met thame thair
On with the Duke he graithit him to fair.
At the first straik with thame he had not bene,
With him he led ane thousand weill besene.
And Pikard Lord was with ane thousand boun,
Of king Edward he keipit Calice toun.
Thir twelf thowsand vnto the toun can fair,
The twa Capitanes sone met thame at Bigger.
With the haill stuf of Rorburgh and Berwike,
Sir Rauf Gray saw that thay war Sutheroun like
Out of ye South approchit to thair sicht,
He knew full weill with yame it was not richt.
Aymer Wallance with his power come als,
King Edwardis man ane tyran knicht and fals.
Quhen thay wer met thay fand nocht ellis thair,

Bot deid Crocis and thay war spulzeit bair.
Than meruellit thay quhair the Scottis suld be,
Of thame about apperance thay culd not se.
Bot spyis thame tauld that come with sir Aymare,
In Dauidschaw thai saw thame mak repair.
The feill Southeroun sone passit to that place,
The wache was war and tauld it to Wallace.
He warnit the Oist out of the toun to ryde.
In Roppis Bog he purpoisit to abyde.
Ane lytill Schaw vpon the ane syde was,
That men on fute out of the Bog micht pas.
The hors thay left into that lytill hald,
On fute they thocht the Mos that thay suld hald.
The Inglis Oist had weill thair passage sene,
And followit fast with cruell men and kene.
Thai trowit that Bog micht mak ame lytill baill,
Growin ouir with Risp, & all the swaird was haill.
On thame to ryde thay ordanit with greit Ire,
Of the formest ane thowsand in the myre.
Of hors with men ar plungit in the deip,
The Scottis of thair cumming tuke gude keip.
Upon thame set with straikis sad and sair,
Zeid nane away of all that enterit thair.
Licht men on fute vpon thame derflie dang,
Feill vnder hors was smoirit in that thrang.
Strampit in Mos, and with rude hors ourgane,
The worthie Scottis the dry land than hes tane,
Upon the laif fechtand full wounder fast,
And monie grume thay maid full sair agast.
The Inglismen that bely wer in weir,
Assailzeit sair, thame fra ye Mos to beir.
On ather syde, bot yan it was na bute,
The strenth they held richt awfullie on fute.

To

To men and hors gaue manie greuous wound,
Feill to the deith thay stikkit in that stound.
The Pikard Lord assailzeit scharplie thair,
Upon the Grahame with straikis sad and sair.
Sic Johne the Grahame with ane stik sword of steill
His bricht bynneis he peirsit euery deill.
Throw all the stuf and stikkit him in that steid,
Thus of his dynt the bauld Pikard was deid.
The Inglis Oist tuk plane purpois to flie,
In thair turning the Scottis gart many die.
Wallace wald fane at the Wallange haue bene.
Of Westmureland the Lord was thaine betwene.
Wallace on him he set ane awfull dynt,
Throw Basnet & stuf, that na steill micht out stint,
Perfly to deith he left him in that place.
Swa the fals knicht eschaipit throw this cace.
Gude Robert Boyd hes with ane Capitane met,
Of Berwik than, ane sad straik on him set.
Quirthort the craig, and keruit the Pesane,
Throw all his weid in sunder straik the bane.
Feill horsmen fled fast, and durst not abyde,
Rebutit euill, vnto thair king thay ryde.
The Duke him tauld of all his Journey haill,
His hart for Ire boldnit in bitter baill.
Heichly he thocht, he suld neuer London se,
On Wallace deid quhill he reuengit be.
Or lois his men, agane as he did air,
Thus South he socht, with greit sorow and cair.
Than at the Kirk ane lytill tary maid,
Syne throw the land ouir Sulway fast he raid.
The Scottis Oist ane nicht remanit stil,
Upon the morne thay spulzeit with gude will. (cair,
The deid corps carryit wes to Bzaidwod with greit

At ane counſall thre dayis thay ſoiornit thair.
At the Forreſt kirk ane meiting ordanit he,
Thay cheiſit Wallace Scottis Wardane for to be.
Traiſting he ſuld thair panefull ſorrowes ceis,
He reſſauit all that wald come to his peis.
Schir Williame come that Lord of Bowglas was,
Forſuke Edward, at Wallace peace can ag.
In that thirlage he wald na langer be,
Tribuit befoir to Ingland payit he.
In contrair Scottis with thame he neuer raid,
Far better cheir Wallace thairfoir him maid.
Thus treitit he, and cheriſt wounder fair,
Trew Scottis men, that fewtie maid him thair.
And gaue greitly feill gudes that he wan,
He warnit it nocht to na gude Scottis man.
Quha wald rebell and gang contrair the richt,
He puneiſt ſair, war he Squyar or knicht.
Thus maruellouſlie, gude Wallace tuke in hand,
Likly he was richt fair and weill farrand.
Manly and ſtout, and thair with liberall,
Pleſand and wiſe in all gude generall.
To ſlay forſuith Sutheroun he ſpairit nocht,
To Scottis men full greit profſit he wrocht.
Into the South forſuith than paſſit he,
As him beſt thocht he reullit that countrie.
Schireffis he maid that cruell was and kene.
And Capitanes of trew wyſe Scottis men.
Fra Gamylis peth, the land obeyit him haill,
To Ur watter, baith ſtrenth Forreſt and daill.
Aganis him in Galloway hous was nane,
Except Wigtoun biggit of lyme and ſtane.
That Capitane hard the reull of Wallace,
Away he ſey he ſtall out of that place.

Leuit

Leuit it all waist, and culd in Ingland wend,
Bot Wallace sone ane keipar to it send.
Ane gude Squyar, and to name he was cald,
Adam Gordoun as the storie me tauld.

ANE strenth thair was at the watter of Ere,
Within ane roche richt stalwart wrocht of tre.
Ane gait befoir, na man micht to it win,
But the consent of thame that dwelt thairin.
On the bake syde ane roch and watter was,
Ane strait entre forsuith thair was to pas,
To vesy it Wallace him self sone went,
Fra he it saw, he kest in his Intent.
To win the hald he hes chosin ane gait,
That thay within suld mak lyttill debait.
His power haill hes gart byde out of sicht,
Bot thrie with him quhill tyme that it was nicht.
Than tuke he twa quhen that the nicht was dym
Stewin of Ireland and Keirly that culd clym.
Wp sone thay went aganis that roche sa strang,
Thus enterit thay the Sutheroun men amang.
The watche befoir tuke na tent to that syde,
Thir thre in feir sone to the Porter thay glyde.
Gude Wallace than straik the Porter him sell.
Deid ouir the roche into the dyke he fell.
Leit doun the brig, and blew his horne on hicht,
The buschment brak, and come in all thair micht.
At thair awin will, sone enterit in that place,
To Inglismen thay did full lyttill grace.
Sextie thay slew, in that hald was na ma,
Bot ane auld Preist, and sempill wemen twa.
Greit purueyance was in that roche to spend,
Wallace baid still quhill it was at ane end.

Brak doun the strenth, baith brig & Bulwark all,
Out ouer the Roche thay gart the tymmer fall.
Under the gait, and wald na langer byde,
In Carrik syne thay bownit thame to ryde.
Haistit thame not, bot soberlie can fair,
To Turnbery, that Capitane was of Air.
With Lord Percie to tak his counsall haill,
Wallace purpoisit that place for to assaill.
Ane woman tauld, quhen the Capitane was gane,
Gude men of fence, into the steid was nane.
Thay fillit the dyke, with eird and tymmer haill,
Syne fyrit the hous, na succour micht auaill.
Ane Preist thair was, and gentill wemen thairin,
Quhilk on yair maner, maid hiddeous noyis & din.
Mercie thay cryit, for him that deit on trie,
Wallace gart slaik the fyre and let thame be.
To mak defence na ma was leuit thair,
Bot thame commandit out of the land to fair.
Spulzeit the place, and spilt all that thay mocht,
Upon the morne to Cumnok sone thay socht.
To Lanerk syne, and set ane tyme of Air,
Misdoeris feill, he gart be punischit thair.
To gude trew men he gaif ane nobill wage,
His brother Sones put to thair heritage.
To the blak craig of Cumnok past agane,
His houshald set with men of mekill mane.
Thrie monethis thair he dwelt into gude rest
The subtill Suthroun fand weill it was the best.
Trewis to tak for to eschew ane chance,
To further this thay send for Knicht Wallance.
Bothwell zit that Tratour keipit still,
And Air all haill was at Lord Percies will.
Throw greit supplie of the Capitane of Air,

The

The Bischop Beik in Glasgow he dwelt thair.
Erll of Stanekurd was Chancellar of Ingland,
With Sir Aymer this Tratour tuke on hand.
To procure pear be ony maner of cace,
Ane saik conduct thay purchest of Wallace.
In Ruglin Kirk thetryst thair haue thayset,
And promis maid to meit Wallace but let.
The day of this approchit wounder fast,
The greit Chancellar and Aymer hidder past.
Syne Wallace come and his men weill besene,
With him fyftie arrayit all in grene.
Ilk ane of thame ane bow and arrowis bair,
And lang swordes the quhilk full scharplie schair.
Within the Kirk so sone thay enterit had,
Unto his prayer he past but mair abaid.
Syne vp he eats and to his tryst he went,
And his gude men full cruell of Intent.
In Ire he grew that Tratour quhen he saw,
The Inglismen of his face stude greit aw.
Wit reullit him that he did name outrage,
The Erll beheld fast to his hie curage.
For thocht sumpart that he come to that place,
Greitlie abaisit for the vult of his face.
Sir Aymer said this speishe ze man begin,
He wil not bow to na Prince of zour kin.
Allouerit ze ar I traist ze may speik weill,
For all Ingland he will not dzek adeill.
His saif Conduct or quhair he makis ane band,
The Chancellar than proferrit him his hand.
Wallace stude still and cuid na handis tak,
Freindship to thame na lykines wald mak.
Sir Aymer said Wallace ze vnderstand,
This is ane Lord and Chancellar of Ingland,

To ſalute him ȝe may be proper ſkill,
With ſchort anſwer he maid anſwer him till.
Sic ſalutting I bid to Ingliſmen,
Sa ſall thay haue quhair euer I may thame ken
At my power that mak I GOD awow,
Out of Conduct gif that I had him now.
Bot for thy lyfe and all his land ſa braid,
I will not breik the promis that is maid.
I had leuer at myne awin will haue the,
Without conduct that I micht wrokin be.
Of thy fals deid thow dois in this Regioun,
Than of pure gold ane Kingis greit Ranſoun.
Bot for my hand as now I will let be,
Chancellar ſay furth quhat ȝe deſyre of me.
The Chancellar ſaid the maiſt caus of this thing,
To procure peice I am ſend fra the King.
With the greit Scill and voice of his Parliament,
Quhat I bynd heir our barnage ſall conſent.
Wallace anſwerit ouir lytill mendis we haik,
Syne of our richt ȝe occupie the laik.
Quytclame our land and we ſall not deny
The Chancellar ſaid of na ſic charge haue I.
We will giue gold or our purpois ſuld faill,
Than Wallace ſaid in waiſt is that trauaill.
We aſk na gold be fauour of ȝour kyn,
In weir of ȝow we tak quhat we may wyn.
Abaiſſit he was to mak anſwer agane,
Wallace ſaid Sir we Iangill all in vaine
My counſall geuis I will na fabill mak,
As for ane ȝeir ane ſmall peice to tak.
Nocht for my ſelf that I bind to ȝour Scill,
I can not trow that euer ȝe will be leill.
Bot for pure folk that greitlie hes bene ſuppreſſit,

I will

I will tak peice quhill farther we be ſuyſit.
Than band thay thus thair ſuld be na debait,
Caſtell and Toun ſuld ſtand in thair ilk ſtait.
Fra that day furth quhill ane zeir was at end.
Seillit his peice and tuik thair leif to wend.
Wallace fra thame paſt into the weſt,
Waid plane repair quhair that him lykit beſt.
Zit ſair he dred that thai ſuld him diſſait,
The Indenture to Sir Ranuald he gait.
His deir Unkill quhair it micht keipit be.
In Cumnok ſyne to his dwelling went he.

The Seuint part of this Buik declairis how Wallace brynt the Barnis of Air, & put Biſchop Beik out of Glaſgow and ſlew Lord Perſee. CAP. I.

IN Febzuar befell the ſamin cace,
That Inglilmen tuik trewis with Wallace.
Yis paſſit cuir quhill Marche away was ſocht,
The Inglilmen keſt all the wayis thay mocht.
With ſubtill and wickit concluſioun,
The wozthie Scottis to put to confuſioun.
Into Apzill the king of Ingland come,
In Cumberland of pumfret fra his home.
Into Carlyle to ane counſall he zeid,
Quhairof the Scottis micht haikhill mekill dzeid
Monie Capitane that was of Ingland bozne,
Hidder thay paſt ſemblit thair king befozne.
Na Scottis man to that counſall thai cald,
Bot Sir Aymer that Tratour was of auld.
At him thay ſpeirit how thay ſuld tak in hand,

The richteous blude to ſtroy out of Scotland.
Sir Aymer ſaid thair Chiftane can weill do,
Richt wyſe in weir and hes greit power to.
And now this trewis gaif thame ſic hardiment,
That to zour faith thai will not all conſent.
Bot wald ze do richt as I can zow leir,
The peice to thame it ſuld be ſauld full deir.
Than demit he the fals Sutheroun amang,
How thay beſt micht the Scottis Barrouns hang.
Four greit Barnis that tyme ſtude in Air,
Wrocht for the King quhen his bigging was thair.
Biggit about that na man enter micht,
Bot ane at anis nor haue of vther ſicht.
Thair ordanit thay thir Lordis ſuld be ſlane,
Ane Juſtice maid quhilk was of mekill mane.
To Lord Perſee of this matter thay laid,
With ſad auyſe agane to thame he ſaid.
Thay men with me hes keipit treuth ſa lang,
Diſſaitfullie I may not ſe thame hang.
I am thairfa and warne will I thame nocht,
Sa I be quyte I rek not quhat ze wrocht.
Fra thyne I will and toward Glaſgow drawe,
With our Biſchop to heir of his new Law.
Than cheiſſit thay ane Juſtice feirs and fell,
Quhilk Arnulf hecht as my Author will tell.
Of South Hamptoun he hecht baith Air and Lord,
He vndertuik to pyne thame with ane cord.
Ane vther Air in Glaſgow ordanit thay,
For Clyddiſdaill men to ſtand the ſamin day.
Syne chargit thame in all wayis erneſtly,
Be na kyn meane Wallace ſuld chaip thame by.
For weill thay wiſt gif thir men war ourthrawin,
Thay micht at will bruik Scotland as thair awin.

This

This band thay cloís vnder thair Seillis faſt,
Syne cocht ouir mure agane King Edward paſt.
The new Juſtice reſauit was in Air,
The Lord Perſee can vnto Glaſgow fair,
This Air was ſet in June the auchtene day,
And plainelie cryit na frē man wer away.
The Scottis meruellit and peice taine in the land
Quhy Inglíſmen ſic maſtrie tuik on hand.
Sir Rannald ſet ane day befoir this Air,
At Monktoun Kirk his freindis to meit him thair.
Williame Wallace vnto that tryiſt cuild pas,
For he as than Wardane of Scotland was.
Thus Maiſter Johne āe worthie Clerk was thair,
He chargit his kyn for to byde fra that Air.
Richt weill he wiſt fra Perſee left that land,
Greit perrell was to Scottis appeirand.
Wallace fra thame into the Kirk he zeid,
Pater Noſter he ſaid and als ane Creid
Syne to the Grece he lenit him ſoberlie,
Upon ane ſleip he fell full ſuddanelie.
Cleland followit and ſaw him fallin on ſleip.
He maid na noyis bot wyſelie couth him keip.
In that ſlummer cummand him thocht he ſaw,
Ane ſtalwart man that toward him cuild drauw.
Sone be the hand he hint him haiſtelie,
Iaim he ſaid in veyage chargit with the.
Ane ſword him gaif of burelie burniſt ſteill,
Gude Sone he ſaid this ſword yow ſall bruik weill
Of Topaſioun him thocht the plumat was,
Baith hilt and all glitterand as the glas.
Deir Sone he ſaid, we tarie heir to lang,
Thow ſall ga ſe quhair wrocht is mekill wrang.
Than he him led to ane montaine on hicht,

The warld he thocht he micht se at ane sicht.
He left him thair, and syne fra him he went,
Thairof Wallace studyit in his Intent.
To se him thair he had full greit desyre,
Thairwith he saw begyn ane fellown fyre.
Quhilk braithlie bryut on breid out throw the land
Scotland all our fra Ros to Sulway sand.
Than sone to him descendit thair ane Quene,
Illuminat licht schynnand full bricht and schene.
In hir presence appeirit sa mekill licht,
That all the fyre scho put out of his sicht.
Gaif him ane wand of cullour reid and grene,
With ane Saphir saynit his face and ene.
Welcum scho said, I cheis the to my luke,
Thow art grantit be the greit God abuse.
To help pepill that sufferis mekill wrang,
With the as now I may not tarie lang.
Thow sall returne to thyne awin Oist againe,
Thy derrest kynar heir in mekill paine.
This richt Regioun thow mon redeme it all,
Thy last rewaird in eirth salbe bot small.
Let not thairfoir, tak redres of this mis
To thy rewaird thow sall haue heuinis blis.
Of hir richt hand scho betaucht him ane buik,
Humbly thus hir leif than scho tuik.
Unto the Clud ascendit out of sicht,
Wallace brak vp the buik in all his micht.
In thrie partis the buik weill writtin was,
The first letteris wer gros letteris of bras.
The secund gold, thrid fyne siluer schene,
Wallace meruellit quhat this writting suld mene.
To reid the buik he besyit him sa fast,
His Spreit againe to walk and mynd it past.

And,

And vp he rais syne suddanelie furth went,
This Clerk he fand and tauld him his Intent.
Of this visioun as I haue said befoir,
Compleitlie furth quhat neidis woirdis moir.
Weir Sone he said my wit vnabill is,
To ratifie sic foir dreid I say amys.
Zit I sall deme thocht my cunning be small,
God grant na charge efter my woirdis fall.
The stalwart man gaif the that sword in hand,
Fergus it is first winner of Scotland.
That montane is quhair he the had on hicht,
Knawledge to haue of wrang that thow mon richt.
That syze salbe feill tythingis oz ze part,
Quhilk will be tauld in monie sindrie art.
I can not wit quhat Quene that that suld be,
Bot gif it be Foirtoun ane Lady quhilis richt fre
The prettie wand I trow be myne Intent,
Betaiknis reull and cruell chaistisement.
The reid cullour quha graithlie vnderstude,
Betaiknis all to greit battell and blude.
The grene curage that thow art now amang,
In trubill and weir thow sall continew lang.
The Saphir stane scho bissit the withall,
Is happie chance will God sall to the fall.
The thrynfald buik is bot this broken land,
Thow mon redeme be worthynes of hand.
The brag letteris betaikinis bot to this,
The greit oppres of weir and mekill mys.
The quhilk thow sall bring to the richt againe,
Bot thow thairfoir mon suffer mekill paine.
The gold betaikinis honour and worthynes,
Victoz in armis, manheid, and Nobilnes.
The siluer schawis cleine lyfe and heuinis blis

To thy rewaird that myzth thow ſall not mis,
Dzeid not thairfoir be out of all diſpair,
Farther as now heirof I can na mair.
He thankit him and thus his leif hes tane,
To Coꝛſbie ſyne with his Unkill raid hame.
With myzthis thus all nicht ſoiouꝛnit thair,
Upon the mozne thay graithit thame to the Air.
And furth thay raid quhill thay come to Kyncace,
With dzeidfull hart thus ſpeirit gude Wallace.
At Sir Rannald foꝛ the Charter of peis,
Neuoy he ſaid thir wozdis ar na leis:
It is leuit in Coꝛſbie in the kiſt,
Quhair thow it layd thairof naine vther wiſt.
Wallace anſwerit had we it heir to ſchaw,
And thay be fals we ſall not enter aw.
Deir Sone he ſaid I pzay the pas againe,
Thocht pow wald ſend thy trauell wer in vaine.
Bot thow oꝛ I can naine it bzing this tyde,
Greit grace it was maid him againe to tyde.
Wallace returnit tuik naine with him bot thzie,
Naine of thame knew this Indenture bot he
Unhap him led foꝛbid him culd he nocht,
Of fals deceit this gude knicht had na thocht
Sir Rannald raid but reſting to the toun,
Wittand na thing of all this fals treſſoun,
That wickit Signe ſa reullit that Planeit,
Saturne was than into his hieſt ſtait.
Abone Juno in his Melancoly,
Juppiter, Mars ay cruell of Inuy.
Saturne as tham auancit his nature,
Of Tyrrannie he power had and cure.
Rebellis reullis in monie fre Natioun,
Trubillous wether makis wrony ſchippis to droun.

His

His dreichingis with Pluto in the se,
As of the land full of Iniquitie.
Ye walkinis weir full of Pestilence,
Filling of wallis with cruell violence.
Poysoun is ryfe amang thir vther thingis,
Suddane slauchter of Empreouris and kingis.
Quhen Sampsoun pullit to ground the Pilleir,
Saturns was than into his hiest Speir.
At Thebes als of his power thay tell,
Quhen Phiorax sank throw the eirth to hell.
Of the Trojanis he had full mekill cure,
Quhen Achilles at Troy slew gude Hectore.
Burdeous schent and monie Cieteis mo,
His power zit it hes na hap to ho.
In braid Bertane full vengeance hes bene sene,
Of this and mair ze wait weill quhat I meine.
Bot to this hous that stalwart was and strang.
Sir Rannald come and micht not tarie lang.
Ane balk was knit all full of raipis kene,
Sic ane Tolbuith sen syne was neuer sene.
Strang men was set the entrie for to hald,
Nane micht pas in bot ane as thay wer cald.
Sir Rannald first to mak fewtie for his land,
The knicht went in and wald na langer stand.
Ane rynnand cord thay slippit ouir his heid,
Hard to the balk and hangit him to deid.
Sir Brice the Blair nixt efter in he past,
Vnto the deith thay haistit him full fast.
Be he enterit his heid was in the snair,
Knit to the balk hangit to deith richt thair.
The thrid enterit greit pietie was for thy,
Ane gentill knicht Sir Neill of Montgomery.
And vther feill of landit men about,

Mony zeid in bot na Scottis come out
Of Wallace part thay put to that derf deid
Mony Crausurd sa endit in that steid
Of Carryk men Kennedies slew thay als,
And kynd Campbellis that neuer had bene fals
Thir Rebellit nocht contrair thair richteous croun.
Sutheroun for thy thame put to confusioun.
Barklayis, Boydis, and Stewartis of gude kyn
Na Scot esthaipit that tyme that enterit in.
Upon the baik thay hangit mony pair,
Besyde thame deid in ane uuik kest thame thair.
Sen the first tyme that ony weir was wrocht,
To sic ane deith sa monie zeid thair nocht.
Upon ane day throw cursit Saronis seid,
Uengeance of this out throw that kynrent zeid.
Grantit it was fra the greit God of heuin,
Sa ordanit that law suld be thair steuin.
To the fals Saronis for thair fell Judgement,
Thair wickitnes ouir all the warld is went.
Ze Nobill men that ar of Scottis kynd,
Thair pieteous deith ze keip it in zour mynd
And vs reuenge quhen we ar set in thrang
Dolour it is heiron to tarie lang.
Thus auchtene scoir derflie to deith thay dicht,
Of Barronnis bald and monie worthie kniche.
Quhen thay had slaine the worthiest was thair,
For waik pepill thay wald na langer spair.
Into the garth kest thame out of that steid,
As thay wer borne spuilzeit bair and deid.
Gude Robert Boyd vnto the Tauerne zeid,
With tuentie men that douchtie wer in deid.
Of Wallace hous full cruell in Intent.
Ye gouernit thame quhen Wallace was absent.

Heirlis

Keirlie returnit with his Maister againe,
Cleland and Boyd, that mekill was of maine.
Steuin of Ireland went furth into the streit,
Ane trew woman full sone with him cuid meit.
He speirit at hir quhat happinnit in the Air.
Sorrow scho said is na thing ellis thair.
Feiritlie scho said, allace quhair is Wallace?
Fra vs againe he passit at Kyncace.
Ga warne his folk and charge thame of the toun,
To keip him self I salbe reddie boun.
With hir as than na mair tarie he maid,
To his fellowis he went withoutt in baid.
And to thame tauld of all this greit missair,
To Laglane wod thay bownit without mair.
Be this Wallace was cummand wounder fast,
For his Freindis he was full sair agast,
Unto the Barn sadlie he cuid persew,
To enter in for he na perrell knew.
This trew woman vpon him loud can call,
O feirs Wallace feill tempest is befall.
Our men is slaine greit pietie is to se,
As bestiall houndis hangit ouir ane tre.
Our trew Barrounis be twa and twa past in,
Wallace weipit for greit lois of his kyn.
That with vneis vpon his hors he baid,
Mair for to speir to this woman he raid.
Deir Nece he said gif thow the treuth can tell,
Is myne Eme deid, or how the cace befell?
Out of zone Barn forsuith I saw him borne,
Naikit laid law and cald eirth him before.
His frostie mouth I kissit in that steid,
Richt now manlyk, now bair and brocht to deid.
And with ane claith I couerit his Lichame.

For in his lyfe he did neuer woman schame.
His Sister Sone thow art worthie and wicht,
Reuenge his deith for Goddis saik at thy micht
As I sall help as I am woman trew,
Deir wicht he said greit God gif that thow knew.
Gude Robert Boyd quhair euer thow can him se,
Williame Craufurd als gif he leuand be.
Adam Wallacewald help me in this stryke,
I pray to God send me thame all on lyke.
For Goddis saik bid thame sone cum to me,
The Justice Innis thow spy for cherite.
And in quhat feir that thay thair ludgeing mak,
Sone efter that we sall our purpois tak.
Into Laglane quhilk hes thair succour bene,
Adew merket and welcum woddis grene.
Heirof as than to hir he spak na mair,
His brydill turnit and fra hir can he fair.
Sic murning maid for his deir worthie bryn,
Him thocht for baill his breist neir brist in twyn
As he thus raid in greit anger and tene,
Of Inglismen thair followit him fyftene.
Wicht waillit men that toward him couth draw,
With ane Maister to teich him to the Law.
Wallace returnit in greif and matalent,
With his sword drawin amang thame sone he went
The myddill of ane he mankit sone in twa,
Ane vther thair vpon the heid can ta.
The thrid he straik and throw the coist him slaik,
The fourt to ground richt derflie doun he draik.
The fyft he hit with greit Ire in that steid,
Without reskew dreidles he left thame deid.
Than his thrie men had slaine the vther fyfe,
Fra thame the laik eschaipit with thair lyfe.

Fled

Fled to thair Lord and tauld him of this cace,
To Laglane wod than rydis with Wallace.
The Sutheroun said quhat ane that he hit richt,
Without mercie dreidles to deith was dicht.
Weruell thay had sic strenth in ane suld be,
Ane of thair men at ilk straik he gart de.
Than demit thay it suld be Wallace wicht,
To thair langage maid answer ane auld knicht.
Forsuith he said be he eschaipit this Air,
All zour new deid is eiking of zour cair.
The Justice said quhen thair sic rumouris rais,
Ze wald be feirit and thaiz come monie fais.
That for ane man me think zow lyke to sle,
And wait not zit in deid gif it be he.
And thocht it wer I compt him bot full licht,
Quha bydis heir ilk gentillman salbe knicht.
I think to deill thair landis haill to morne,
To zow about that ar of Ingland borne.
The Sutheroun drew to thair iudgeing but mair.
Four thowsand haill that nicht was into Air.
In greit Barnis biggit without the toun
The Justice lay with monie bauld Barroun.
Than he gart cry about thay wanis wyde,
Na Scottis be irne amang thame thair suld byde.
To the Castell he wald not pas for eis.
Bot soiornit thair with thing that micht him pleis.
Greit purueyance be sey was to thame brocht,
With wyne and aill the best that couth be bocht.
Na watche was set becaus thay had na dout.
Of Scottis men that leuand was without.
Laubourit in mynd thay had bene all that day,
Of aill and wyne aneuch cholin had thay.
As weilfarrand folk tuik of thame self na keip,

In thair bainis lone laid the sleuthfull sleip.
Throw foull gluttony in swair swappit lyke swyne,
Thair Chiftane was greit Bacchus God of wyne.
This wyse woman lang tyme amang thame was,
Feill men scho warnit and gart to Langlane pas.
Hir self fourneft quhen thay with Wallace met,
Sum confort than into his hart was set.
Quhen he thame saw he thankit GOD of micht,
Tythingis he askit the woman tauld him richt.
Sleipand as swyne ar all zone fals menze,
Na Scottis man is in zone cumpany.
Than Wallace said giue thay all drunkin be,
I call it best with fyre thame for to se.
Of gude men than thre hundreth to him socht,
The woman had tald thre trew Burges yat brocht
Out of the Toun with nobill aſl and breid,
And vther stuf als mekill as thay micht leid.
Thay eit and drank the Scottis men that mocht,
The Nobillis than Joyes to Wallace brocht.
Sadlie he said deir freindis now ze se,
Our kyn ar slane thairof is greit pietie.
Throw foull murther the greit diſpyte is moir,
Now sum remeid I waid we set thairfoir.
Suppois that I was maid Wardane to be,
Part ar away sic charges put to me.
And ze ar heir cummin of als gude blude,
And richteous bourne be auenture and als gude.
Als forduard fair als lyklie of perſoun,
As euer was I thair for concluſioun.
Lat vs cheis hym of this gude cumpanie
Syne Cauillis cast quha ſall our maiſter be.
Wallace said Boyd & Craufurd of Kenonn,
And Adam als than Lord of Ricardtoun,

Wis

His Father than was veseyit with seiknes,
GOD had him tane into his lestand grace.
The fykt Auchinlek in weir ane Nobill man,
Cauillis to cast about the fyue began.
It wald on him for ocht thay wald deuyse,
Continuallie quhill thay had castin thryse.
Than Wallace raise and out ane sword can draw,
He said I awow to the maker of aw.
And to Marie his mother Virgine cleir,
My Unkillis deith now salbe sauld full deir.
With monie ma of our deir worthie kyn,
First or I eit or drink we sall begyn.
For sleuth nor sleip sall neuer remaine with me,
Of this tempest quhill I auengit be.
Than all inclynit richt humbill of ane accord,
And him resauit as thair Chiftane and Lord.
Wallace ane Lord he may be clepit weill,
Thocht rurall folk thairof haue lytill feill.
Thay deme na Lord bot landis be thair part,
Had he the warld and be wrechit of hart.
He is na Lord bot to the worthynes,
It can not be but fredome Lordlynes.
At the Roddis thay mak full manie ane,
Quhilk worthie ar that landis thai haue nane.
This discussing we leif Heraldis to end,
Unto my matter breiflie I will wend.
Wallace commandit ane Burges for to get,
Fyne calk aneuch that his deir Nece micht set.
At ilk set quhair Sutheroun war on raw,
And twentie men he gart sone widdeis thraw.
Ilk man vpon his arme ane pair threw
Unto the Toun full fast thai can persew
The woman past before thame subtelly,

Cattit ill zet thay neidit not ga by.
Than feſtnit thay the durris with widdeis faſt,
To ſtapill and helſp with monie ſicker caſt.
Wallace gart Boyd neir hand the Caſtell ga,
With fyftie men ane Jeopardie to ma.
Gif ony Iſchit the fyze quhen that thay ſaw,
All faſt to the zet he ordanit thame to drawe.
The laiſt with him about the Barnis zeid,
This trew woman him ſeruit weill in neid.
With lynt and fyze that haiſtie kendill wald,
Ineuerilk nuik thay feſtnit bleiſſis bald.
Wallace commandit to all his men about,
Na Sutheroun men that thai ſuld lat dreid out,
Quhat euer he be reikewis of thair kin,
Fra the reid fyze him ſelf ſall pas thairin.
The lemand low ſone lanſit vpon hicht,
Forſuith he ſaid this is ane pleſant ſicht.
To our hartis it ſall be ſum redreſſ,
War thir away thair power war the leſs.
Vnto the Juſtice him ſelf on loud can caw,
Lat vs to borgh our men fra zour falſ Law.
That leuand air and chaipit fra zour Air,
Neill not thair land the vnlaw is ouir ſair.
Thow had na richt it ſall be on the ſene,
The rumour raiſ with cairfull cry and kene.
The baill fyze brynt richt brymlie vpon loft,
To ſleipand men thair walkning was vnſoft
The ſicht without was awfull for to ſe.
In all the warld na greiter pane micht be.
Than thay within ſuffrit for to dwell,
That euer was wrocht bot purgatorie or hell.
Ane pane of hell weill neir it may be cald.
Ma id folk in fyze hamperit in mony fald.

Feill

Feill biggingis brynt that worthie wer and wicht,
Gat nane away, knaue, Capitane, nor knicht.
Quhen brandis fell of ruke treis thame amang,
Sum rudlie rais in bitter panes strang.
Sum naikit brynt with belchis all away,
Sum neuer rais bot smorit quhair thay lay.
Sum rulchit fast to air gif thay micht wyn,
Blyndit with fyre thair dedis wer full dym.
The reik fylit with filth of carioun
Amang the fyre richt fowll of infectioun.
The pepill beirit lyke wod beistis in that tyde,
Within the wall rampand on ather syde.
Runnist with reuth, and many ane grisslie grane,
Sum grimlie grat quhill thair life dayis war gane.
Sum durris socht the entre for to get,
Bot Scottis men sa wyslie thame beset.
Giue ony brak be auenture of that steid,
With swordes sone brimmyt thay war to deid.
Or ellis agane be force dreuin in the fyre,
Thair chaipit nane bot brint vp bane and lyre.
The stink scaylit of deid bodies sa wyde,
The Scottis abhorrit neir hand thame for to byde.
Zeid to the wynd and leit thame euin allane,
Quhill the reid fyre had that fals blude our gane.
Ane Freir Drumlaw was Priour than of Air,
Seuin score with him that nicht tuke harbery thair
In till his Innis for he micht not thame let,
Quhill neir midnicht ane wache on thame he set.
Him self wolk weill quhill he the fyre saw ryse,
Sum mendis he thocht to tak of that suppryse,
His brethir seuin sone to harnes thay zeid,
Him self chiftane the remanent to leid.
The best thay waill of armour and gude geir,

Syne wapins tuke richt awfull in affeir.
Thir aucht Freiris in thrie partis thay ga,
With swordes drawin in ilk hous zeid thay twa.
Sone enterit in quhair Suthroun sleipand war,
Upon thame set with straikis sad and sair.
Feill freikis thair thay Freiris dang to deid,
Sum naikit fled and gat out of that steid.
The watter socht abaillit out of sleip,
In to the Freir Well that was baith lang and deip
Feill of thame fell that brak out of that place,
Drounit to ground and deit withouttin grace.
Drounit and slane was all that herbryit thair,
Men callis it zit the Freiris blissing of Air.
Few folk of vale was leiuit. Upon cace,
In the Castell Lord Peircie fra that place,
Befoir the Air fra thyne to Glasgow drew,
Of men and stuf it was to purvey new.
Zit thay within saw the fyre burning stout,
With schort aduise ischit and maid na dout.
The buschment than as weriouris wise and wicht,
Leit thame allane and to the hous past richt.
Boyd wan the port enterit with all his men,
Keiparis in it was left bot nyne or ten.
The formaist sone him self seisit in hand,
Myaid quyte of him syne slew all that he fand.
Of purueyance in the Castell was nane,
Schort tyme befoir fra it Peircie was gane.
The Erll Arnulf had ressauit that hald,
Quhilk in the toun was bryut to pouder cald.
Boyd gart remayne of his twentie men still,
Him self past furth to wit of Wallace will.
Keipand the toun quhyll nocht was leuit thair
Bot the wod fyre and biggingis brint full bair.

Of

Of likkle men that borne was of Ingland,
Be sword and fyre that nicht deit fyue thowsand.
Quhen Wallace men was weill togidder met,
Gude freindis he said ze knaw that thair was set.
Sic law as this now into Glasgow toun,
The Bischop Beik and Percie of Renoun.
Thairfoir I will in haist we hidder fair,
Of our gude kyn sum part is loisit thair.
He gart full sone the Burgesses to him call,
And gaue command in generall to thame all.
In keiping thay suld tak the hous of Air,
And hald it haill quhill tyme that we heir mair.
To bide our King Castellis I wald we had,
Cast we doun all we may be demit our bad.
Thay gart meit cum for he had fastit lang,
Lytill he tuk syne bounit thame to gang,
Hors thay cheis that Sutheroun had brocht thair
Anew at will and of the toun can fair.
Thrie hundreth haill was in his companie,
Richt wonder fast raid this gude cheualrie.
To Glasgow brig that biggit was of tre,
Sone passit ouir or Suthroun micht thame se.
Lord Percie wicht that besy was in weir,
Semblit his men full awfull in affeir.
Then demit thay all that it was wicht Wallace,
He had befoir eschapit throw monie cace.
The Bishop Beik and Percy that was wicht,
Ane thowsand led of men in armour bricht.
Wallace saw weill quhat noumer semblit thair,
He maid his men in twa partis for to fair.
Graithit thame weill without the toun end,
He callit Auchinlek for he the passage kend.
Uncle he said be besy into weir,

Quhilthir wilze the Bishoppis taill vp beir.
Or pas before and tak his benisoun,
He answeirit him with richt schort prouisioun.
Unbischoppit zit forsui thy I trow ze be,
Your self sall first his blissing tak for me:
For sickerlie ze seruit itbest to nicht,
To beir his taill we sall in all our micht.
Wallace answerit sen we mon syndrie gang,
Perrell it is and ze byde fra vs lang.
For zone ar men will nocht be sone agast,
Fra tyme we meit for Goddis saik hyzow fast.
Our sindering I wald no Sutheroun saw,
Behynd thame cum in throw the northeist raw.
Gude men of weir ar in Northumberland,
Thay partit thus tuke vther be the hand:
Auchinlek said we sall do that we may,
We wald lyk euill to byd ocht lang away.
Ane busteous staill betuix vs sone mon be,
Bot to the richt Almichtie GOD haue Ee:
Adam Wallace and Auchinlek was bown,
Sewin scoir with thame on the bak syde of the toun.
Richtfast they zeid quhill they war out of sicht,
The vther part arrayit thame full richt:
Wallace and Boyd the plane streit vp can ga,
Sutheroun merwellit because thay saw na ma.
Thair Ensenze cryit on the Percyis syde,
With Bischop Beik that baldlie durst abyde
Ane fair semblay was at thair meiting sene,
As fyre on flint it fairit thame betwene.
The hardie Scottis richt awfullie thame abaid,
Brocht feill to grouñd throw beid yat beill was maid
Peirsit plaitis with poyntis stif of steill,
Be force of hand gart monie cruell kneill.

The

The ſtrang ſtour raiſ as reik aboue thame faſt,
Or myſt throw Sone vp to the clowdis paſt.
To help thame ſelf ilk ane had mekill neid,
The worthie Scottis ſtude in ane felloun dreid.
Zit forduart faſt that preſſit for to be,
And thai on thame greit wounder was to ſe.
The Peircyis men in weir wer vſit weill,
Richt feirſlie faucht and ſonzeit not adeill.
Adam Wallace and Auchinlek come in,
Ane part of Sutheroun richt cruellie thai twyn
Returnit to thame as nobill men of weir,
The Scottis gat rowme and monie doun thai beir
The new counter aſſailzeit thame ſa faſt,
Throw Inglismen maid ſloppis at the laſt.
Than Wallace ſelf into the felloun thrang,
With his gude ſword that heuie was and lang.
At Percyis face with ane gude will he bair,
Baith bane and brayne the ſtruſcht ſteill throw ſhair.
Thre hundreth men quhen Lord Peircie was deid,
Out of the gait the Biſchop Beik thai leid.
For than thame thocht it was na tyme to byde,
By the Freir Kirk to ane wod thair beſyde.
In that Forreſt forſuith thai taryit nocht,
On freſche hors to Bothuell ſone thai ſocht.
Wallace followit with worthie men and wicht,
Forfochtin thai war & trauellit all the nicht.
Zit feill thai ſlew into the chace that day,
The Biſchoppis ſelf & gude men gat away.
Aymer Wallange reſkewit thame in that place,
That knicht full oft did greit harme to Wallace.
Wallace began that nicht at ten houris in Air,
On day be nyne in Glaſgow lemlit thair.
Be ane ouir none at Bothuell zet he was,

Reskouit Wallange or he wald forthir pas.
Syne turnit agane as witnessis weill the buik,
To Dundas raid and thair resting he tuik.
Tauld gude sir Johne of thir tythingis in Air,
Greit mane he maid he was not with him thair.
Wallace soiornit in Dundas at his will,
Fyue dayes out quhill tythingis come him till.
Out of the hicht quhair gude men war forlorne,
For Buchane rais Atholl, Menteith, and Lorne.
Upon Argyll ane felloun weir thai mak,
For Edwardes saik this thai can vndertak.
The knicht Campbell in Argyll than was still,
With his gude men aganis king Edwardis will.
And keipit fre Lochaw his heritage,
Bot Makfadzeane than did him greit outrage.
This Makfadzeane to Inglismen was sworne,
Edward gaue him baith Argyll and Lorne,
Fals Johne of Lorne to that gift can accord,
In Ingland than he was ane new maid Lord.
Thus falslie he gaue ouir his heritage.
And tuke at London of Edward ane greit wage.
Duncane of Lorne zit for the landis straik,
Quhill Makfadzeane ouirlet him with ye laik.
Put him on force to gude Campbell the knicht,
Quhilk into weir was wyse worthie and wicht.
This Makfadzeane wes enterit in Scotland,
And meruelouslie that Tyran tuke on hand.
With his power the quhilk I spak of air,
Thir thre Lordschippis all semblit to him thair.
Fyftene thowsand of curssit folk in deid,
Of all gaddering in Dist he had to leid.
And monie of thame was out of Irland brocht,
Barnis nor wyfe that pepill spairit nocht.

Waistit

Waistit the land als far as thai micht ga,
Thai beistlie folk couth nocht bot byrne and sla.
Into Lochaw he enterit suddanely,
The gude Knicht Cãpbell saw gude defence for thy,
To Crag Hunmyr with thrie hundreth he zeid,
That strenth thai held for all thair cruell feid.
Syne brak the brig that thai micht not our pas,
Bot throw ane furd quhair narrow passage was.
Abandonelie Campbell aganis thame baid,
Fast vpon Awfe that was baith deip and braid,
Makfadzeane was vpon the tother syde,
And thair on force behuifit him to byde.
For at the Furde he durst not enter out.
For gude Campbell micht set him than in dout.
Makfadzeane socht and ane small passage fand,
Had he layser thay micht pas of that land.
Betuix ane Roche and ane greit Watter syde,
Bot four in front thai micht nane gang nor ryde.
Into Lochaw was beistis greit plente,
Quhair that he thocht with all his Dist to be.
And vther stuf that thai had with thame brocht,
Bot all his Dist auailit him richt nocht.
Duncane of Lorne hes sene this suddane cace,
Fra gude Campbell he went to seik Wallace.
Sum help to get of thair torment and tene,
Togidder befoir in Dundie thai had bene.
Lernand at Scole into thair tender age,
He thocht to slaik Makfadzeanes hie curage.
Gilmichell than with Duncane furth him dicht,
Ane gyde he was and sute man wounder wicht.
Sone gat thai wit quhair Wallace lndgeit was,
With thair complaint to his presence thai pas.
Erll Malcolme als the Lennox held at peis,

With his gude men to Wallace can he ryeis,
To him thair come gude Richard of Lundy,
Into Dundaf he wald na langer ly.
Sir Johne ye Grahame als bounit him to ryde.
Makfadzeanes weir ſa greuit him that tyde.

How Wallace ſlew Makfadzeane. CA. II.

THAN Wallace thocht his greit power to ſe,
In quhat array he reullit that cuntre.
The Rukbie than keipit with greit wrang,
Striueling Caſtell yat ſtalwart was & ſtrang.
Quhen Wallace come be ſouth it in ane vaill,
To Erll Walcolme he ſaid he wald it ſaill.
In diuers partis he gart diſſeuer his mer,
Of thair power that Suthzoun ſuld not ken.
Erll Walcolme baid in buſchment out of ſicht,
Wallace with him tuke gude Sir Johne ye knicht.
And ane hundzeth of wyſe weir men but dout,
Thzow Striueling raid giſonie wald Iſhe out.
Towart the Brig the ganeſt way thai pas,
Quhen Rukbie ſaw quhair yat thair power was.
He tuke ſeuin ſcoir of Archearis that was thair,
Upon Wallace thai followit wounder ſair.
That feill bikker did thame mekill deir,
Wallace in hand grippit ane nobill ſpeir.
Agane returnit and hes the fozmaſt ſlane,
Sir Johne ye Grahame that mekill was of mane.
Amang thame raid with ane gude ſpeir in hand,
The firſt he ſlew that he befoir thame fand.
Upon ane vther his ſpeir in ſunder zeid,
Ane ſwozd he dzew quhilk helpit him in neid.
Inglis Archearis vpon thame can renew,

That

That his gude hors with arrowis sone thai slew.
On hute he was quhen Wallace he sit sene,
He lichtit sone with men of Armis kene.
Amang the rout fechtand full wounder fast,
The Inglismen returnit at the last.
At the Castell thai wald haue bene full fane,
Bot Erll Malcolme with men of mekill mane.
Betuix the Sutheroun and the zettis zeid,
Monie thai slew that douchtie was in deid
In the greit preis Wallace and Rukbie met,
With his gude sword ane straik vpon him set.
Derflie to deid the auld Rukbie he draif
His twa Sonnes eschaipit amang the laif.
In the Castell be auenture thai zeid.
With threttie men na ma chaipit that dreid.
The Lennox men with thair gude Lord that was,
Fra the Castell thai said thai wald not pas.
For weill thai wist it micht not haldin be,
For na lang tyme for thy this ordanit he.
Erll Malcolme tuke the hous to keip that tyde,
Wallace wald not fra his first purpois byde.
Instance he maid to this gude Lord & wyse,
Fra thyne to pas he suld on na kyn wyse.
Quhill that he had Striueling the Castell strang,
Trew men him tauld thai micht not hald it lang.
Than Wallace thocht was maist on Makfadzeane,
Of Scottis men he had slaine monie ane.
Wallace awowit that he suld wrokkin be,
On that Rebald or ellis thairfoir de.
Of tyrrannie King Edward thocht him gude,
Law borne he was & als of simpill blude.
Thus Wallace was sair greuit in his entent,
To this Journey richt eirnestlie he went.

At Striuiling Bzig assemblit to him richt,
Twa thowsand men that wozthie war & wicht.
Towart Argyle he bownit foz to ryde.
Duncane of Lozne was thair trew sicker gyde,
Of auld Rukbie the quhilk we spak of air,
Twa sonnis on lyse in Striueling leuit thair.
Quhen thai Bzethir consauit all at richt,
This bous to hald that thai na langer micht.
Foz cause quhy thai wantit men and meit,
With Erll Walcolme thai ma.d thame foz to treit.
Grace of their lyfis and that that with thame was
Gaif ouir the bous syne couth in Ingland pas.
On the thzid day that Wallace fra thame raid,
With king Edward full monie zeir thai baid.
In Bzucis weir agane come in Scotland,
Striueling to keip the ane of thame tuke on hand.
Meutioun of Bzuce is oft in Wallace buik,
To fend his richt full meikill pane he tuik.
Quhairfoir suld I heir ony tarie ma,
To Wallace furth now schortlie will I ga.
Duncane of Lozne Gilmichell fra him send,
Ane spy to be foz he the cuntrie kend.
Be our party was past Strathfillane,
The small fute folk began to irk ilk ane.
And hozs alsua on soyce behuifit to faill,
Than Wallace thocht that cumpanie to waill.
Gude men he said this is not meit foz vs,
In bzokin array and we cum on thame thus.
We may tak skaith and harme our fais small,
To thame in lyke we may not sembill all.
Tary we lang ane plane feild quhill thai get,
Upon thaune sone sa weill we may not set.
Part we man leif vs followand to be,

With

With me sall pas our power into thre,
Fyue hundreth first to him self hes he tane,
Of westland men war worthie knawin ilkane.
To sir Johne Grahame als monie ordanit he,
And fyue hundreth to Richard of Lundie.
In that part was Wallace of Ricardtoun,
In all gude deid he was ay reddie boun.
Fyue hundreth left and micht not with thame ga,
Suppois that thai to byde was wounder wa.
Thus Wallace dist begouth to tak the hicht,
Ouir ane montane syne passit out of sicht.
In Glendochar thair spy met thame agane,
With Lord Campbell than was our folk richt fane
At thair meiting greit blythnes micht be sene,
Thre hundreth led that cruell war and kene.
He comfort thame and bad thame haue na dreid,
Sone beistlie folk wantis wapnis and als weid.
Sone will thai fle sharplie and we persew,
Be Loch Vouchane full suddanelie thai drew.
Than Wallace said ane lyfe we sall all ta,
For heir is nane will fra his fellow ga.
The spy thai send the cuntre for to se,
Upon the Mos ane Scurreour sone fand he.
To scour the land Makfadzeane had him send.
Out of Cragmour that day he thocht to wend.
Gilmichell fast vpon him followit thair,
With ane gude sword that weill & scharplie schair.
Maid quyte of him that tythingis tauld he nane,
The out spy thus was loisit fra Makfadzeane.
Than Wallace dist vpon thair fute thai licht,
Thair hors thai left thocht yai war neuer sa wicht.
For Mos and Crag thai micht na langer dre,
Than Wallace said quha gangis best lat se.

Throw out the mos delyuerlie thai zeid,
Syne tuke the hals quhairof thai had maist dreid.
Ingland the schoze ay thze in front thai past,
Quhill all within thair semblit at the last.
Lord Campbell said we haue cheislit this hald,
I trow to GOD thair walkning salbe cald.
Heir is na gait to fle zone pepill can,
Bot roches heich & watteris deip & wan.
Auchtene hundreth of douchtie men in deid,
On the greit Dist but mair proces thai zeid.
Fechtand on front and mekill maistrie maid,
The frayit folk buskit withouttin baid.
Rudlie to ray thai ruschit thame agane,
Greit part of thame was men of mekill mane.
Gude Wallace men sa stoutlie can thame steir,
The battell on bak fyue aiker breid thai beir
Into the stour feill tyrant gart thai kneill,
Wallace in hand had ane gude staf of steill.
Quhome euer he hit to ground brymlie thame bair,
Roumit him about ane large rude and mair.
Sir Johne ye Grahame in deid was weill worthie,
Gude Campbell als and Richard of Lundie.
Adam Wallace and Robert Boyd in feir,
Amang thair fais quhair deidis was sauld deir.
The felloun stour was awfull for to se,
Wakfadzeane than sa greit debait maid he.
With Irland men hardie and curageous,
The stalwart stryke richt hard and perrelous.
Abundance of blude fra woundis wyde & wan,
Stikkit to deid on ground lay monie man.
Twa houris large into the stour thai stand,
The feirslest thai aneuch of fechting fand.
That Iop him self weill wist not quha suld wyn,

Bot Wallace men wald not in sunder swin.
To help thame self thay war of hardie will,
Of Ireland blude full fellonlie thay spill.
With fell fechting maid stoppis throw the thrang,
On the fals part our wicht weirmen sa dang.
That they to byde micht haue na langer micht,
The Irland folk than maid thame for the flicht.
In Craiggis clain, and sum in water flet.
Twa thowsand thair drounit without in let.
Bozne Scottis men baid still in the feild,
Rest wapins thame fra and on thair kneis knelld.
With pi.ious voice they cryit on Wallace,
For Goddis saik to take thame in his grace.
Greiuit he was bot reuth of thame he had,
Ressauit thame fair with countenance full sad.
Of our awin blude we suld haue greit pitie,
Luk ze slay nane of Scottis will zoldin be.
Of outland men lat nane chaip with the lyfe,
Makfadzeane fled for all his felloun stryfe.
Unto ane Caue within ane clift of stane,
Under Craigmoir with fyftene is he gane.
Duncane of Lorne, hes leiue at Wallace askt
On Makfadzeane with worthie men he past.
He grantit him to put thame all to deid,
They left nane syne bot brocht Wallace his heid
Upon ane speir throw the feild it bair,
The Lord Campbell syne hint it be the hair.
Heich on Craigmoir he maid it for to stand,
Still on the stane for honour of Irland.
The Lyflait men that wer of Scotland bozne,
Sone at his faith he gart thame be swozne.
Restozit thame that wald cum to his leis,
He leit slay nane that wald cum to his peis.

Eftir this deid in Lorne fyne couth he fair,
Reullit the land had bene in mekill cair.
In Ardchatane ane counſall he gart cry,
Quhair monie men come to his Senzeoury.
All Lorne he gaue to Duncane that was wicht,
And bad him hald in Scotland with the richt.
And thow ſall brouk this land in heritage,
Thy brother ſone in London hes greit wage.
Zit will he cum he ſall his landis haue,
I wald tyne nane that Ueritie micht ſaue.
Mony trew Scot to Wallace couth perſew,
At Ardchatane fra feill ſtrenthis thay drew.
Ane gude Knicht come and with him men ſextie,
He had bene oft in monie ſtrang Jeopardie.
With Inglifmen and ſonzeit nocht adeill,
Ay fra thair faith he fendit him full weill.
Keipit him fre thocht King Edward had ſwozne,
Schir Johne Ramſay that richteous was bozne.
Of Ouchtirhous and vther lands lozd,
And Schirefals as my buke will recozd.
Of nobill blude and auld anceſtrie,
Continewit weill with wozthie Chevalrie.
In to Stzoonchane lang tyme he had bene,
At greit debait amang his enymies kene.
Richt wichtlie wan his leuing in to weir,
To him and his Suthzoun did mekill deir
Weill he eſchewit and ſufferit greit diſtzes,
His ſone was callit the flour of courtlynes.
As witneſſis weill in to this ſchozt trety,
Eftir the Bzuce quha reidis that hiſtozy.
He reullit weill baith in to weir and peis.
Alexander Ramſay to name he hecht but leis.
Quhen it was weir to armes he him keſt,

Under

Vnder the Croun he was ane of the beſt.
In tyme of peax to courtlines he zeid,
Bot to gentrice he tuke no vther heid.
Quhat gentill man had not with Ramſay bene,
Of courtlines thay comptit him not a prene.
Fredome and treuth he had as men waid aſ-
Sen he began nane better Squyar was.
Rorburgh auld he wan richt manfullie,
Syne held it lang quhill tratouris treſonabillie.
Cauſit his death I dar not tell zow how,
Of lic thingis I will ga by as now.
I haue had blame to ſay the ſuthfaſtnes,
Thairfoir I will bot lichtlie ryn that raiſ.
Bot it be thing that planelie ſclanderit is,
For ſic I trow thay ſuld not deme na miſ.
Of Alexander as now I ſay no moir,
His father come as I tald zow befoir.
Wallace of him richtfull greit comfort haiſ,
For he weill couth do harming to his faiſ
In weir he was richt meikill for to pryſe,
Beſy and trew, baith ſober, wicht and wyſe.
Ane gude Prelat als to Ardchatane ſocht,
Of his Lordſchip as than he bruikit nocht.
This worthie Clark cummin of the lynnage,
Of Sinclare blude nocht fourtie zeir of age.
Cholin he was be the Paipis conſent.
Of Dunkeld Lord was maid with gude intent,
Bot Inglilmen that Scotland grippit haill,
Of benefice thay leit him bruik bot ſmall.
Quhen he ſaw weill thairfoir he micht not mute,
To ſaue his liue thrie zeiris he dwelt in Bute
Leiffit as he micht and keipit ay gud part,
Vnder ſaiftie of James than Lord Stewart.

To gude Wallace quhilk Scotland wan with pane
Restorit this Lord to his leuing agane.
And manie ma that lang had bene ouirthrawin,
Wallace thame put richteouslly to thair awin.
The small Oist als quhilk I spak of air,
In to the hicht that Wallace leuit thair.
Come to the feild quhair Makfadzeane had bene,
Tuke that was left baith weid and wapins schene,
Throw Lorne syne past as gudlie as thay can,
Of thair nomber thay had not loisit ane man.
On the fift day wan to Ardchatane,
Quhair Wallace baid with gude men mony ane.
He welcumit thame vpon ane gudly wyse,
And said thay war richt meikill for to pryse.
All trew Scottis he honorit in to weir,
Gaue that he wan, him self keipit na geir,

How Wallace wan Sanct Iohnestoun. CAP. III.

QUhen Wallace wald no langer soiorne thair,
fra Archatan out throw the land thay fair.
Toward Dunkeld with gude men of renoun,
His maist thocht than was of Sanct Johnstoun.
He callit Ramsay, that gud knicht of greit vaill,
Sadlie auisit besocht him of counsaill.
Of Sanct Johnstoun now haue I rememberance,
Thair haue I bene and loisit men throw chance.
[illegible]ay for ane we gart ten of thame de,
And zit me think that is na mendis to me.
I wald assay fra this land or we gang,
And let thame wit thay occupie heir wrang.
Than Ramsay said that toun thay may not keip,
The wallis ar laich suppois the diche be deip.

Ze haue anew that ſall thame cummer ſa,
Fill vp the dyke that we may planelie ga.
In hatill battell ane thowſand ouir at anis,
Fra this power thay ſall not hald zone wanis.
Wallace was glaid that he ſic conſort maid,
Furth talkand thus vnto Dunkeld thay raid.
Thre dayis thair thay ludgeit with pleſance,
Quhill tyne thay had foirſene thair ordenance.
Ramſay gart big ſtrang Baſtailzeis of trie
Be gude wrichtis the beſt in that countrie.
Quhen thay war wrocht betaucht thãe men to leid
The watter doun quhill thay come neir that ſteid.
Sir Johne Ramſay richt gudelie was thair gyde;
Reullit thame weill at his will for to byde.
The greit Diſt than about the village paſt,
With eird and ſtane thay fillit dykis faſt.
Flaikis thay laid on tymmer lang and wicht,
Ane rowme paſſage to the wallis thay dicht.
Feill Baſtailzeis richt ſtarklie vp thay raiſ,
Gude men of armes ſone to aſſailze gais.
Sir Johne the Grahãe & Ramſay that was wicht,
The Turat brig aſſegit in all thair micht.
And Wallace ſelf at midſyde of the toun,
With men of armes that was to bargane boun.
The Suthrroun men maid greit defence yat tyde,
With artailzie that felloun was to byde.
With Tablaſter ganze and ſtanis faſt,
And hand gunnis richt brimlie out thay caſt
Funzeit with ſpeiris as men of armes kene.
The Nobill Scottis that worthie ay hes bene.
At hand ſtraikis fra thay togidder met,
With Suthroun blude yair wappinnis ſone yai wet
Zit Ingliſmen that worthie war in weir,

Into the stour richt baldlie can thame beir.
Bot all for nocht auaillit thame thair deid,
The Scottis throw force vpon thame in thay zeid
Ane thowsand men ouir wallis zeid hastely,
Into the toun rais hiddeous noyis and cry.
Ramsay and Grahame the Turat zit hes wyn,
And enterit in quhair greit stryfe did begyn.
Ane trew Squyar quhilk Ruthuē hecht to namé,
Come to ye assalt with gude sir Johne ye Grahãe.
Threttie with him of men that prouit weill,
Amang thair fais with wappinnis stif of steill.
Quhen that the Scottis assemblit on ather syde,
Na Suthroun was that micht thair dynt abyde.
Twa thowsand slone was fulzeit vnder feit,
Of Suthroun blude thay stikkit in the streit.
Sir Johne Pslewart saw weill ye toun was tint,
Tuik him to flicht and wald na langer stint.
In ane licht Barge and with him men sextie,
The watter doun socht succour to Dundie
Wallace baid still quhill the feird day at morne,
And left nane thair that was of Ingland borne.
Riches thay gat of gold and vther gude,
Pleneist the toun agane with Scottis gude.
Ruthuen he left thair Capitane to be,
In heritage gaif him the office of fee.
Of all Stratherne and Schirefdome of the toun,
Syne in the North gude Wallace maid him boun.
In Aberdene he gart ane counsall cry,
Trew Scottis men suld assembill hastely.
To Cowper he raid to wesy that Abbay,
The Inglis Abbot was fled fra thyne away.
Bishop Sinklair without langer abaid,
Wet yame at Glāmis syne furth with yame he raid.

Into

Into Bzichen thay ludgeit all that nicht;
Sone on the mozne Wallace gart graithy at rycht.
Diſplayit on breid the Baner of Scotland,
In gude array with Nobill men at hand.
Gart planelie cry that ſauit ſuld be nane,
Of Sutheroun blude quhair thay micht be ouirtane
In plane battell throw out the Meirnis thay ryde,
The Inglismen that durſt thame not abyde.
Befoir the Diſt full feiritlie thay fle,
To Dunnotter ane ſtrenth within the ſe.
Na farther thay micht win out of the land,
Thai aſſemblit thair quhill yai wer four thouſand.
To the Kirk thay ran thay thocht girth to haif tane,
The laif remainit vpon the Roche of ſtane.
The Biſchop than began tretie to ma,
Thair lyfis to get out of the land to ga.
Bot thay war rad and durſt not weill affy,
Wallace in fyre gart ſet all haiſtely.
Bzint vp the Kirk and all that was thairin,
Attour the Roche the laif ran with greit din.
Sum hang on Craiggis richt dulefullie to de,
Sum lap ſum fell ſum flotterit in the ſe.
Na Sutheroun on lyfe was leuit in that hald,
And thay within thay bzint to powder cald.
Quhen this was done thay fell on kneis doun,
At the Biſchop aſkit abſolutionn.
Than Wallace leuch ſaid I forgiue zow all,
Arze weirmen that repentis for ſo ſmall.
Thay rewit vs not into the toun of Air,
Our trew Barrounis quhen that thay hangit thair
To Aberdene than ſaiſtlie can thay pas;
Quhair Inglismen richt beſy flittand was.
Ane hundzeth Schippis that Ruther hure i Air,

To turs thair gude in hauin was bydand thair.
Bot Wallace Dist come on thame ſuddanelie.
Thair chaipit nane of all that greit Nauie.
Bot feill ſeruandis in thame was leuit nane,
At ane Ebſey the Scottis is on thame gane.
Tuik out the geir ſyne ſet the ſchippis on fyre,
The men on land thay bȝint baith bane and lyre.
Zeid nane away bot Preiſtis wykis and barnis,
Waid thay debait thay chaipit not but harmis.
Into Buchane Wallace maid him to ryde,
Quhair Lord Bewmont was ordanit to abyde.
Erll he was maid bot of ſchort tyme befoir,
He bruikit it not for all his buſteous ſchoir.
Quhen he wiſt weill that Wallace cummand was,
He left land and couth to Slanis pas.
And ſyne the Schip fled in Ingland agane,
Wallace raid thȝow the Northland into plane.
At Cromartie feill Inglismen thay ſlew,
The worthie Scottis vnto him couth perſew.
Returnit agane and come to Aberdene,
With his blyith Dist vpon the Lammes euin.
Stabillit the land as him thocht beſt to be,
Syne with ane Dist he paſſit to Dundie.

¶ How Wallace laid ane ſeige to Dundie, and how he gif battell at the brig end of Striuiling to Kirkinghãe that was Theſaurar to Edward King, and to the Erll of Warrane. CA. IIII.

GAR T ſet ane Seige about the Caſtell ſtrang
I leif him thair and farther I will gang.
Sir Aymer Wallange haiſtit him full faſt,
Into Ingland with his haill houſhald paſt.

Bothwell

Bothwell he left was Murrayis heritage,
And tuik him than bot to king Edwardis wage.
Thus his awin land forfuik for euer mair,
Of Wallace deid greit tythingis tauld he thair.
Als Inglismen fair murnit in thair mude,
That loiſſit heir baith lyfe landis and gude.
Edward as than couth not in Scotland fair,
Bot Kirkinghame that was his Theſaurair:
With him ane Lord than Erll was of Warrane,
He chargit yame with numberis moni ane.
Richt weill beſene in Scotland for to ryde,
At Striuiling ſtill, he ordanit thame to byde.
Quhill he micht cum with ordinance of Ingland,
Scotland againe he thocht to tak on hand.
This Oſt paſt furth and had bot lytill dreid,
The Erll Patrik reſauit thame at Tweid.
Malice he had at gude Wallace befoir,
Lang tyme bypaſt and that Increſſit moir.
Bot throw ane cace it happnit of his wyfe,
Dunbar fra him ſcho held into ane ſtryfe.
Throw the ſupplie of Wallace into plaine,
Bot he be meane gat his Caſtell againe.
Lang tyme or than and zit he couth not ceiſ,
Aganis Wallace he preuit in monie preis.
With Inglismen ſuppleit thame at his micht,
Contrair Scotland thay wrocht full greit vnricht.
Thair muſture than was awfull for to ſe,
Of fechtand men thowſandis wer ſextie.
To Striuiling brig paſt or thay lykit to byde,
To Erll Malcolme ane ſeige thay laid that tyde.
And thocht to keip ye command of thair king,
Bot gude Wallace wrocht for ane vther thing.
Mundie he left and maid ane gude Chiftane,

With twa thowsand to keip that bous of stane,
Of Northland men and Dwellers of Dundie.
That samin nicht to Sanct Johnstoun went he,
Upon the morne to Scheif mure he raid.
And thair ane quhyll in gude array he baid.
Sir Johne the Grahame said we haif vndertane,
With les power sic thing that weill is gane.
Thá Wallace said quhair sic thungis effunis of neid,
We suld thank GOD that makis vs for to speid.
Bot neir the brig my purpois is to be,
And wirk for thame sum subtill Jeopardie.
Ramsay answerit the brig we may keip weill,
Of way about the Sutheroun hes lytill feill.
Wallace send Jop the battell for to set,
To Tuisday nixt to fecht without tin let.
On Setterday vnto the brig thay raid,
Of gude plaine buird was weill and Joyntly maid.
Gart watchis wait that nane suld to thame pas,
Ane Wricht he tuik the subtilleſt that thair was.
And ordanit him to saw the buird in twa,
Be the myd treſt that nane micht ouir it ga.
On Charnall bandis naillit it full sone,
Syne fillit with clay as nathing had bene done.
The tother end he ordanit for to be,
How it suld stand vpon the Rolleris of tre.
Quhen ane wer out that the laif doun suld fall,
Him self vnder he ordanit thair withall.
Bund on the treſt in ane Tradill to sit,
To lous the pyn quhen Wallace leit him wit.
Bot with ane horne quhen it was tyme to be,
In all the Oist na man suld blaw bot he.
The day approchit of the greit battaill,
The Inglismen for power wald not faill,

Ay ser thay wer againe ane of Wallace,
Fyftie thousand maid thame to battell place.
The remanent baid at the Castell still,
Baith feild and hous thay thocht to tak at will.
The worthie Scottis vpon the tother syde,
The plaine feild tuik on fuit maid thame to byde.
Hew Kirkinghame the vaugard than led he,
With twentie thowsand of lykkie men to se.
Threttie thowsand the Erll of Warrane had,
Bot he did than as the wyse men him bad.
All the first Dist before him our was send,
Sum Scottis man that weill the matter kend:
Bad Wallace blaw and said thay wer anew,
He haistit nocht bot sadlie couth persew.
Quhill Warrannis Dist thick on ye brig he saw,
Fra Jop the horne he hint and couth it blaw.
Sa asperlie and warnit gude Johne Wycht,
The Rollar out he straik with richt greit slicht.
The laif zeid doun quhen that the pynnis out gais,
Ane hiddeous cry amang the pepill rais,
Baith hors and men unto the watter fell,
The hardie Scottis that wald na langer dwell,
Set on the laif with straykis sad and sair,
Of thame thair ouir as than souerit thay wair.
At the foir breist thay preuit hardelie,
Wallace and Grahame, Boyd, Rāsay, and Lundie
All in the stour leyt and face to face,
The Sutheroun oft bak reirit in that place.
At the first straik fyue aiker braid and mair,
Wallace on fuit ane greit schairp speir he bair.
Amang the thickest of the preis than he gais,
On Kirkinghame ane straik he choisu hais.
In the burneis that polist was full bricht,

Ch e ꝑunzeand heid the plaitis peirſit richt.
Throw the bodie ſtikkit him but reſkew,
Perſlie to deith that Chiftane was adew.
Baith man and hors at that ſtraik he bair doun,
The Inglis Oiſt quhilk wer in battell boun.
Comfort thay tynt quhen yair Chiftane was ſlaine
And monie ane to fle began in plaine.
Zit worthie men baid ſtill into that ſteid,
Quhill ten thouſand wer brocht vnto the deid.
Than fled the laif and micht na langer byde,
Succour thay ſocht in monie dyuers ſyde.
Sum Eiſt ſum Weſt and ſum fled to ye North.
Seuin thouſand large at anis flotterit in Forth.
Plungit in deip drownit without mercie,
Nane left on lyfe of all that fell menzs.
Of Wallace Oiſt na man was ſlaine of baill,
Bot Andro Murray into that ſtrang battaill.
The South part that than ſaw yair men was tint,
Als feirſlie fled as fyre dois fra the flint.
The place was left Striuiling Caſtell and toun,
Towart Dunbar in greit haiſt maid thame boun.
Quhē Wallace Oiſt had win the feild be micht,
Tuik vp the brig and lowſit gude Johne Wricht.
On the ſteariſ ſyne followit wounder faſt.
Erll Malcolme als out of the Caſtell paſt.
With Lennox men to ſtuf the chace gude ſpeid,
Ay be the way thay gart feill Sutheroun bleid.
In the Torwod thay gart full monie de,
The Erll of Warrane than can full feirſlie fle.
With Corſpatrik that graithlie was his gyde,
Unchangit hors out throw the land thay ryde.
Straicht to Dunbar bot few with thame thayled
Monie wer ſlaine ouir ſleuthfullie that fled.

The

The Scottis hors had run wounder lang.
Monis gaif ouir and micht na farther gang.
Wallace and Grahame euer togidder baid,
At Hadingtoun full greit slauchter thair maid.
Of Inglismen quhen thair hors tyrit had,
Quhen Rawlay come gude Wallace was full glaid.
With him was Boyd and Richard of Lundie,
Thrie hundreth haill was of gude Chevalrie.
And Adam Wallace als of Richardtoun,
With Erll Malcolme thay fand at Hadingtoun.
The Scotismen on slauchter tarryit was,
Quhill to Dunbar the twa Chiftanis couth pas.
Full spytefull wer for thair contrarie cace,
Wallace followit quhill thay gat in that place.
Of thair best men and kirkinghame of Renoun,
Threttie thousand was deid but redemptioun.
Besyde Beltoun Wallace returnit againe,
To follow mair than was it bot in baine.

IN Hadingtoun ludgeing he maid all nicht,
Upon the morne to Striuiling passit richt,
On the assumptioun day befell this cace,
Ay louit be the Lord of his gude grace.
Conuoyer oft he wes to gude Wallace,
And helpit him in monie lindrie place.
Wallace in haist sone efter this battaill,
Ane greit aith tuik of all the Barrounis haill:
That with gude will wald cum to his presence,
He hecht thame als to byde at thair defence.
Sir Johne Menteith was than of Arrane Lord,
To Wallace come and maid ane plaine concord.
With witnes thair with his aith he him band,
Lawtie to keip to Wallace and Scotland.

Quha wald not with fre will to richt applie,
Wallace be force puneist thame rigorouslie.
Part put to deith, part set in presoun strang
Greit word of him throw baith thir Realmes rang.
Bundie thay gat sone be ane schort tretie,
Bot for thair lyfis thay fled away be see.
Inglis Capitanis that hous had in hand,
Left Castellis fre and stall out of the land.
Within ten dayis efter this tyme was gaine.
Inglis Capitanes in Scotland was left naine.
Except Berwik and Roxburgh Castell wicht,
Fit Wallace thocht to bring thame to ye richt.

That tyme pair was ane worthy frew Barroun
To naine he herd Cristall of Setoun.
In Jedburgh wod for saistrie behad bene,
Againe Sutherounful weill he couth contene.
Edward couth not fra Scottis faith him get,
Thocht he him gaif ane mulzeoun of gold weill met.
Herbottell fled fra Jedburgh Castell wicht,
Towart Ingland thair Setoun met him richt.
With fourtie men Cristall in bargane baid,
Aganis seuin scoir and mekill maistrie maid.
Slew that Capitane and monie cruell man.
Full greit riches in that Journey he wan.
Houshald and gold as thay suld pas away.
The quhilk befoir thay keipit monie day.
Jedburgh be tuik and Ruthuen seuit he.
At Wallace will thair Capitane for to be.
Bald Setoun syne to Louthiane maid repair,
In this storie ze may heir of him mair.
And into Bruce quha lykis for to reid,
He was with him in monie cruell deid.

Gude

Gude Wallace than full sadlie can deuyse,
To reull the land with worthie men and wyse.
Capitanis he maid and Schireffis that was gude
Part of his kyn and of trew vther blude.
His deir Cousing in Edinburgh ordanit he,
With trew Crawfurd that ay was full worthie.
Keiper of it with nobill men at wage.
In Mawell than he had gude heritage.
Scotland was fre that lang in baill had bene,
Wallace it wan fra our fals enemeis kene.
Grete Gouernour of Scotland he courth ring,
Waitand ane tyme to get his richteous king.
For Inglismen that held him in bandoun,
Lang wrangoustie fra his awin richteous Croun.

¶ The aucht part of this Buik declairis how Wallace put Corspatrik out of Scotland. CA. I.

IEyue monethis thus Scotlãd stuid in gude rest
Ane counsall cryit thãt thocht it was ye best
In Sanct Johnstoun quhair it sulde haldin be
Assemblit Clerk Barroun, and Burges fre.
Bot Corspatrik wald not cum at thair sail.
Baid in Dunbar and maid scorne at thame all.
Thay spak of him feill Lordis in yat Parliament,
Than Wallace said will ze heirto consent:
Forgif him fre all thingis that is bypast,
Sa he will cum and grant he hes trespast.
Fra this tyme furth keip lawtie to our Croun,
Thay grant thairto Clerk, Burges and Barroun.
With haill consent thair wryting to him send.
Richt lawlie thus thay thame to him commend.
Besocht him fair as ane than of the land,

To cum and tak sum Gouernance in hand.
Lichtlie he leuch in scorne as it had bene,
And said he had sic Message seldin sene.
That Wallace now as Gouernour sall Ring;
Hir is greit fault of ane gude Prince and king.
That king of Kyle I can not vnderstand,
Of him I yeld neuer zit ane fur of land.
That Bachellor trowis, for Fortoun schawis hir
Thairwith to lest it sall not lang be weill. (quheill
Bot to zow Lordis and ze will vnderstand,
I mak zow wyse I aucht to mak na band.
Als fre I am in this Regioun to Ring,
Lord of myne awin, as euer was Prince or King.
In Ingland als greit part of land I haif
Mairent thairof thair will na man me craif.
Quhat will ze mair I warne zow I am fre,
For zour Summoundis ze get na mair of me.
To Sanct Johnstoun this writ he send againe,
Befoir the Lordis was manifest in plaine.
Quhen Wallace hard the Erll sic answer makis,
Ane greit heit thrzow curage than he takis.
For he wist weill thair culd be bot ane King,
Of this Regioun atanis for to King.
Ane King of Kyle for that he callit Wallace,
Lordis he said this is ane vncouth cace.
Be he sufferit we ar war than it was,
Thus rais he vp and maid him for to pas.
GOD heg vs thoillit to do sa for the laif,
On lyfe or deith in Faith we sall him haif.
Or gar him grant quhome he haldis for his Lord.
Or ellis war schame in storie to record.
I vow to GOD with eis he sall not be,
Into this Realme bot ane of vs sall de.

Les

Les than he cum and knaw his richteous King,
In this Regioun weill baith we sall not ring.
His lichtlie scorne he sall repent full soir,
Bot power faill or I sall end thairfoir.
Sen in this eird is ordanit me na rest,
Now GOD be Judge the richt he knawis best.
At that counsall langer he taryit nocht,
With twa hundreth fra Sanct Johnstoun he socht,
To the Counsall maid Instance or he zeid.
Thay suld contene and of him haue na dreid.
I am bot ane and for gude caus I ga,
Towart Kingorne the ganest way thay ta.
Upon the morne ouir Forth south thay couth pas,
On his veyage he haistit wounder fast.
Robert Lawder at Mussilburgh met Wallace,
Fra Inglismen he keipit weill his place.
Couth nane him treit knicht, Squyar nor Lord,
With King Edward for to be at concord.
On Erll Patrik to pas he was full glaid,
Sum said befoir the Bas he wald haue had.
Gude men come als with Cristall of Setoun,
Than Wallace was four hundreth of Renoun.
Ane Squyar Lyle that weill the cuntre knew,
With tuentie men to Wallace couth persew.
Besyde Lyntoun and to thame tauld he than,
That Erll Patrik with monie lyklie man.
At Cokburnis peth he had his gaddering maid,
And to Dunbar wald cum withouttin baid.
Than Lawder said it wer the best think me,
Faster to pas in Dunbar or he be.
Wallace answerit we may at laiser ryde,
With zone power he thinkis bargane to byde.
And of ane thing ze sall weill understaud,

Ane hardyer Lord is not into this land.
Wicht he be maid trew steidfast to our King,
Be wit and force he can do mekill thing.
Bot wilfullie he lykis to tyne him sell,
Thus raid thay furth and wald na langer dwell.
Be eist Dunbar quhair men thame tauld on cace,
How Erll Patrik was warnit of Wallace.
Neir Innerwik cheisit ane feild at waill,
With nyne hundreth of lyklie men but faill.
Four hundreth was with Wallace in the richt,
And thay anone approchit to thair sicht.
Greit falt thair was of gude tretie betuene,
To mak concord and that full sone was sene.
Without reheirs of actioun in that tyde,
On ather part togidder fast thay ryde.
The stour was strang and wounder perrillous,
Continewit lang with deidis Cheualrous.
Monie thair deit of cruell Scottis blude,
Of this tretie the matter is not gude.
Thairfoir I ceis to tell the distructioun,
Pietie it was and all of ane Natioun.
Bot Erll Patrik the feild left at the last,
Richt few with him to Cokburnis peth thair past.
Aggreuit sair that his men thus was tynt,
Wallace returnit and wald na langer stynt.
Towart Dunbar quhair suithfast men him tald,
Na purueyance was left into that hald.
Nor men of fence all had bene with thair Lord,
Quhen Wallace hard the sicker trew record.
Dunbar he tuik all haill at his bandoun,
Gaue it to keip to Cristall of Setoun.
Quha stuffit it weill with men and gude wittaill
Upon the morne Wallace that wald not faill.

With

With thre hundreth to Cokburnis pëth he socht,
Erll Patrik Ischit for byde him wald he nocht.
Sone to the Park Wallace ane range hes set,
To Bonkill wod Corspatrik fled but let.
And out of it to Norame passit he,
Than Wallace saw it micht na better be,
To Caldstreme raid and ludgeit him on Tweid.
Erll Patrik than in all haist can him speid:
And passit by or Wallace power raiss,
Without resting to Ettrik Forest gais.
Wallace followit bot he wald not assaill,
Ane range to mak as than it micht not waill.
Quir few he had the strenth was thick and strang,
Twelf myle of breid and thairto twyis als lang.
Into Cokholme Erll Patrik baid at rest,
For mair power Wallace past in the west.
Erll Patrik than him graithit haistelie,
In Ingland past to get him thair supplie.
Out throw the land richt eirnistlie couth pas,
To Anthonie Beik that Lord of Durame was.
Wallace put him out of Glasgow befoir,
And slew Perse thair malice was the moir.
The Bischop Beik gart sone greit power ryse,
Northumbirland vpon ane awfull wyse.
Thay ordanit Bruce in Scotland for to pas,
To wyn his awin bot euill dissauit he was.
Thay gart him trow that Wallace was Rebell,
And thocht to tak the Kinrik to him sell,
For fals thay war and euer zit hes bene,
Lawtie and treuth was euir in Wallace sene.
To-fend the richt was all he tuik on hand,
And thocht to bring the Bruce fre to his land.
Of this matter as now I tary nocht,

With strang power on Suthyoun togidder socht,
Fra Oyis watter assemblit haill to Tweid.
The land Oist was threttie thowsand in deid.
Of Thems mouth send schippis be the see,
To keip Dunbar that nane suld thame supple.
Erll Patrik past with twentie thowsand but let,
Befoir Dunbar ane stalwart Seige he set.
The Bischop Beik and Robert Bruce baid still,
With ten thowsand in Noraame at thair will.
Wallace be this that fast was laubozand,
In Louthiane come with gude men fyue thowsand.
Richt weill besene into thair armour bricht,
Thocht to reskew the Setoun bald and wicht.
Under Zester that first nicht ludgeit he,
Hay come to him with ane gude Cheualrie.
In Doun Forest all that tyme he had bene,
He had the cumming of the Sutheroun sene.
Fyftie he had of wyse men into weir,
Thay tauld Wallace of Patrikis greit affeir.
Hay said forsuith and ze micht him ouirset,
Power agane richt sone he micht not get.
Wy counsaill is that we giue him battall,
He thankit thame of confort and counsall.
And said freind Hay ih this caus that I wend,
Sa that we wyn I rek not for to end.
Richt suith it is that anis we mon de,
Into the richt quha suld in terrour be.
Erll Patrik thair ane Messenger gart pas,
Tauld Anthone Beik that Wallace cũmand was.
Of this tythingis the Bischop was full glaid,
Ane mendis of him full fane he wald haue had.
But mair prolong throw Launyr mure thay raid,
Neir the Spot mure in buschment still he baid.

As

Quhair Erll Patrik than ordanit for to be,
Wallace of Beik vnwarnit than was he.
Zit he befoir was not haistie in deid,
Bot than he put haith him and his in dreid.
Vpon swykt hors Scurriouris raid betuene,
The cumming than of Erll Patrik hes sene.
The hous he left and to the mure is gane,
Ane plane feild with his Oist hes he tane.
Gude Setoun syne Ischit with few menze,
Part of his men into Dunbar left he.
To Wallace raid was on the richteous syde,
In gude array to Spot mure thay ryde.
Sum Scottis dred the Erll sa monie was.
Twentie thowsand aganis sa few to pas.
Bot Iop persauit he bad Wallace suld byde,
Tyne not zour men bot to sum strenth ze ryde.
And I sall pas to get zow power mair,
Thir ar ouir gude thus lichtlie for to wair.
Than Wallace said in treuth I will not fle,
For four of his ay ane quhill I may be.
We ar ouir neir sic purpose for to tak,
Ane dangerous chace thay micht vpon vs mak.
Heir is twentie with this power this day,
wald him assay suppose I war away.
Mony thay ar for GODDIS saik be we strang,
Zone Sutheroun folk in stour will not byde lang.

¶ How Corspatrik brocht in Scotland Bischop Beik and Robert the Bruce, & how Wallace gaif yame battell, and put thame out of Scotland, CAP. II.

The bryme battell braithlie on ather syde,
Greit reid yair rais ouir all quhair ȝ yai ryde.
The sair semblie quhen thay togidder met,
Feill straikis thair thay sadlie on bther set.
Punzeand speiris throw plaitis peirsit fast,
Monie of horss doun to the ground thay cast.
Sadillis thai teym of horss but maisteris thair,
Of the south syde fyue thowsand doun thai bair.
Gude Wallace Oist the formest cummerit sa,
That the laik was in will away to ga.
Erll Patrik baid sa cruell of Intent,
All his haill Oist tuik of him hardiment.
Aganis Wallace in monie stour was he,
Wallace knew weill that his men wald not fle.
For na power that leuand was on lyfe,
Quhill thai in heill micht be ay ane for fyfe.
In that greit stryfe mony was handillit hait,
The feill dintis, the cruell hard debait.
The feirs straiking maid mony ane greuous wound
Upon the eird the blude maid to abound.
All Wallace Oist into ane compas baid,
Quhair sa thai turnit full greit slauchter thai maid.
Wallace & Grahame with Ramsay full worthie,
The bald Setoun and Richard of Lundie.
And Adam Wallace als of Ricardtoun,
Baith Hay and Lyle with gude men of Renoun.
Boyd, Barklay, Baird & Lawder that was wicht,
Feill Inglismen derflie to deith thai dicht.
Bot Erll Patrik full feirflie faucht agane,
Throw his awin hand monie he put to pane.
Our men on him thrang forthwart into thra,
Maid throw his Oist feill sloppis to and fra.
The Inglismen began planelie to fle.

Thay

Than Biſchop Beik full ſuddanelie thai ſe,
And Robert Bruce contrair his natiue men,
Wallace was wa fra tyne he couth him ken.
Of Bruces deidis he was aggreuit mair,
Than all the laik that day that ſemblit thair.
The greit buſchment atanis brak on breid,
Ten thowſand haill that douchtie war in deid.
The ſtearis than with Erll Patrik releuit,
Thai faucht agane quhair monie war miſcheuit.
Quhen Wallace ſaw the buſchmeut brokin was,
Out of the feild on hors he thocht to pas.
Bot he ſaw weill his Oiſt ſound in thair weid,
He thocht to fray the formeſt or he zeid.
The new cummin Oiſt about thame ſemblit thair,
On ather ſyde with ſtraikis ſad and ſair.
The worthie Scottis ſa feirſlie faucht agane,
Of Anthonis men full monie haue thai ſlane.
Bot that tyran ſa biſit was in weir,
On Wallace Oiſt thai did full meikill deir.
And the bald Bruce ſa cruellie wrocht he,
Throw ſtrenth of handis feill Scottis he gart de.
To reſiſt Bruce Wallace he preſſit faſt
Bot Ingliſmen ſa thick betuix thame paſt.
And Erll Patrik in all the haiſt he mocht,
Throw out the ſtour to Wallace ſone he ſocht.
On the Pelane ane felloun ſtraik him gaif,
Keruit the plait with his ſcharp groundit glaif.
Throw all the ſtuf and wonndit him ſum deil,
Bot Wallace thocht he ſuld be vengit weill.
Followit on him and ane ſtraik ettillit faſt,
Bot ane Waitland rekleſſie betuix thame paſt.
Upon the heid gude Wallace hes him tane,
Throw heid and braune in ſunder ſtraik the bane.

Deid to the ground at that straik he him draik,
Thus Wallace was dissenerit fra the laik.
Of his gude men amang thame him allane,
About him socht feill enemies monie ane.
Stikit his hors to ground behuifit him licht,
To send him selfals wyselie as he micht.
The worthie Scottis that micht na langer byde,
With sair hartis out of the feild thay ryde.
With thame in feir thay weind Wallace had bene,
On fuit he was amang his enemies kene.
Gude roume he maid about him into breid,
With his gude sword that helpit him in neid.
Was nane sa strang that gat of him ane straik,
Efter agane maid neuer ane Scot to wraik.
Erll Patrik than that had greit craft in weir,
With speiris ordanit gude Wallace doun to beir.
Anew thay tuik was haill into the feild,
To him thay zeid thocht he suld haue na beild.
On ather syde fast prunzeand at his geir,
He hewit of heidis and wyselie couth him weir.
The worthie Scottis of this full lytill wist,
Socht to gude Grahãe quhẽ yai yair Chiftans mist.
Lawder and Lyle and Hay that was sa wicht,
And bald Ramsay quhilk was ane worthie knicht.
Lundy and Boyd and Cristall of Setoun,
With fyue hundreth that was in bargane boun.
Him to reskew full rudelie in thay raid,
About Wallace ane large roume thay maid.
The Bischop Beik was braithlie borne to eird,
At that reskew thair was ane felloun reird.
Or he gat vp feill Sutheroun thay slew,
Out of the preis Wallace thay can reskew.
Sone horsit him vpon ane Cuirser wicht,

Towart

Towart ane ſtrenth rydes in all thair micht.
Richt wyſly fled, reſkewand monie man,
The Erll Patrik to ſtuf the chace began,
On the ſtearis thair lytill harme thay wrocht,
Gude Wallace folk away togither ſocht.
Thir fyue hundreth, the quhilk I ſpak of air,
Sa awfullie abandounit thame and ſair.
Na followar durſt out fra his fellow ga,
The gude ſtearis ſic turning in thay ma,
Four thowſand haill had tane the ſtrenth befoir,
Of Wallace Oiſt, his confort was the moir.
Of Glaſtaden that forreſt thocht to hald.
Erll Patrik turnit, thocht he was neuer ſa bald,
Agane to Beik, quhen chaipit was Wallace,
Curſand Fortoun of his miſchancefull cace.
The feild he wan, and ſeuin thowſand was loiſt,
Deid on that day for all the Biſchoppis boiſt.
Of Wallace men, fyue hundreth ſlane I ges,
Bot na Chiftane, his murning wes the les.
Neir euin it was, bot Beik wald not abyde,
In Laumyr mure thay turnit in that tyde.
Thair ludging tuke, quhair he thocht to auaill,
For weill he trowit the Scottis wald aſſaill:
Upon the feild quhair thay gaue battell laſt,
The cuntrie men, to Wallace gadderit faſt.
Of Edinburgh with Craufurd that was wicht,
Four hundreth come, into thair armour bricht.
To Wallace raid, be his ludging was tane,
Of Teuidaill come gude men monie ane.
Out of Jedburgh with Ruthuen at that tyde,
Togidder ſocht, fra many diuers ſyde.
Sir Williame than, that Lord was of Dowglas,
With him four ſcoir, that nicht come to Wallace.

Twentie hundreth of new men met that nicht,
Upon thair fais, to venge thame at thair micht.
At the first feild thir gude men had not bene,
Wallace wachis thair aduersaries hes sene.
Into quhat wise thay had thair ludgeing maid,
Wallace bownit, efter Supper but baid.
In Laumyre mure thay passit haistilie,
Sone to array zeid this gude Chevalrie.
Wallace thame maid in twa partis to be.
Schir Johne the Grahame, & Setoun ordanit he,
Lawder and Hay with thre thowsand to ryde,
Him self the laue tuik wyselie for to gyde
With him Lundy, baith Ramsay and Dowglas,
Barklay and Boyd and gude Adam Wallace.
Be this the day approchit wounder neir,
And bricht Tytan in presence can appeir.
The Scottis Oist sone semblit into sicht,
Of thair enemeis thay war nocht reddy dicht.
Out of array feill of the Sutheroun was,
Richt awfullie Wallace can on thame pas,
At this entrie the Scottis sa weill thame bair,
Feill of thair fais to deith was brytinnit thair.
Redles thay rais, and monie fled away,
Sum on the ground was sinoirit quhair thay lay.
Greit noyis and cry was raisit thame amang.
Gude Grahame come in, yat stalwart was & strang.
Fra Wallace men war weill togidder met,
On the South part sa awfullie thay set
Incontrair thame thay frayit folk micht not stand,
Ilanis thair fled of Sutheroun ten thowsand.
The worthie Scottis wrocht vpon sic ane wyse,
Iop said him self that thay war mekill to pryse.
Yit Bischop Beik that felloun tyran strang,

Baid

Baid in the stour, richt awfullie and lang.
Ane knicht Skeltoun, that cruell was and kene,
Befoir him stude, in his armour schene.
To send his Lord full worthilie he wrocht,
Lundy him saw, and sadlie to him socht.
With his gude sword, ane akwart straik him gaif,
Throw Pesane stuf, his craig in sunder draif.
Nuhairof the laif war stoniest in that steid,
The bald Skeltoun of Lundyis hand was deid.
Than fled thay all, and micht na langer byde,
Patrik and Beik away with Bruce can ryde.
Fyue thowsand held into ane flop away,
To Norhame hous in all the haist they may.
Our men followit, that worthie wer and wicht,
Monie slear derfly to deith thay dicht.
Thir thrie Lordis to the Castell thay socht,
Full feill thay loisit that was of Ingland brocht.
At this Journey twentie thowsand thay tint,
Drownit and slane with speir and suordis dint.
The Scottis at Tweid than haistit thame sa fast,
Feill Sutheroun men to wrang fuirdis thay past.
Wallace returnit in Norhame quhen thay wair,
For worthie Bruce his hart was wounder sair.
He had leuer haue had him at his large,
Fre till our Croun, than of fyne gold to charge.
Nair than in Troy was quhen ye Greikis it wan,
Wallace passit with mony awfull man.
Ouir Patrikis land, and waistit wounder fast,
Tuik out greit gudis, and placis dcun can cast.
His steidis twelf that Met hamys was cald,
Wallace gart brek thay buirlie biggingis bald,
Baith in the Mers and als in Louthiane,
Except Dunbar standand he leuit nane.

To Edinburgh than vpon the aucht day,
Upon the morne Wallace without delay:
To Perth past quhair ane Counsall was set,
To the Barrounis he shewit withouttin let.
How his greit bow richt weill eschewit was,
To ane maister he gart Erll Patrik pas.
Becaus he said, of Scotland he held nocht,
To king Edward to get supple he socht.
The Lordis was blyith, a welcūmit weill Wallace,
Thanking greit GOD of his fair happie cace.
Wallace tuik stait to gouerne all Scotland,
The barnage haill maid him ane oppin band.
Than delt he land to gude men him about,
For Scotlandis richt had set thair lyfis in dout.
Stanetoun he gaue to Lawder in his wage,
The knicht Wallange aucht it in heritage.
Than Birgem cruik he gaue Lyle that was wicht
To Skrymgeour als, full gude reward he dicht.
Syne Wallace toun and vther landis thair till,
To worthie men he delt with nobill will.
To his awin kyn, heritage nane gaue he,
Bot office haill that euerilk man micht se.
For couetise, thair culd na man him blame.
He baid reward, quhill the king suld cum hame.
Of all he did he thocht to byde the Law,
Befoir his king, maister quhen he him saw,
Scotland was blyith in dolour had bene lang,
In ilk ane part to gude labour thay gang.

¶ How Wallace past in Ingland, and remanit thair thre quarters of ane zeir, and come hame agane but battell. CAP. III.

Be this

BE this the tyme of October was past,
November neir approchit wounder fast.
Tythings yair come king Edward greuit was
With his powr in Scotland thocht to pas.
For Erll Patrik had geuin sic counsaill,
Wallace gat wit, and semblit power haill.
Fourtie thowsand on Rosling mure thay met,
Lordis he said, this is King Edwards set.
In contrair richt to seik vs in our land,
I hecht to GOD, and to zow be my hand,
I sall him meit for all his greit barnage.
Within Ingland to send our heritage.
His fals desyre sall on him self be sene,
He sall vs find incontrair of his ene.
Sen he with wrang hes riddin this Regioun,
We sall pas now incontrair of his Croun.
I will not bid greit Lordes with vs fair,
For myne Intent I will planely declair.
Our purpois is outher to wyn or de,
Quha zeildis him sall neuer ransonit be.
The Barrounis than him answerit worthilie,
And said thay wald pas with thair Cheualrie.
Him self and Jop prouidit that menze,
Tuentie thowsand of waillit men tuke he,
Harnes and hors, he gart amang thame waill,
Wapinis anew, that micht for thame awaill.
Graithit thir men that cruell wer and kene,
Better in weir, in warld couth not be sene.
He bad the laif on labour for to byde,
In gude array fra Rosling mure thay ryde.
At thair muster gude Wallace couth thame ass,
Quhat mysteris ma in ane power to pase
All of ane will, as I trow set ar we,

In plane battell cannocht discomfeist be.
Our Realme is pure, waistit with Southroun blude
Go win on thame gold or vther gude.
The Oist Inclynit all with humbill will,
And said thay suld his bidding than fulfill.
The Erll Malcolme, with Ireland men is gane;
Bot name of reull on him he wald tak nane.
Wallace him knew, ane Lord that was worthie;
At his counsall he wrocht full steidfastlie.
Starker he was giue thay had battell sene,
For he befoir had in gude Journayis bene.
Ane man of strenth, that hes gude wit withall,
Ane haill Regioun may confort at his call.
As manlie Hector wrocht into his weir,
Aganis ane hundreth comptit was his speir
Bot that was not throw his strenth anerlie,
Sic reull he led of nobill Cheualrie.
Thir exempillis war worthie for to ken,
Hector I leif and speik furth of our men.
The knicht Campbell maid him to that veyage,
Of Lochow cheif, that was his heritage.
The gude Rainsay furth to that Journey went,
Sir Johne the Grahame, forward in his intent,
Wallace Cousing Adam full worthie was,
And Robert Boyd, furth blythlie can thay pas.
Baith Auchinlek, & Richard of Lundie,
Lawder and Hay, & Setoun full worthie.

THIS Royall Oist but resting furth yai raid,
To Brokis feild, & yair ane quhyle thay baid.
Than Wallace tuke with him fourty but leis
To Rorburgh zet raid sone or he wald ceis,
Sutheroun meruellit giue it suld be Wallace.

Without

Without assouerance come to persew that place.
Of Syr Rauf Gray sone presence couth he ag,
And warnit him thus, farther or he wald pas.
Our purpois is in Ingland for to ryde,
Na tyme we haue of Seilling now to byde.
Tak tent and heir of our cumming agane,
Giue ouir this hous send me the keyis in plane.
This I command befoir thir witnes large,
Giue thow will uocht, remane with all the charge.
Bot this be done, throw force and I tak the,
Out ouir this wall, thow salbe hangit hie.
With that he turnit and to his Oist can wend,
This ilk command, to Berwik sone he send,
With gude Ramsay, that was ane worthie knicht
The Oist but mair, full awfullie he dicht.
Began at Tweid, and spairit nocht thay fand,
Bot brynt be force all haill Northumberland.
All Durame toun thay brynt vp in ane gleid.
Abbayis they spairit, & kirkis quhair yat they zeid.
To Zork thay raid, but baid or they wald blyn,
To byrne and slay of thame he thocht na syn.
Na syn they thocht the same to lat vs keill,
Bot Williame Wallace quet our querrell weill.
Fortis they wan and small Castellis cast doun,
With asper wappinnis payit thair ransoun.
Of presoneris thay lykit nocht to keip,
Quhome they ouir tuke, they maid thair freindis to
Na Suthroun sauit for all thair greit riches (weip
All sic trustrie he callit bot wrechitnes.
Unto the zettis, and Suburbis of the toun,
Braithlie thay brint, and brak thair biggingis doun.
At the wallis assailzeit fyftene dayis,
Quhill king Edward send to thame in this wayis.

Ane knicht, ane Clerk, and ane Squyar of peis,
And prayit fair of byrning for to ceis.
And hecht battell or fyftene dayis war past,
Souerance sa lang giue him lykit he ast.
And als he speirit quhy Wallace tuik on hand,
The felloun stryf in defence of Scotland:
And said he meruellit, in his wit for thy,
Aganis Ingland, was of sa greit party.
Sen ze haue maid mekill of Scotland fre,
It war gude tyme for to let malice be.
Wallace hes hard the message say thair will,
With manlie voce, richt thus he said thame till.
¶ Ze may knaw weill, that richt aneuch we haue,
Of his Souerance I cowet nocht to craue.
Becaus I am ane natiue Scottis man,
It is my det to do all that I can.
To kend our kingrig out of dangering,
To his desyre we will grant in sum thing.
Our Oist sall ceis, for chance that may betyde,
Thir fyftene dayis bargane to abyde.
And sall do nocht, les than it muke in zow,
In his respite my self couth neuer trow:
King Edwardis wryt vnder his Seill thay gaif,
In fourtie dayis that thay suld battell haif.
Wallace than gaue, this credence to thair king.
Thair leiue thay tuik, syne passit but resting.
And tauld him haill how Wallace leit thame seill,
Of thair Souerance he cairit not adeill.
Sic reullit men sa awfull in effeir,
Ar not Cristnit, as he leidis intill weir,
The king answerit, and said it suld be kend,
It cummis of wit, ennemeis to commend.
Thay ar to dreid, richt greitly in certane.

Sadly

Sadly thay think of harmis that thay haik tane.
Leiß I thame thus at counſall with thair King,
And of the Scottis agane to ſpeik ſum thing.

WALLACE tranoyntit vpon ye ſecund day,
Fra Yorke thay paſſricht in ane gud array.
Northwest thay went in battell buſkit boun,
Thair ludgeing tuik beſyde Northallartoun.
And cryit his pear thair mercatis for to ſtand,
Thay fourtie dayis for pepill of Ingland.
Nuha that lykit ony vittaill to ſell,
Of all thair ſchoir was nexill for to tell.
Sir Rauf Rymont Capitane of Wiltoun was,
With greit power be nicht ordanit to pas.
On Wallace Oiſt to mak ſum Jeopardie,
Feill Scottis men that dwelt in that countrie.
Wiſt of this thing and gadderit to Wallace.
Thay maid him wyſe of all this felloun cace.
Gude Lundy than to him he callit thair,
And Hew the Hay of Lochorquhart was Air.
With thre thouſand that worthelie was wrocht,
Syne priuatlie on fra the Oiſt thay ſocht.
The men he tuik that come to him of new,
Gydis to be for thay the countrie knew.
The Oiſt he maid in gude quyet to be,
Ane ſpace fra thame he buſkit priuatlie.
Sir Rauf Rymont with ſeuin thouſand come in
On Wallace Oiſt ane Jeopardie did begin.
The buſchment brak or thay the Oiſt come neir,
On Sutheroun men the worthie Scottis can ſteir
Thre thouſand haill war braithlie wrocht to ground
Journey thay ſocht and ſickerlie hes found.
Sir Rauf Rymont was ſtikkit on ane ſpeir,

Thre thousand slane that worthie war in weir.
The Sutheroun wist quhen thair Chiftane was
To Miltoun fast thay fled in al thair mane. (slane
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualry.
Amang Sutheroun thay enterit suddanely.
Scottis and Inglis into the toun at anis,
Sutheroun men schot, & braithlie kest doun stanis.
Of thair awin men richt feill thair haue thay slane
The Scottis about that war of meikill mane.
Up Greillis ran, and seisit all the toun,
Deirly to deith the Sutheroun dang thay doun.
Wallace thair hes fundin full greit riches,
Jewellis and gold, wappinnis and harnes.
Spulzeit the toun of wyne and of vittaill,
To his Oist send with cariage of greit waill.
Thre dayis still within the toun he baid,
Syne brak doun wark, that worthelie was maid.
Wyfis and barnis thay put out of the toun,
Na man he sauit that was of that Natioun.
Quhen Scottis had tane and turfit thair desyre,
Wallis thay brak, and set the laik in fyre.
The tymmer wark thay brunt vp all in plane,
On the feird day to the Oist raid agane.
Gart cast ane dyke that micht sum strenthing be,
To keip the Oist fra suddane Jeopardie.
Than Inglismen was richt greitlie agast,
Fra North and South vnto thair king thay past.
At Dunfrayt lay, and held ane Parliament,
To gif battell the Lordis couth not consent.
Bot Wallace war of Scotland crownit king.
Thair counsaill sand it was ane perrillous thing.
For thocht thay wan, thay wan bot as thay wair,
And gif thay tynt, loist Ingland euer mair.

In

In cace it war put in the Scottis hand,
And this decreit thair wit amang thame fand.
Gif Wallace wald vpon him tak the Croun,
To gif battell thay suld be reddie boun.
The samin Message to him thay send agane,
And thair Intent thay tauld to him in plane.
Wallace thame chargeit fra his presence absent,
His counsaill callit and schew thame his Intent.
He and his men desyrit battell to haif,
Be onie wyse of Ingland ouir the laif.
Him self said first that war ane ouir hie thing,
Aganis my faith to reif my richteous King.
I am his man borne natiue of Scotland,
To weir the Croun I will not tak in hand.
To fend the Realme it is my det be skill,
Lat GOD aboue rewaird me as he will,
Sum bad Wallace vpon him tak the Croun,
Wyse men said nay it war derisioun.
To croun him King but voice of Parliament,
For thay wist not gif Scotland wald consent.
Vther sone said it was the wrangous place,
Thus demit thay of monie diuers cace.
The Knicht Campbell of wit ane worthie man,
As I said air with thame was present than.
Hard and answerit quhen monie said thair will,
This war the best wald Wallace grant thairtill.
To Croun him King solemnitlie for ane day,
To get ane end of all our lang delay.
The gude Erll Malcolme said that Wallace micht,
As for ane day in fence of Scotlandis richt.
Thocht he refuillit it lestandlie to beir,
Ressaue the Croun as into feir of weir.
The pepill all to him gaue thair consent,

Malcolme of auld was Lord of Parliament.
Zit Wallace thoillit and leit thame say yair will,
Quhen thay had demit be monie diuers skil.
In his awin mynd he abhorrit with this thing,
The commounis cryit mak Wallace crounit King.
Than semblit he and said it suld not be,
At termis schort ze get na mair of me.
Under cullour our answer we man mak,
Bot lic ane thing I will not on me tak.
I will zow suffer to say that it is swa;
It war ane scorne the croun on me to ta.
Thay wald not let the message of Inglaud,
Cum thame amang or thay suld vnderstand.
Twa knichtis past to the message agane,
Maid thame to trow Wallace was crounit in plane
Gart yame traist weill yat this was suithfast thing
Deliuerit thus thay passit to the King.
To Dunfret went and tauld that thay had sene.
Wallace crounit quhairof thay Lordis war tene.
In barret wor in Parliament quhair thay stude,
Than said thay all thir tythingis ar not gude.
He did sa weill in all thir tymes befoir,
And now thair King he will do mekill moir.
Ane fortunate man na thing gais him agane,
And we giue battell we sall repent with pane.
Ane vther said and battell will we haue.
Or stroy our land na tresour may vs saue.
In his conqueist sen first he couth begyn,
He sellis not, bot takis that he may wyn.
For Inglismen he settis na dome bot deid,
Wyse nor pennyis may mak vs na remeid.
And Wodstok sayis ze wirk not as the wyse,
Gif that ze tak the anter of suppryse.

For

For thocht we wyn all that ar in Ingland,
The laif ar ſtark aganis vs for to ſtand.
Be Wallace ſaid, vther thay compt bot ſmall,
For thy me think it wer the beſt of all.
To keip our ſtrenthis of Caſtellis & wallit toun,
Sa we ſall fend the folk of this Regioun.
Thocht Northy be brynt better of ſouerance to be,
Then ſet all Ingland in ane Jeopardie.
Thay grantit all as Wodſtok can thame ſay,
And thus thay put the battell to delay.
And keſt thame haill for vther gouernance,
Aganis Wallace to wirk ſum ordinance.
Thus Wallace hes in plaine diſcomfeiſt haill,
Aganis King Edward all his haill battaill.
For throw falſet and his ſubtilitie,
Thay thocht he ſuld for greit neceſſetie:
And falt of fude to ſteill out of the land.
Than this decreit thair wit amang thame fand.
Thay gart the King cry all thair merket doun,
Fra Trent and Tweid throughfair and fre toun.
That in thay boundis na man ſuld victuall leid,
Sic ſtuf or wyne vnder the paine of deid.
This ſame decreit thay gaif in Parliament,
Of Scottis furth to ſpeik is myne Intent.
Wallace lay ſtill quhill fourtie dayis wer gaine,
Abydand thame bot apperance ſaw he naine,
Battell to haue as thair promeis was maid,
He gart diſplay againe his baner braid.
Reprouit Edward richt greitlie of yis thing,
Bauchillit his Heill blew out on this fals King
As recryand turnit bak and zeid his gait,
Than Wallace maid full monie biggingis haitt.
Thay raiſit fyre brynt vp Northallertoun,

Malcolme of auld was Lord of Parliament.
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Quhen thay had demit be monie diuers skil.
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Bot sic ane thing I will not on me tak.
I will zow suffer to say that it is swa;
It war ane scorne the croun on me to ta.
Thay wald not let the message of Inglaud,
Cum thame amang or thay suld vnderstand.
Twa knichtis past to the message agane,
Maid thame to trow Wallace was crounit in plane
Gart yame traist weill yat this was suithfast thing
Deliuerit thus thay passit to the King.
To Dunfret went and tauld that thay had sene.
Wallace crounit quharof thay Lordis war tene.
In barret wor in Parliament quhair thay stude,
Than said thay all thir tythingis ar not gude.
He did sa weill in all thir tymes befoir,
And now thair King he will do mekill moir.
Ane fortunate man na thing gais him agane,
And we giue battell we sall repent with pane.
Ane vther said and battell will we haue.
Or stroy our land na tresour may vs saue.
In his conqueist sen first he couth begyn,
He sellis not, bot takis that he may wyn.
For Inglismen he settis na dome bot deid,
Pryse nor pennyis may mak vs na remeid.
And Wodstok sayis ze wirk not as the wyse,
Gif that ze tak the anter of suppryse.

For thocht we wyn all that ar in Ingland,
The laif ar stark aganis vs for to stand.
Be Wallace saik, vther thay compt bot small,
For thy me think it wer the best of all.
To keip our strenthis of Castellis & wallit town,
Sa we sall fend the folk of this Regioun.
Thocht Northy be brynt better of souerance to be,
Then set all Ingland in ane Jeopardie.
Thay grant it all as Wodstok can thame say,
And thus thay put the battell to delay.
And kest thame haill for vther gouernance,
Aganis Wallace to wirk sum ordinance.
Thus Wallace hes in plaine discomfeist haill,
Aganis king Edward all his haill battaill.
For throw falset and his subtilitie,
Thay thocht he suld for greit necessetie:
And falt of fude to steill out of the land.
Than this decreit thair wit amang thame fand.
Thay gart the king cry all thair merket doun,
Fra Trent and Tweid throughfair and fre toun.
That in thay boundis na man suld victuall leid,
Nic stuf or wyne vnder the paine of deid.
This same decreit thay gaif in Parliament,
Of Scottis furth to speik is myne Intent.
Wallace lay still quhill fourtie dayis wer gaine,
Abydand thame bot apperance saw he naine,
Battell to haue as thair promeis was maid,
He gart display againe his baner braid.
Reprouit Edward richt greitlie of yis thing,
Bauchillit his Heill blew out on this fals king
As recryand turnit bak and zeid his gait,
Than Wallace maid full monie biggingis hait.
Thay raisit fyre brynt vp Northallertoun,

Agane thrꝛow Zorꝛk schyre baldlie maid yame boũ.
Destroyit the land als far as euer thay ryde,
Seuin myle about thay brynt on ather syde.
And wꝛocht the Sutheroun monie wirkand wound
Palicis spilt greit Towres can confound.
Wedowis weipit with sorꝛowis in thair sang,
Madynnis murnit with greit meining amang.
Thay spairit nocht bot wemen and the Kirk,
The worthie Scottis of labour wald not irk.
Gaif to Abbayis richt largelie of tha ir gude,
To all Kirk men thay did nathing bot gude,
The tempꝛall land thay spuilzeit at thair will,
Gude Gardingis gayis greit Orchartis thay spill.
To Zorꝛk thay went thir weirmen of Renoun,
Ane Seige thay set richt sadlie to the Toun.
For greit defence thay garneist thame within,
Ane fellown sault without thay can begin.

☞ The Seige of Zork. CA. IIII.

DEuydit the Oist in four partis about,
With watches fell that na man suld Ischeout.
Abone the toun vpon the south part syde,
Thair Wallace and gude Lundie did abyde.
Erll Malcolme syne at the west zet abaid,
With him the Boyd yat gude Iourneyis had maid.
The knicht Campbell of Lochow that was Lord,
At the Northzet and Ramsay maid thame ford.
Sir Johne the Grahãe that worthie was in weir,
Auchinlek, Craufurd with full manlie affeir.
At the eist port baldlie thay think to byde.
Ane thowsand Archearis vpon the Scottis syde.
Diseuerit yame amang the fourt party,

Syne

Fyue thowſand bowmen in the toun for thy.
Within the wallis arrayit thame full richt,
Twelf thowſand ma that ſemelie was to ſicht.
Than ſaid Wallace and zone wer on ane plaine,
Infeild to fecht me think we ſuld be faine.
Than ſailzeit thay richt faſt on euerie ſyde,
The worthie Scottis that baldlie durſt abyde.
With ſpeir and ſcheild for gunnis had thay naine,
Within the dykis that gart feill Sutheroun graine.
Arrowis thay ſchot richt feirs as ony fyre,
Out ouir the wallis that flawmit in greit Ire.
Throw birneis bricht with heidis of fyne ſteill.
The Sutheroun blude of freindſchip naine pat feill.
Our ſchynnand harnes fecht the blude ſa ſchene,
The Inglifmen that cruell wer and kene.
Keipit thair toun and kendit thame full faſt,
Faggaldis of fyre amang the Oiſt thay caſt.
With pik and tar of feill Sowis thay ſent,
Monie wer hurt or thay fra the wallis went.
Stanis of Springhaldis thay did caſt out ſa faſt,
And gaddis of Irne with monie grome agaſt.
Bot neuertheles the Scottis that wer without,
The toun full oft thay ſet into greit dout.
Thair Bulwerk brynt richt brymlie of the toun,
Thair Barrikin wan & greit garrettis keſt doun.
Thus ſailzeit thay on ilk ſyde with greit micht,
The day was gaine and cumming was the nicht.
The werie Oiſt than drew thame fra the toun,
Set out wachis for reſting maid thaine boun.
Weſch woundis with wyne of pãe pat was vnſoũd
For naine was deid of greit mirth thay abound.
Feill men wer hurt bot na murning thay maid,
Confirmit the Seige and ſteidfaſtlie thay baid.

Quhen that the Sone in morrow rais vp bricht,
Befoir the Chiftanis assemblit thay full richt.
And said amendis of the toun thay suld tak,
For all the fence that the Sutheroun micht mak.
Arrayit againe as thay began befoir,
About the toun thay sailzie wounder soir.
With felloun schot out ouir the wallis full schene
Feill Inglismen that cruell wer and kene.
With schot wer slaine for all thair targis strang,
Bristit helmys monie to ground thay dang.
Brym bymand fyre thay west to euerie zet,
The entres thus in perrell oft thay set.
The defenderis wer of full greit defence,
Keipit thair toun throw strenth and violence.
All thus the day thay draif vnto the nicht,
To Pauillounis bownit than monie werie wicht.
All Irk of weir the toun was strang to win.
Of artailzie and Nobill men within.
Quhen pat thay trowit ye Scottis men wer at rest,
For Jeopardie the Inglismen thame kest.
Sir Johne Mortoū was knawin worthy a wicht,
Sir Williame Leis than graithit thame that nicht
With fyue thowsand weill garneist and sauage,
Upon the Scottis thay thocht to mak skirmage.
And at the zet Ischit out haistelie,
On Erll Malcolme and his gude Chevalrie.
To chak the watche Wallace and ten hes bene,
Rydand about and hes thair cumming sene.
He gart ane blaw was in his cumpanie,
The reddie men arrayit thame haistelie.
Feill of the Scottis Ilk nicht in harnes baid,
Be ordinance for thay sic reull had maid.
With schort auyse togither ar thay went,

Vpon

Vpon thair fais quhair feill Sutheronn was schent
Wallace knew weill the Erll to haistie was,
For thy he sped him in the preis to pas.
Ane sword of weir into his hand he bair,
The first he hit the craig in sunder schair.
Ane vther akwart than on the face tuik he,
Baith neis and front in the feild gart he fle.
The hardie Erll befoir his men out past,
Into the preis quhair feill wer fechtand fast.
Ane scheiraud sword he bair drawin in hand,
The first was fey that he befoir him fand.
Quhen Wallace and he was togither set.
Thair lestit nane againe thame that thay met.
Bot outher deid or ellis fled thame fray,
Be this the Dist all in ane gude array.
With the greit sery assemblit thame about,
Than stuid the Sutheroun into ane felloun dout.
Wallace knew weill the Inglismen wald fle,
For thy he preissit in the thickest to be.
Hewand full fast, on quhome sa euer he socht,
Aganis his dynt syne steill auaillit nocht.
Wallace of hand sen Arthur had na maik,
Quhome he richt hit was ay deid at ane straik.
That was weill knawin in monie places quhair,
Quhõe Wallace hit yai deirit ye Scottis na mair.
Als all his men did cruellie and weill,
That come to straikis that mieht ȳ Sutheroũ feill
The Inglismen fled and left the feild plainelie,
The worthie Scottis wrocht thair sa hardelie.
Sir Johne Mortoun in that place he was deid,
And twelf hundreth but ony mair remeid.
Thir monie wer left into the feild and slaine,
The laif returnit into the toun againe.

And rewit full fair, ꝙ euir thay furth culd found,
Amang thame was full monie ane werkād wound.
The Dist againe Ik ane to thair waird raid,
Commandit watche and na mair noyis maid.
Bot restit still quhill that the bricht day dew
Againe began the toun to sailzie new.
All this thay wrocht with full greit worthines,
Assailzeit sair be wit and hardines.
The Distis victall worth skant and failzeit fast,
Thus lay thay thair quhill diuers dayis war past.
The land waistit and meit nane was to win,
Bot that wist not the folk that was within.
Thay dred full sair that thair awin vennysoun,
For Souerance prayit the power of the toun.
To speik with Wallace thay than desyrit fast:
And he appeirit and speirit quhat thay ast.
The Mair answerit we wald pay zow ransoun,
To pas zour way and deir na mair our toun.
Greit schame it wer that we suld zoldin be,
And tounis haldin of les power than we.
Ze may not win vs lang thocht that ze byde,
We sall giue gold, and ze sall fra vs ryde.
We may gif battell, durst we for our king,
Sen he hes left it wer ouir hie ane thing.
To vs to do, without his ordinance,
This toun of him we hald in gouernance.
Wallace answerit of zour gold rek we nocht,
It is for battell that we heir hidder socht.
We had leuer haue battell of Ingland,
Than all the gold that gude king Arthur fand.
On mont Michell, quhen he ye Gyant slew,
Gold may be gaine, bot worschip is ay new.
The king promeist that we suld battell haif,

His writ thairto vnder his Seill thay gaif.
Letter or band ze se may nocht awaill,
Vs for this tyme of him to get battaill.
We think we suld on his men wrokin be,
Upon our kin monie greit wrang wrocht he.
His deuill lyke deid he wrocht into Scotland,
The Wair said Sir richt thus we vnderstand.
We haue na charge quhat our king garris vs do,
Bot in this kynd we sall be bound zow to.
Sum part of gold to gif zow with gude will,
And nocht efter to wait zow with naine Ill.
Be na kin meane the power of this toun,
Bot gif our king mak him to battell boun.
Into the Dist wes monie worthie man
With Wallace, ma nor rekkin now I can.
Better it was for at his will thay wrocht.
Thocht he was best zit vther lak we nocht.
All seruit thank to Scotland euer mair,
For manlyke wit, the quhilk thay schewit thair.
The haill counsell thus demit thame amang,
The toun to seige thay thocht it was to lang.
And nocht ane way to win it with na slicht,
The counsell fand it was the best thay micht,
Sum gold to tak, sen that we get na mair,
Syne furth away into thair veyage fair.
Than Wallace said, my self will not consent,
Bot gif this toun mak vs this plaine content:
Tak our baner and set it on the wall,
For our power thair Realme hes riddin all.
Foldin to be quhen we think thame to tak,
In Ingland lang residence and we mak.
This answer sone, thay send vnto the Wair,
And thay consentit the remanent that was thair.

The baner tuik vp and set it on the toun,
To Scotland was hie honour and Renoun.
The baner thair fra aucht houris vnto none,
Thair finance maid deliuerit gold full sone.
Fyue thousand pundis, all gude gold of Ingland,
The Oist resauit with vittaill aboundand.
Baith breid and wyne richt glaidlie furth yat gaif,
And vther stuf that thay lykit to haif.
Twentie dayis out the Oist remainit thair,
Bot want of wittaill gart thame fra it fair.
Zit still in peice the Oist ludgeit all that nicht,
Quhill on the morne the Sone was rissin bricht.
In till Ayrdl amang thir schawis schene,
Quhen that the ground was cled with tender grene
Plesand it wer to ony creature,
In lustie lyfe this tyme for to Indure.
The gude wemen had fredome largely,
Bot fude was skant thay micht get nane to by.
Turlit vp Tentis and in the cuntrie raid,
On Inglismen full greit heirschip thay maid.
Brynt and brak doun, biggingis spaird thay nocht,
Richt worthie Wallace law to the ground yáe brocht
All Mydlame land thay brynt vp in ane fyre,
Brak Parkis doun, destroyit all the Schyre.
Wylde Deir thay slew, for vther beistis was nane,
Thir weirmen tuik of vennesoun gude wane.
Towart the South thay turnit at the last,
Maid biggingis bair, als far as euer thay past.
The commounis all to Londoun ar thay went,
Befoir the King and tauld him thair Intent.
And said thay wald, bot he gart Wallace ceis,
Forsaik thair faith and tak thame to his peis.
Na Herald thair than durst to Wallace pas,

Quhairof

Quhairof the king greitlie agreuit was.
Thus Edward left his pepill into baill,
Contrair Wallace he wald not gif battaill.
Nor byde in feild for nocht that thay culd say,
Gaif ouir the caus to Loundoun past his way.
At men of wit this questioun heir I as,
Amang Nobillis gif euer onie was:
Sa lang in Ingland throw force or throw cace,
Sen Brutus deit, but battall bot Wallace.
Greit Julius the Impyre had in hand,
Zit twyse on force was put out of Ingland.
With Arthur als first of weir quhen he preuit,
Twyse did thay fecht suppois yai wer mischeuit
Awfull Edward durst not for Wallace byde,
In ane plaine battell for all Ingland sa wyde.
In Londoun lay, and tuik him to his rest,
And brak his vow, quhilk hald ze for the best.
Deme as ze list gude men of discretioun,
Richt cleir it is to resolue this questioun.
To my sentence now breiflie will I pas,
Quhen Wallace thus throw Forth schyre journeyād
Uttell as than was nane left in the land, (was.
Bot in houslis quhair it micht be warrand.
The Dist heirof abaillit was to byde,
Fra fude skantit, na plesance was that tyde.
Sum bad turne haime, and sum wald farthermair,
Wallace callit Joy, and said to him richt thair:
Thow knawis the land quhair maist abūdance is,
Be thow our gyde and than we sall not mis.
Uttell to find, that I wait wounder weill,
Thow bes I traist in Ingland meikill feill.
The king and his to stark strenthis ar gaine,
Bot Jeopardie now perrell haue we naine.

Than Jop said sir be ze gydit be me.
The plentiest part of Ingland ze sall se.
Of wyne and quheit than is in Rochmont Schyre
And vther stuf of fude as ze desyre.
Quhairof I trow ze sall be weill content,
The Oist was glaid and hidderwart thay went.
Monie trew Scot was semblit in that land,
To Wallace come weill ma than nyne thowsand.
Of pyesoun part sum had in labour wrocht,
Fra ather part full fast to him thay socht.
Wallace was blyith of our awin nature kin,
That come to him of baill that thay war in.
And all the Oist of comfort was blythar,
Fra thair awin folk was multipliand mair.
In Rochemont Schyre thay fand abundance;
Of breid and aill, with vther purueyance.
Brak Parkis doun, and slew beistis monie ane,
Of wylde and tame forsuith thay spairit nane.
Throw out the land thay past in gude array,
Ane semelie place sa fand thay in thair way.
Quhilk Ramiswauch hecht as Jop him self fand
Fehew was Lord, and Capitane in that hauld.
Fyue hundreth men war semblit in that place,
To saue thair self and thair gude fra Wallace.
Ane Royall steid fast by the Forest syde,
With Turatis fair and Garratis of greit pryde.
Beildit about richt lyklie to be wieht,
With fyue greit Towris weill biggit to the hieht.
Feill men about on wallis buskit bene,
In gude armour that birneist was full schene.
The Oist past by, and besyit bot that place,
Sit thay within on loud defyit Wallace.
And Trumpetis blew, with mony weirlyke soun.

Than

Than Wallace said had we zone gallandis doun:
On the plaine ground, thay wald mair sober be,
Than Jop said Sir, ze gart his brother de.
In Herald weid ze wait in Tynto hill,
Wallace answerit sa wald I with gude will.
Had I him selk, bot we may not him deir,
Gude men man thoill of harlotis scorne in weir.
Sir Johne ye Grahame wald at ane bikker bene
Bot Wallace sone the perrell he s foirsene.
Commandit him to let his feirsnes be,
We haue na men to waist in sic degre.
Wald we thame harme, I knaw ane vther gait,
How we with fyre, within sall mak thame hait.
For fyre hes bene ay felloun into weir,
On sic ane place, it may do lytill deir.
Thair bulwark auld, I se of widdderit ask,
Wer it in fyre, thay micht not stand ane straik.
Houslis and wod, heir is aneuch plentie,
Quha hewis best of this forest let se.
Bull houslis doun, we sall not wane a deill,
The auld tymmer, will gar the grene byrn weill.
At his commandfull beselie thay wrocht
Greit wod in haist about the place thay brocht.
The Bulwark wan thir men of armis bricht,
To the Warmbin layit tymmer vp on hicht.
Than bowmen schot, to keip thame fra the rask,
Bot thay about had lestinit fyris fask.
Wemen and barnes, on Wallace lowd thay cry,
On kneis thay fell, and askit him mercy.
At ane quarter quhair fyre had not ouirtane,
Thay tuik thame out fra that Castell of stane.
Syne bet the fyre with brandis brym and bald,
The reid low raise full hie aboue that hald.

Barrellis of pik for fence was hungin thair,
All straik in fyre thair mischeif was the mair.
Quhen the byrne fyre atouir the place was past,
Than yai within micht nouther schout nor cast
Als bestiall of nolt and hors within,
Amang the fyre thay maid ane hiddeous din.
The armit men in harnes was sa hait,
Sum doung to ground duschit but mair debait.
Sum lay, sum fell into the felloun fyre,
Smorit to deith and brynt vp baine and lyre.
The fyre brak in at all opinnis about,
Nane baid on loft sa felloun was the dout.
Fehew him self lap rudelie fra the hicht,
Throw all the fyre can on the Barmkin licht.
With ane gude sword Wallace straik of his heid,
Iop hint it vp and rurrit it fra that steid.
Fyue hundreth men that was into that place,
Gat nane away bot deid withouttin grace.
Wallace baid still without his power that nicht,
Upon the morne the fyre had failzeit micht.
Befoir the zet quhair it was brynt on breid,
Ane rod thay maid and to the Castell zeid.
Straik doun the zet & tuik quhat thay micht win,
Iowellis and gold greit riches was thairin
Spuilzeit the place and left nocht ellis thair,
Bot beistis, brynt bodyis and wallis bair.
Than tuik thay hir that wyfe was to Fehew,
Gaif hir command as scho was woman trew:
To turs that heid to Londoun to King Edward,
Scho it ressauit with grejt sorrow in hart.
Wallace him self thir charges to hir gaif,
Say to zour King, bot gif I battell haif:
At Londoun zettis we sall assemblit sair,

In

In this moneth we think for to be thair.
Traist in the treuth will God we sall not faill,
Bot I desire throw charge of our counsaill,
The Southwest part of Ingland we sall se.
Bot he seis peice or ellis bergane with me.
Upon ane tyme he chargit me on this wyis,
Richt buskousslie to mak to him seruice.
Sic sall he haue as he vs caus hes maid,
Than mouit thay withouttin mair abaid.
Delyuerit scho was fra this Chevalrie,
Towart Londoun scho dicht hir eirnestlie.
Unto the toun but mair proces scho went,
Quhair Edward lay fair mouit in his Intent
His Nevoys heid quhen he saw it was brocht,
Sa greit sorrow sadlie vpon him socht.
With greit vneis vpon his feit he stude,
Weipand in wo for his deir tender blude.
The Counsall rais and prayit him to seis,
We lois Ingland bot gif we purches peis.
Than Wodstok said this is my best counsaill,
Tak peice ane tyme as for our awin availl.
Or we tyne mair we slaik of our curage,
Efter ze may get help be zour barnage.
The king grantit and bad thame Message send,
Na man was thair that durst to Wallace wend.
The Quene appeirit, and saw this greit distance,
Weill borne scho was of the richt blude of France.
Scho trowit weill thairfoir to speid the eirair,
Hir self purpoisit in that Message to fair.
Als scho forthocht that the king tuik on hand,
Againe the richt sa oft to reif Scotland.
And feill men said the vengeance hapnit fair
Of greit murther his men maid into Air.

Thus demit thay the counsall thame amang,
To this effect the Quene bownit to gang.
Quhen scho hes sene ilk man forsaik this thing,
On kneis scho fell and asait at the king.
Souerane scho said gif it your willis be,
That I desyre zone Chiftane for to se.
For he is knawin baith hardie, wyse and trew,
Perchance he wald erer on wemen rew
Than on zour men thay haue done him se deir,
Quhen he thame seis it mouis him ay to weir.
It may not skaith suppois I do na baith,
To help this land I wald mak my trauaill.
The Lordis all of hir desyre was faine,
Unto the king maid Instance into plaine.
That scho micht pas, the king with atwart will
Half into Ire begaif consent thairtill.
Sum of thame said the Quene suld Wallace,
For the greit boyce of hie his Nobilnes
Ane hardie man that is lykkie withall,
Greit fauour will of Fortoun to him fall.
Anent wemen is sene in monie place,
Sa happinnit it in this tyme of Wallace
In his rysing he was ane luifer trew,
And cherist ane bot Inglismen hir slew.
Fit said thay nocht the Quene wald on hir tak,
As for his luif sic trauell for to mak.
Now lyik or leif or for help of thair land,
I mak reheirs as I in Scripture fand.
Scho graithit hir vpon ane gudelie wyse,
With gold and geir and folk at hir deuyse.
Ladyis with hir naine vther wald thay send,
And auld Preistis that weill the cuntrie kend.
Leif I the Quene to Message reddis dicht

And

And ſpeik farther of Wallace trauell richt.

THe worthy Scottis amãg thair enemeis raid
Deſtructioun greit vpon thame haif yai maid
Waiſtit the land about on ather ſyde,
Na weirmen than durſt in thair wayis byde.
Thay ranſonit naine bot to ye deith thame dicht,
In monie ſteid maid fyris braid and bricht.
The Oiſt was blyith and in ane gude eſtait,
Na power thair was that wald mak thame debait
Greit richeſ wan of gold and gude thairtill,
Leuing aneuch to tak at thair awin will.
In awkuli feir thay trauell throw the land,
Maid biggingis bair that thay befoir thame fand.
Greit Barmkinnis brak of ſteidis ſtark a ſtrang,
Thir wicht weirmen of trauell thocht not lang.
South in the land richt eirneſtlie thay ſocht,
To Sanct Albanis bot harme yair did thay nocht.
The Pryour ſend thame wyne and beniſoun,
Refreſhit the Oiſt with fude in greit ſuſioun.
The nicht appeirit quhen thay wer at yat place,
Thay herbreit than ira thine ane lytill ſpace.
Cheſit ane ſteid quhair thay ſuld byde all nicht,
Tentis on ground and Pauillounis proudlie picht.
Into ane baill beſyde ane Riuer fair,
On ather ſyde quhair wyld beiſtis maid repair.
Set wathis out that wyſelie couth thame keip.
To ſupper went and tymouſlie couth ſleip.
Of meit and drink thay ceis with ſuffiſance,
The nicht was ſchort ouirdrait the dirkfull chance.

How the Quene of Ingland come to ſpeik with Wallace. CAP. V.

The merie day ſprang fra the Orient,
With bemis bricht Illumint the Occident.
Eſter Tytan Phebus bryſit fair,
Heich in the Spheir the Signis maid declair.
Zephirus began his michtie morrow cours,
The ſweit vapour did fra the ground reſours.
The donk dew doun fra the heuin did vaill
In euerie meid baith Firth, Foreſt and dail.
The freſche Reuer amang the Roches rang,
Throw greine branchis quhair birdis blythly ſang
With Joyous voyce in heuinlie harmony,
Than Wallace thocht it was na tyme to ly.
He bliſſit him ſyne ſuddanelie vp he raiſ,
To tak the air out of his Tent he gais.
Maiſter Johne Blair was reddie haiſtelie,
To Goddis ſeruice bownit richt reuerentlie.
Quhen that was done Wallace couth him array,
In his armour quhilk was baith gude and gay.
His ſchynand ſcheild that birneiſt was full bene,
His leg harnes that claſpit was full clene.
Pulanis greis he claſpit on full faſt,
Ane cloiſ birny with monie ſicker caſt.
Breiſt plait Braſſaris that worthie wer in weir,
Beſyde him furth Jop couth his Baſnet beir.
His glitterand gluiſſis grauin on ather ſyde,
He ſemit weill in battell for to byde.
Ane gude girdell and ſyne ane butrie brand,
Ane ſtaf of ſteill he grippit in his hand.
The Biſt him bliſſit and prayit God of his grace,
Him to conuoy fra all miſtemperit race
Adam Wallace and Boyd furth with him zeid,
Endlang one Riuer out throw ane ſhureiſt meid.
And as thay walk atour the feildis grene.

Out

Out of the South yai saw quhair yat the Quene.
Towart the Oist come rydand soberly,
Fyftie Ladyis war in hir company.
Wailit of wit and demit of Renoun,
Sum wedowis war and sum of Religioun.
And seuin Preistis that war enterit in age,
Wallace to sit did neuer greit outrage.
Bot gif to him thai maid ane greit offence,
Thus thai approchit on towart thair presence.
At the Pauilioun quhair thai the Lyoun saw,
To ground thai licht and syne on kneis thai saw.
Prayand for peice thai cry with pietous cheir,
Erll Malcolme said our Chiftane is not heir.
He bad hir ryse and said it is not richt,
Ane Quene on kneis to bow to lawer wicht.
Up be the hand the gude Erll hes hir tane,
Attour the bent to Wallace ar thai gane.
Quhen scho him saw scho wald haue kneillit doun,
In armes sone he claucht yis Quene with Croun.
And kissit hir without tin wordes moir,
Sa did he neuer to na Sutheroun befoir.
Madame he said richt welcum mot ze be,
How pleisit zow our Disting for to se.
Richt weill scho said of freindschip we haue neid,
GOD grant ze will our errand weill to speid.
Sukker we mon suppois it lyke vs Ill,
Bot traistis weill it is contrair our will.
Ze sall remaine with this Lord I mon gang
Fra zour presence we sall not tarie lang.
The Erll and he vnto the Pauilioun zeid,
With gude auyse to deme mair of this deid,
The counsall sone Wallace gart call thame to,
Lordis he said wait ze quhat is ado.

Of thair cumming my self bes na plesance,
And thairfoir man we wirk with ordinance.
Wemen may be contempning into weir,
Amang fuillis that can not thame forbeir.
I say not this, be thir, or be the Quene,
I trow it be bot gude that scho will mene.
Exempill tak of lang tyme passit by,
At Runsy vaill the tressoun was plainely.
Be wemen maid that Ganzelone with him brocht,
And Turky wyne forbeir than couth thai nocht.
Lang vse in weir gart thame desyre thair will,
Quhilk brocht King Charlis to felloun lois & Ill.
The flour of France without redemptioun,
Throw that foull deid was brocht to confusioun.
Command zour men thairfoir in priuat wyse,
On pane of lyfe thai wirk not on sic gyse.
Nane speik with thame bot wyse men of greit vaill,
That Lordis ar and sworne to this counsaill.
His charge thai did als gudelie as thai mocht
This ordinance throw all the Oist was wrocht.
He and the Erll baith to the Quene thai went,
Resauit hir sais and brocht hir to ane Tent.
To Dener bounit als gudelie as thai can,
And seruit was with monie liklie man.
Gude purueyance the Quene had with hir brocht,
Ane assay scho tuik of all that gude hir thocht.
Wallace persauit and said we haue na dreid,
I can not trow Ladyis will do that deid.
To poysoun men all Ingland for to wyn,
The Quene answerit gif poysoun be thairin:
Of ony thing quhilk is brocht heir with me,
Upon my self first sorrow ze sall se.
Done efter meit ane Marschell gart all absens

Bot

Bot Lordis and that that to the counsall went.
Ladyis appeirit in presence with the Quene,
Wallace askit quhat hir cumming micht mene.
For peice scho said that we haue to zow socht,
This bynnand weir in baill hes monie brocht.
Ze grant vs peice for him that deit on tre,
Wallace answerit Madame that may not be.
Ingland hes done sa greit harmis to vs,
We may not pas and lichtlie leif it thus.
Zes said the Quene for cristin folk we ar,
For GODDIS saik sen we desyre na mair.
We aucht haue peice. He said that we deny,
The perfyte caus that sall I schaw for quhy.
Ze seik na peice bot for zour awin auaill,
Quhen that zour king had Scotland grippit haill,
For na kin thing that he befor him fand,
He wald not thoill the richt blude in our land.
Bot reft thair rent syne put thame selfis to deid,
Ransoun of gold micht mak vs na remeid.
His fell fals weir sall on him self be sene,
Than soberlie to him answerit the Quene.
Of thir wrangis amendis war maist fair,
Madame he said of him we ask na mair.
Bot that he wald byde vs into battaill,
And GOD be Judge he kennis the mater haill.
Sic thing scho said it war not gude think me,
Peice now war best and it micht purchest be.
Wald ze grant peice and trewis with vs tak,
Throw all Ingland we suld gar prayeris mak:
For zow and thame that in the weir wer loist.
Than Wallace said quhair sic cumis throw boist.
Prayer of force quhair sa that it be wrocht,
To vs helpis outher lytill or than nocht.

Warlie scho said thus wyse men hes vs kend,
Ay efter weir peice is the finall end.
Quhairfoir ze suld of zour greit malice ceis,
The end of weir is cheritie and peis.
Peice is in heuin with blis and lestandnes,
We sall beseik the Lord of his hie grace.
To command peice sen we may do na mair,
Madame he said or zour prayer cum thair.
Wendis of Ingland we think than for to haue,
Quhat set zow thus on weir sa GOD zow saue.
Fra violent weir that ze think not to dwell,
Madame he said the treuth I sall zow tell.
Eftir the dait of Alexanderis King,
Our land thrie zeir stude desolat but king.
Keipit full weill at concord in gude stait,
Throw twa pat clamit pair happit greit debait.
Sa eirnistlie accord thame not thai can,
Zour king thai askit for to be thair ouir man.
Schir he said in strenthis of Scotland,
The Kynrik syne he tuik at his awin hand.
He maid ane king aganis our richteous Law,
For he of him suld haue the Regioun aw.
Contrair this band war all the haill barnage,
For Scotland zit was neuer in thirlage.
Greit Julius that tribute tuik of all,
His wynning wes in Scotland bot richt small.
Than zour fals king vnder cullour but mair,
Throw band he maid to Bruce that is our Air.
Vndid that king quhilk he befoir had maid,
Throw all Scotland with greit power thai raid.
To Bruce sen syne he keipit na cumand,
He said he wald not gang to conqueis land:
To vther men and thus the race befell,

Then

Than Scotland throw he demanit him fell:
Slew our Elderis, greit pytie was to tie,
In preſone ſyne, lang tyme thay preſonit me,
Quhill I was than callin out for deid,
Thankit be God he ſend me ſum remeid.
Vengit to be, I preuit all my micht,
Feill of that kin, to deith ſyne haue I dicht.
The rage of zouth gart me deſyre ane wyfe,
That rewit I ſair, and will do all my lyfe.
Ane tratour knycht but mercie gart hir die,
Ane Heſſilrig, bot for deſpyte of me.
Than ran I furth in trauell weir and pane,
Quhill we redemit part of our land agane.
Than zour counſall deſyrit of vs ane trew,
Quhilk maid Scotland full graithly for to rew.
Into that peice thay ſet ane ſubtill Air,
Than quhilk ſcoir to deith thay hangit thair,
That Nobillis war, and worthie of Renoun,
Of coit armouris, eldeſt in that Regioun.
That deith we think to wenge in all our micht.
The woman als, that duilfullie was dicht.
Out of my mynde that deith will neuer flyde,
Quhill God me tak fra this falſ warld ſa wyde.
On Sutheroun ſen, I can no pitie haue:
Four men in weir I neuer think to ſaue.
The bricht teiris was pitie to behald,
Brift fra his eyne quhen he his taill had tald.
The Quene weipit for pitie of Wallace,
Allace ſcho ſaid wa worth the wickit cace.
In waryit tyme that Heſſilrig was borne,
Monie worthie throw his deith ar forlorne.
He ſuld haue pane that ſaikles ſic ane ſleuch,
Ingland ſen ſyne hes bocht it deir aneuch.

Thocht scho had bene ane Quene or ane Princes,
Madame he said, als God giue me gude grace.
Princes or Quene of quhat statt sa thay be,
Into hir tyme, scho was als deir to me.
Wallace said scho, of this talk we will ceis,
The mendis heirof is gude prayer and peis.
I grant he said, of me as now na mair,
This is richt nocht, bot eiking of our cair.
The Quene fand weill language na thing hir bet,
Scho trowit with gold that he micht be ouerset.
Thre thousand pund of fynest gold so reid,
Scho gart be brocht to Wallace in that steid.
Madame he said, na sic tribute we craue,
Ane vther mendis we wald of Ingland haue.
Or we returne fra this Regioun agane,
Of zour fals blude that hes our Elderis slane.
For all the gold and riches of zour King,
Ze get na peice but desire of zour King.
Quhen scho saw weill gold micht hir nocht releif,
Sum part in sport scho thocht him for to preif.
Wallace said scho, ze war clepit my luke,
Mair abundantlie I maid me for to pruke.
Traisting thairfoir zour rancour for to slaik,
Me think ze suld do sum thing for my saik.
Richt wiselie he maid answer to the Quene,
Madame, he said, and veritie war sene,
That ze me luikit, I aucht luke zow agane:
Thir wordis all ar nathing bot in vane.
In speiche of luke subtill ze Sutheroun ar:
Ze can vs mock, suppois we get na mair
To tak ane liking, and syne get na plesance,
Sic luke as that is nathing to auance.
In Londoun scho said, for zow I sufferit blame.

Quh

Our counſall als will lauch quhen I cum hame.
Sa may they ſay wemen ar feirs of thocht,
To ſeik freindſhip and ſyne can get richt nocht.
Madame we wait how ze wer hidder ſend,
Ze trow we haue bot lytill for to ſpend.
Firſt with zour gold, for ze ar riche I wis,
Ze wald ws blind, ſen Scottis ar ſo nys.
Syne pleſand wordes ef zow, and Ladyis fair,
As quha ſuld driue the byrdes to ane ſnair.
With ane quhiſſill pype, for it will freſchyeſt call,
Madame as zit, ze may not tempt ws all.
Greit part of gude is left amang our kyn,
In Ingland als we find anewch to wyn.
Abaiſſit ſho was, to mak anſueir him till,
Weir Schir ſcho ſaid, ſen that it is zour will.
Weir or peice, quhat that zow lykis beſt,
Lat zour hie wit, and gude counſall degeſt.
Madame, he ſaid, now ſall ze vnderſtand,
The reſſoun quhy that I will mak na band.
With zow Ladyis, I can na trewis bynd,
For zour fals king wald ſone heirefter fynd:
Quhen he ſaw tyme to breik it at his will:
And plainlie ſay he grantit not thairtill.
Than had we nane bot Ladyis to repruſe,
That ſall nocht be, be God that ſittis abuſe.
Upon wemen I will na weir begin,
On zow in feild na worſchip is to win.
All the haill pais on him ſelf he ſall tak,
Of peice or weir, quhat we happin to mak.
The Quene grantit this anſwer ſufficient:
Sa did the lark in plane that was preſent.
His deliuerance thay held of greit auaill,
And ſtark anewch, to ſchaw to thair counſaill.

Wa was the Quene hir trauell helpit nocht,
The gold scho tuik that thay had with hir brocht,
Into the Oist richt frelie scho it gaif,
To euerie man that lykit for to haif.
Menstrallis and Heraldes scho gaue abundantlie
Beseikand thame hir freind that they wald be.
Than Wallace saw the fredome of the Quene,
Sadlie he said the suith weill hes bene sene.
Wemen may tempt the wyseſt hes bene wrocht,
Zour greit gentrice it sall not be for nocht.
We zow assure our Oist sall do nathing,
Quhill tyme ze may send message fra zour King,
Giue it be swa that he accord and we,
Than for zour saik it sall the better be.
Zour Heraldis als sall sauflie cum and ga,
For zour fredome we sall trubill na ma.
Scho thankit him of his grant monie syse,
And all Ladies vpon ane gudly wyse.
Gladly thay drank the Quene and gude Wallace,
Hir Ladies als, and Lordes in that place.
Hir leif scho tuik for outtin langer baid,
Fyue myle that nicht south to ane Nonry raid.
Upon the morne to London passit thay,
In Westmynster quhair that the counsall lay
Wallace answer scho gart schaw to the King,
It neidis not heir now mair rehers this thing.
The greit commend that scho to Wallace gaif
Before the King in presence of the laif.
To trew Scottis it suld greitlie appleis,
Thocht Inglischmen thairof had lytill eis.
Of worschip, wit, manheid and gouernance:
Of fredome, treuth key of remembrance.
Scho callit him thair into thair hie presence

Thocht

Thocht contrair thame, he stude at his defence.
Sa Chiftane like scho sayis, as he is sene,
Into Ingland I trow hes neuer bene.
Wald ze of gold gif him this Realmes rent,
Fra honour he will nocht turne his Intent.
Allouerit ze ar, quhill ze may message mak,
Of wise Lordis some part I reid zow tak.
To purches peice withouttin wordis mair,
For all Ingland may rew his raid full sair.
Zour Heralds ais, to pas to him hes leif,
In all his Oist thair sall no man thame greif.
Than thankit thay the Quene for hir trawell,
The King and Lordis that wer of his counsell.
Of hir answeir ye King appeillit was,
Than thrie greit Lords thay ordanit to pas:
Thair counsell haill hes fund it for the best,
Trewis to tak or ellis thay get no rest.
Ane Herald went in all the haist he may,
To Auane waill, quhair that the Scottis lay.
Conduct to haue, till thay had said thair will,
The counsall some ane Conduct send thame till:
Agane he past with Souerance to his King,
Than cheillit thay thrie Lordis for this thing.
The kene Cliffurd, that than wes Vardane haill
Bewmont, Vodstock, all men of mekill waill.
Quhat thir thrie wrocht, the tail sald stand pairtill
The Kingis self hes giuin thame at thair will.
Sone thay wer brocht to speaking with Wallace,
Vodstok him schawit furth monie subtill cace.
Wallace hes hard thair Sophysmis euerilk deill.
As zit he said, me think we mene bot weill.
In wrang ze hald, and dois ws greit outrage,
Of houssis part that is our heritage.

Out of this peice, in plane I mak thame knawin
Thame for to wyn, sen that thay ar our awin.
Rorburgh Berwik, that ou ris lang tyme hes bene,
Into the handes of your fals king I wene.
We ask heir als be wertew of this band,
Our awin young king be wrang led fra Scotland,
We sall thame haue without tin wordes mair,
To his desyre the Lordes grantit thair.
Richt at his will thay haue consentit haill,
For na kyn thing, the peice thay wald nocht faill.
The young Randall, that than in London was,
The Lord of Lorne in this band he can as.
The Erll of Buchane bot than in tender age,
Efter he grew one man of greit vassallage
Cunyng and Foullis he gart delyuer als,
Quhilk efter was, to king Robert full fals.
Wallange fled ouer, and durst not byde that mute,
In Picardie to ask him was na bute.
Bot he wald erer haue had that fals knicht,
Than ane thowsand of fynest gold sa bricht.
The Bruce he askit, bot he was had away,
Befoir that tyme, to Calice mony ane day.
King Edward preuit that thay micht not him get,
Of Gloceſter his Uncle had him set.
That Calice had, haill into his keiping,
Wallace that tyme gat nocht his richteous king,
The Erll Patrik als fra London they send,
With Wallace to gang as weill befoir is kend.
Of this mater and finall gouernance,
To king Edward he gaue vp his legeance.
And tuik to hald of Scotland euer mair,
With full glaid hart Wallace reſſauit him thair.
Thay honourit him richt reuerently as Lord.

The

The Scottis was all reioysit of that concord.
Ane hundreth hors with young Lordis of Renoun,
To Wallace come all fred of that presoun.
Under his Seill king Edward than gart send,
For to giue ouer, and mak ane finall end.
Rorburgh, Berwik, quhilk war of mekill vaill,
To Scottis men, and all the boundis haill.
For fywe zeiris trewis thay promeist be thair hand,
Than Wallace said we will pas neir Scotland.
Or ocht be Seillit, and thairfoir mak vs boun,
Agane we will besyde Northhallartoun.
Quhair king Edward first battell hecht to me,
As we began thair sall it endit be.
Greit weill the Quene he chargit the Message
It is for hir that we left our veyage.
Ane day he set, quhen thay suld meit him thair,
And seill the peice withouttin proces mair.
Vpon the morne the Oist but mair auise,
Tranoyntit north vpon ane gudlie wyse.
To the set tryst that Wallace had thame maid,
The Inglis message come but mair abaid.
Thay seillit the peice without langer delay,
The message than vpon the secunde day:
To London went in all the haist thay can,
The worthie Scottis with monie gudlie man:
To Bamburgh come, with all thair power haill,
Sextie thowsand all Scottis of greit vaill.
Ten dayis befoir Alhallowes euin thay fure,
On Lammes day thay lichtit on Carhame mure.
Thair ludgit thay with plesance as thay mocht.
Quhill on the morne that Preistis to thame brocht.
In Carhame Kirk, and seillit in his hand,
Rorburgh keyis as thay had maid cunnand.

And Berwik als quhilk Inglishnen had long,
They fred the folk in Ingland for to gang.
For thair lyfis Ischit of ather place,
Thay durst not weill byde reckning of Wallace.
Capitane he maid, in Berwik of Renoun,
That worthie was gude Cristell of Setoun.
Keiper he maid to Roxburgh Castell wicht.
Schir Johne Ramsay ane wise and worthy knicht.
Syne Wallace self with Earle Patrik in plane,
To Dunbar raid, and restorit him agane.
In his castell, and als his heritage,
With the consent of all the haill barnage.
Quhen Wallace was agreit and this Lord,
To reull the Realme he maid him gudlie ford.
Scotland atour fra Ros to Suluay land,
He raid it thrise, and statute all the land.
In the Lennox ane quhyll he maid repair,
Schir Johne Menteith ane quhyll was Capitane
Als twyse before he had his Gossop dene, (thair.
Bot no freindship betuix thame syne was sene.
Twa monethis still he dwelt in Dunbartane,
Ane hous he foundit vpon ane Roch of stane.
Men left he thair to big it to the hicht,
Syne to the Marche, agane he rydis richt.
Into Roxbrugh thay cheiftit him ane place,
Ane guid Tour thair he gart big in schort space.
The Kingrik stude in guid worschip and eis,
Was nane so greit durst his nichtbour displeis,
The abill ground gart labour thriftilie,
Witt all and frute thair grew abundantlie.
Was neuer before sen this was callit Scotland,
Sik welth and peace at anes in the land.
He send Iop twyis to Bruce in Huntingtoun.

Beleikand

Beleſkand him to cum and tak his Crown.
Counſall he tuik at fals Saxonis allace,
He had neuer hap in lyfe to get Wallace.
Thrie zeir as thus the Realme ſtude in gude peis,
Of this laying me wourthis for to ceis.
And farther furth of Wallace will I tell,
Into his lyfe quhat auenture zit befell.

Heir endis the firſt Conqueis of Scotland.

The Nynt part of this buik declairis how Wallace paſt in France. CAP. I.

ANE Royall King ỹ Regnit into France,
Greit bute he hard of Wallace gouernance.
The proues, pryce and of his worthie deid,
Als furthwart fair commendit of manheid.
Baith humbill, trew, and pruifit weill of pryce,
Of honour, treuth and voyd of couetyce.
That Nobill King Regnand in Royaltie,
Had greit delyte this Wallace for to ſe.
And knew richt weill ſchortlie to vnderſtand,
The greit ſuppriſe and ouirſet of Ingland.
He meruellit als of Wallace ſmall power,
That but ane King tuik ſic a Realme to ſteir.
Aganis Ingland and gart thair malice ceis,
Quhill thai deſyrit with gude will to tak peis.
And richt anone ane Herald gart he call,
In ſchort termes he hes reherſit all.
Of his Intent compleitit to ane end,

Hyne in Scotland he bad him he suld wend.
And he wrait richt with verray greit honour,
To Williame Wallace as ane Conqueroun.

DOuit leid with worshipwyse and wicht,
Throw verray help in halding of thy richt.
Throw richt reskewing of thy native land,
With GODDIS grace aganis thy fais to stand.
In defence helpar of thy richteous blude,
O worthie birth and blissit be thy fude.
As it is red of Prophecie befoirne,
An happie tyme for Scotland thow was borne.
I the beseik with all humilitie,
Wy cleis letter thow wald consaue and se.
As zour brother Cristiane king of France,
To the beirar ze heir and giue credance.
The Herald him bownit & to the schip is gane.
In Scotland lone he cummis vnto ane.
Bot Herald lyke he seikis his presence,
On land he went and maid na residence.
In euerie steid quhair he presumit thair,
Sa on ane day he fand him into Air.
In gude effeir and manlyke cumpanie,
The Herald than with honour reuerentlie.
Hes salust him vpon ane gudelie maneir,
And he agane with humbill hamelie cheir:
Resauit him into richt gudelie wyse,
The Herald than with worschip to deuyse:
Be tuik to him the kingis wrate of France,
Wallace on kne with lawlie obeysance.
Richt reuerentlie for worschip of Scotland,
Quhen he it red and had it vnderstand.
At this Herald he askit his credance,

With

With asperspeiche and manlie countenance.
And he him tauld as I haue said befoir,
The kingis desyre quhat neidis wordis moir.
The hie honour and the greit Nobilnes
Of zour manheid weill knawin in monie place.
Him lykis alsweill zour worschip to auance,
As ze war borne ane liege man of France.
Sen his Regioun is flour of Realmes sene,
Als the greit band of kyndnes zow betwene.
And sen this Realme standis in sic saiftie,
It wer worschip his presence for to se.
Wallace consaurt withoutt in taryng,
The greit desyre of this gude Nobill king.
Syne to him said sa GOD of heuin me saue,
Heirefter sone ze sall ane answer haue.
Of zour desyre that ze haue schawin me till,
Welcum ze ar with ane fre hartie will.
The Herald baid vnto the twentie day,
With Wallace still in gude weilfair and play.
Consumit the tyme with worschip and plesance,
Be gude auyse maid his deliuerance.
With his awin hand he wrait vnto the king,
All his Intent as tuichyng to this thing.
Richt riche reward he gaue the Herald to,
And him conuoyit quhen he had leif to go.
Out of the toun with gudelie company,
His leif he tuik and went vnto the sey.
Gude Wallace than hes maid his purueyance,
His purpose was to se the king of France.
Neirest but weir to Sanct Johnstoun couth fall,
Ane counsall than he had gart ordane thair.
Into his steid cheisit ane gouernour,
To keip the land ane man of greit honour.

Iaines gude Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Quhilk father was as storyis beiris on hand.
To gude Walter quhilk was of hie parage,
Mariory Bruce syne gat in mariage.
Thairof as now to speik I haue na space,
It is weill knawin thankit be GODDIS grace.
And to the Herald without tin residence,
How he appeirit vnto the Kingis presence.
Fra the Rochell the land lone hes he tane.
Atour the land he graithit him to gane.
Seikand the king als gudely as he may,
Ha to the Court he passit on ane day.
To Pareis went as peirles of Renoun,
This King that tyme held Palice in that toun.
Quhen he him saw hes graithly vnderstand,
He speirit tythandis the weilfair of Scotland.
The Herald said into thir termis schort,
That all was gude he had the mair comfort.
Saw thow Wallace the Thiftane of that land.
And he said ze that dar I tak on hand.
Ane worthier wicht this day is leuand nane,
In way of weir als far as I haue gane.
The hie worschip and the greit Nobilnes,
The gude weilfair plesance and worthines.
The richt reward was michtie for to se,
That for zour saik he kythit vpon me.
And his answer in writ he hes zow sent,
The King ressaut it with ane gude Intent.

O Royall Roy & richteous Crownit King,
Renounit of nobilesse & wertues maist conding
Ze knaw this weill be vther ma than me.
How that our Realme standis in perplexitie,
The fals Natioun that we ar Nichtbouris to.

Quhen

Quhen pleiſſis thame thai mak bs ay ado.
Na band may be maid of ſic ſufficiance,
Bot ay it in thai find ane variance.
To wait ane tyme, will GOD that I may be,
Within ane zeir I will zour preſence ſe.
Of this anſweir weill pleiſit was the king,
Leue I thame thus in Royaltie to Ring.
And glaid comfort richt as I haue zow tald,
Of Wallace furth I will my purpois hald.

¶ How Wallace paſt in France, and faucht with ye Reid Reuar,& vincuſt him. CA. II.

IN TIL Apryll the ane and twentie day,
The kalend changit as we vſe for to ſay
The luſtie tyme of Mayis freſche cumming,
Celeſtiall greit blythnes in to bring.
Principall moneth forſuith it may be ſene,
The heuinlie hewis vpon the tender grene.
Quhen auld Saturne his cluddie cours hes gane,
The quhilk hes bene baith bird and beiſtis bane.
Zephirus allwa with his ſweit vapour
Hie comfort hes be wirking of dame natour.
All fruteous thing into the eird adoun,
That reullit is vnder ye hie Regioun.
Sober Luna in following of the ſe,
Quhen bricht Phebus into his Themeis hie.
The Bullis cours ſa takin hes his place,
And Juppiter was in the Crabbis face.
Quhen Aries the hait Signe Colerik,
Into the Ram quhilk hes his roumes rike.
Thetis had his place and his manſioun,
In Capricornus the Signe of the Lyoun.

Gentill Iuppiter with his myld ordinance,
Baith herb and tre conwertis into plesance.
And fresche Flora hir flourie mantill spred,
In euerie vaill baith hoip hill and med.
In this same tyme (for this my Author sayis)
Wallace to pas of Scotland tuik his wayis.
Be schort auyse he schuip him to the see,
And fyftie men tuik in his cumpanie.
He leit na word than walk of his passage,
Or Inglismen had stoppit his veyage.
Nor tuik na leik at Lordis of Parliament,
He wist full weill that wald not all consent.
To suffer him out of the land to ga,
For thy auone without witting of ma:
He gart foirse and ordane weill his schip,
And thir war that past in his fellowschip.
Twa Wallacis was his kynnismen full neir,
Craufurd, Cleland, to him war haldin deir.
At Kirkcudbricht he ordanit his passage,
Seynen he set and gane thame gudelie wage.
Ane guid new Barge richt worthely wrocht for weir,
That wantit not of wyne, vittall, nor geir.
Witze thai war ane gudelie cumpane,
Of waillit men had wrocht full hardelie.
Boneallies drank richt glaidlie on ane morrow,
Syne leif thai tuik a with greit GOD to borrow.
Boittis war schot and fra the land thame sent,
With glaid hartis atanis in thai went.
Unto the Schip thai rowit haistelie,
The Seynen than wirkand full ernestlie:
Ankeris wand in wyselie on at hir syde,
Thair leidis kest and waittit weill the tyde.
Leit Saillis fall and tuik thair cours anone,

And

Ane gudlie wind out of the richt airth come.
Freiðis on foir ſtam reullit weill thair geir,
Leidis on leburd with ane Lordlie feir.
Lynis laid out to luik thair paſſage ſound,
With full Saill thus fra Scotland Firth yai ſcud.
Saillit haill outr the day and als the nicht,
Upon the morne quhen that ye Sone ſchynnit bricht
Thair Schipinaiſter vnto the Top is went,
Southeist he ſaw that trublit his Intent.
Sextene Saillis arrayit on ane raw,
In cullour reid that towart thame couth draw.
The glitterand Sone vpon thame ſchewit bricht,
The ſey about Illuminit with the licht.
The mannis Spreit was in ane extaſie.
Doun went he ſone and ſaid richt ſorrowfullie,
Allace (quod he) that euer I was borne,
Without remeid our lyfis ar all forlorne.
In curſſit tyme I tuik this cure on hand,
The beſt Chiftane and reikew of Scotland:
Outr rekleſlie I haue tane vpon me,
With waik power to bring him throw the ſee.
It forcit nocht wald GOD I wer torment,
Sa Wallace micht with worſhip chalp vnſchent.
Quhen Wallace ſaw ſa hard this mannis mane,
To comfort him with gude will is he gane.
Maiſter he ſaid quhat hes anoyit the?
Not for my ſelf this man ſaid pietiouſlie:
Bot of ane thing I dar weill vndertane,
Thocht all wer heir the Schippis of Bertane.
Part ſuld we loiſ ſet Fortoun had it ſworne,
The beſt weirman in ſey is vs befornе:
Leifand this day and king is of the ſee,
Wallace ſone ſpeirit wait thow quhat ye may be.

The Reid Kewar thai call him in his style,
That I him saw O waryit be the quhyle.
For myne awin lyfe I wald na murning mak,
Is na man borne that zone Tyran will tak.
He saikis nane for gold nor vther gude,
Bot slayis and drownis all derflie in the flude.
He gettis na grace thocht he war King or Knicht,
This sextene zeir he hes done greit vnricht.
The power is sa strang he hes to steir,
Way nane eschaip that cummis in his dangeir.
Wald ze him buird na buit is to begin,
The laikest schip that is his sloit within.
Way saill vs doun vnto the dulefull deid.
Than Wallace said sen thow can not remeid:
Tell me his keir and how I sall him knaw,
Quhat is his vse and syne ga luge the Law.
The schipman said full weill ze may him ken,
Be graith takynnis full cleirlie be his men,
His coit Armour is sene in monie steid,
All battell bown in rayment allokreid.
This formest schip that persewis vs sa fast,
Him self is in, and will not be agast.
He will zow haill quhen that thai cum zow neir,
Without tary than man ze stryk and steir.
Him self will enter first full hardely,
Thir ar the Signis that ze sall tak him by.
Ane bar of Blew into his schynand scheild,
Ane bend of Quhyte desyring ay ye feild.
The Reid betakynis blude and hardyment,
The Quhyte curage, Incressand his Intent.
The Blew he beiris for he is cristin man,
Sadlie him answerit Williame Wallace than.
Thocht he be cristin this is na cristin deid,

Ga vnder

Gabnder loft the Lord GOD mot vs speid.
Baith Schipmaister and Steirisman also,
Into the bow but baid he gart thame go.
His fyftie men withouttin langer rest,
Wallace gart ray into thair armour prest.
Aucht and fourtie on lufe buird laid that law,
Williame Craufurd than to him can he caw.
And laid thow can sum part of Schipman fair.
Thow hes bene bitt into the toun of Air,
I pray the tak this doctrine weill of me,
Luik that thow stand still straitlie be the tie.
Quhen that bid strykto seruice be thow bane,
Quhen I the warne let doun the Saill agane.
Cleland Coulingcum tak the steir on hand,
Heir an the waill neir by the sall I stand.
GOD gyde our Schip as now I say na mair,
The Barge began with ane full weirlyke fair.
Him self on loft was with ane drawin sword,
And bad thair Steirisman lay endlang the buird.
On loud he cryit streik doggis or ze sall de,
Craufurd leit draw the Saill a lytill we.
The Capitane sone lap in and wald not stynt,
Wallace hes him syne be the gorget hynt.
On the ouir loft kest him quhair that he stude,
Quhill neis and mouth all ruschit furth of blude.
Ane forgit knyfe braithlie he braidit out,
The weir Schippis was lappit thame about.
The Barge clippit bot that not festnit fast,
Craufurd drew Saill schot by and of thame past.
The Reuar cryit with pieteous voyce full e sir,
Grace of his lyfe for him that bocht vs deir.
Mercie he cryit for him that deit on Rude,
Laser to mend I haue spilt mekill blude,

For my trespas I wald mak sum remeid,
Monie saikles I haue gart put to deid.
Wallace wist weill thocht he to deith was brocht,
Fra thame to thaip on na wyse micht he nocht.
And of his lyfe sum reskew micht he mak,
Ane better purpois syne sone than can he tak.
And als he rewit for his lyfe had done Ill,
In Latine toung richt thus hes said him till
I neuer tuik man that enemie was to me,
For GODDIS saik thy lyfe zit grant I the.
Baith kuyfe and sword he tuik fra him anone,
Up be the hand as prisoner hes him tane.
Upon his sword scharplie he gaue him sweir,
Fra that day furth he suld him neuer deir.
Command thy men said Wallace to our peis,
Thair schot of gun that was not eith to eis.
Thay castand wer awfull on ather syde,
The Reid Reuar commandit thaime to byde.
Beidbp ane gluik in taikning of the trew,
His men beheld and weill that Senze knew.
Left of thair schot the Signe quhen that yai saw,
His greitest Barge toward him can he caw.
Let be zour weir thir ar freindis at ane,
I trow to GOD our werst houris ar gane.
He askit Wallace to do quhat was his will,
With schort auyse richt thus he said him till.
To the Rochell I wald ze gart thaime saill,
For Inglismen we wait not quhat may aill.
He thame commandit for outtin wordis mair,
Turne Saill and wind towart the Rochell fair.
For thair will GOD our purpois is to be,
Luik weill about for Scurriouris in the se,
His charge thai wrocht in all the haist thai can,

Wallace

Wallace delyrit to talk mair with this man.
Wyselie he speirit in quhat land art thow borne?
In France he said and all my Elderis before.
And thair we had sum part of heritage,
Thocht seirs Fortoun thus brocht me in ane rage.
Wallace answerit how come thow to this lyfe?
Forsuith (he said) bot throw ane sudduane stryfe.
Sa happit I into the Kingis presence,
Quir rakleslie to do ane greit offence.
Ane worthie man of gude kyn and Renoun
That throw my deid was put to confusioun.
Deid of ane straik quhat neidis wordis mair,
All mendis it nocht thocht I repent it sair.
Throw freind in Court I chaipit of that place,
And neuer sen syne couth get the kingis grace.
Feill of our kyn thai gart for my saik de,
Fra tyme I saw it micht na better be:
Bot leiue the land that me behuisit on neid,
Upon ane day to Burdeous I zeid.
Ane Inglis Schip sa gat we on ane nicht
For sey labourfull erneslie vs dicht.
To me assemblit misdoaris vther ma,
Within schort space we multiplyit sua.
Was few that micht contrair our power gang.
In tyrrannie thus haue we rungin lang.
Thir sextene zeiris I haue bene on the se,
And done greit harme thairfoir full wa is me.
I saifit quhene for gold or greit Ransoun,
Bot slew and drownit into the sey all doun.
Fauour I did to folk of lyndzie land.
Bot Frenchemen na freindship of me fand.
Thai gat na grace sa far as I micht Ring,
Als on the sey I cleipit was ane King.

Now se I weill that my forfoun is went,
Vincust with ane that garris me sair repent.
Quha wald haue said this sumyn day at morne,
I suld with ane thus lichtlie doun be borne.
In greit heithing my men wald it haue tane:
My self thocht als to haue machit ony ane.
Bot I haue fund the verray plaine contrair,
Heir I giue ouir rubrie for euer mair.
In sic myscreull I sall neuer armes beir,
Bot gif it be in honest vse of weir.
Now haue I tauld part of my blis and pane,
For GODDIS saik sum kyndnes kyith agane.
My hart will breik bot I wit quhat ze be,
Outrageouslie that hes rebutit me.
For weill I weind that leuand had bene nane,
Be force of strenth micht me as presoner tane.
Except Wallace that hes redemit Scotland,
The best is callit this day leuand of hand.
Into his weir war worschip for to waik,
As now in warld (I trow) he hes na maik.
Wallace smylit and said freind it may be,
Scotland had neid of monie sic as the.
Quhat is thy name tell me sa haue thow Heill,
Forsuith (he said) Thomas of Longueill.
Weill bruik thow it all this stynt is our stryfe,
Schaip to pleis GOD in mending of thy lyfe.
Thy faithfull freind my self thinkis to be,
And als my name I sall sone tell to the.
For chance of weir thow suld na murning mak,
As weird will wirk thy forfoun man thow tak.
I am that man that thow auances sa hie.
And bot schort tyme sen I come to the se.
Of Scotland borne my richt name is Wallace,

Du

On kneis fell and thankit GOD of his grace.
I dar avow that zoldin is my hand.
To the best man this day that is leuand.
Forquith he said this pleisis me meikill moir,
Than of Flozingis ze gaue me sextis scoir.
Tha Wallace said thow art heir now thzow chance
My purpois is to pas now into France.
Unto the King sen I am bown to pas,
To my rewaird thy peice I think to as.
Peice I wald haue fane of my native King,
And na langer into the Realme to Ring.
Than thow tak leiue to cum fra it agane,
Into thy seruice I think for to remane.
Seruice he said Thomas it may not be,
Bot gude freindschip as I sall keip to the.
Gart dzaw the wynt and Ilk ane mery maid.
The Schippis ve than was in the Rochell raid.

THe Reid Blasoūis as that had bozne in weir,
The toun was sone into ane suddane feir.
The Reid Reuar that said was at thair hand,
Contrair quhais strenth micht nane agānis hi stand
Sum Schippis fled and sum the land bes tane,
Clariounis blew and Trumpetis monie ane.
Quhen Wallace saw the pepill was on steir,
He gaue command na Schip suld neirar peir.
Bot his awin Barge in the hauin gart dzaw,
The folk was glaid quhen that the banner saw.
Full weill that knew in gold the reid Lyoun,
Leit vp the port ressauit thaine in the toun.
Thai souerit him for all he had thair bzocht,
The Reid Nauie into the hawin thai socht.
On land syne went quhair that yame lykit to pas,

Micht few wist thair quhat Scottisman Wallace
Bot weill yai thocht he was ane gudelie man (was
And honourit him with all the craft that can.
Thai four dayis still Wallace remainit thair,
Thir men he callit quhen he was boun to fair.
He thame commandit vpon that coist to byde,
Quhill he thame fred for chance that micht befyde
Beir zow euinlie quhat gude pat euer ze spend,
Leif of zour awin quhill I zow tythingis send.
Gar sell thir Schippis and mak zow men of peis,
It war gude tyme of wickitnes to ceis.
Zour Capitane sall pas to the King with me,
Throw help of GOD I sall his warrand be.
He gart graith him in suit with his awin men,
Was na man thair that micht weill Thomas ken.
Lyklie he was, manlie of countenance,
Lyke to the Scottis be mekill gouernance.
Saue of his toung for Scottis had he nane
In Latine weill he micht haue sufficit ane.
Thus past thai on in all the haist thai may,
To Parcis toun thai went vpon ane day.
Tythingis war brocht of Wallace to ye King,
Sa greit delire he had of na kin thing.
As in that tyme quhill he had sene Wallace,
To meit him self he waitit vpon cace.
In ane garding quhair he gart thame be brocht,
To his presence with manlyke feir yai socht.
Twa and tyrtie atanis kneilland doun,
And salust him as Roy of maist Renoun.
With reullit speiche in sa gudlie auyse,
All France culd no mair nurtour thame deuyse.
The Quene had leif and coune in hir affeir,
For mekill scho hard of Wallace deid in weir.

Quhat

Quhat neidis mair of courteſie to tell,
Thai keipit weill that to the Scottis befell.
Of Kingis fair I dar mak na reherſe,
Wyſe bill mynd, my trubillit Spryte tranſuerſe.
Of the riche ſeruice quhat neidis wordis mair,
Wicht nane be fund bot it was preſent thair.
Sone efter meit the King to Perlour went,
With gudelie Lordis thair Wallace was preſent.
Than commounit thai of monie ſindrie thing,
To ſpeik with him greit deſire had the King.
At him he ſpeirit of weir the gouernance,
He anſwerit him with manlie countenance.
To euerie point als far as he had ſeill,
In Latine toung richt naturallie and weill.
The King conſauit ſone be his hie curage,
Quhat weirmen wlit be reik in thair paſſage.
Into quhat mynde the Reid Reuar than was
Weruell he ſaid how he leit Wallace pas.
To him he ſaid ze ar ſum thing to blame,
Ze micht haue ſend with our Herald fra hame:
Efter power to bring zow throw the ſe.
GOD thank zow Sir thairof anourh had we.
Few men may pas quhair thai find na perrall,
Richt quhene may keip quhair nane is to aſſaill.
Wallace he ſaid thairof meruell haue I,
Ane Tyran Regnis in Ire full cruellie.
Upon the ley that greit ſorrow hes wrocht,
Wicht we him get it ſuld not be for nocht
Borne of this land ane natiue man to me,
Thairfoir on vs the greiteſt harme dois he.
Than Thomas quoik and changit countenance,
He hard the King his euill deidis diſauance.
Wallace beheld and fenzeit in ane part,

Forsuith ye said we fand nane in that art.
That profferit vs ony sic vnkyndnes,
Be your leiue Sir I spak in hamelynes.
Trow ze be sicht ze couth that Squyar knaw,
Full lang it is sen tyme that I him saw.
Bot thir wordis of him ar bot in vane,
Or ye cum heir richt gude men will be slane.
Than Wallace said heir haue I brocht with me,
Of lyklie men that dwelt in our cuntre.
Quhilk of all thir wald ze call him maist ryke:
Amang thame blent this Royall Roy maist ryke.
Vclyit thame weill baith stature and curage,
Maner, maikdome, thair fassioun and visage.
Sadlie he said auysit soberlie,
That largest man the quhilk standis neist zow by.
Wald I call him be maikdome to deuise,
Thir ar na thing bot wordis of office.
Befoir the King on kne fell gude Wallace,
O Royall Roy of hie honour and grace,
With waist wordis I will zow not trauaill,
Now I will speik sum thingis for myne auaill.
Our barrane land hes bene ouirset with weir
Be Saxonis seid that dois vs mekill deir.
Slane our Elderis distroyit our richteous blude,
Waistit the land of gold and vther gude.
And ze ar heir in micht and Royaltie,
Eye ze suld haue to our aduersitie.
And vs suppoyt for kyndnes of the band,
Quhilk is conferrnit betuix zow and Scotland.
Als I am heir for zour charge at plesance,
My lyflait is bot honest cheuisance.
Flour of Realmes forsuith is this Regioun,
To my rewaird I wald haue greit guerdoun.

Wallace

Wallace he said now ask quhat ze wald haif,
Gude gold or land sall not be lang to craif.
Wallace answerit swa ze grant it to me,
Quhat I wald haue it sall sone chosin be.
Quhat euer ze ask that is in this Regioun,
Ze sall it haue except my wyfe and Croun.
He thankit him of his great kinglynes,
All my rewaird salbe asking of grac.
Peice to this man I brocht with me throw chance
Heir I quytclame all vther gift in France.
This same is he gif that ze knaw him weill,
That we of spak Thomas of Longueill.
Be rigour ze desyrit he suld be slane,
I him restour vnto zour grace agane,
Ressaue him fair as leige man of zour land.
The king meruellit and couth in study stand.
Perfytlie he knew that it was Longueill,
He him forgaif his trespas euerie deill.
Bot for his saik that had him hidder brocht,
For gold nor gude ellis he did it nocht.
Wallace he said I had leuer of gude land,
Ten thowsand pund haue seissit in thy hand.
That I haue said sall haldin be in playe,
Heir I ressaue Thomas to peice & g ne.
Deirer to me than euer he was befoir,
All for zour saik thocht it war mekill moir.
Bot I wald wit how this meruell befell,
Wallace answerit the treuth I sall zow tell.
Than he rehersit quhat hapnit on that day,
As ze befoir myne Author hes hard say.
Quhen the gude king had hard the suddane cace,
Vpon the sey be foirsicht of Wallace.
The king him held richt worthie to auance.

Orleans
Orleans

He ſaw in him manheid and Gouernance.
Sa did the Quene and all thir vther Lordis,
Ilk wicht of him greit honour than recordis.
He purcheſt peice for all the power haill,
Fourtene hundreth was left at the Rochell.
Gartezy thame fre trew ſeruandis to the King,
And neuer agane forfalt into ſic thing.
Quhen Thomas was reſtorit to his richt,
Of his awin hand ye King had maid him knicht.
Eftir he gaif ſtait to his neireſt Air,
And maid him ſelf with Wallace for to fair.
Thus he hes brocht thai men fra reif throw cace,
Be ſuddane chance of him and wicht Wallace.
Thus leiue we thame in worſchip and pleſance,
At lyking ſtill with the gude King of France.

THow Wallace paſt in Guyan. CA. III.

THAY twentie dayis he ludgit into reſt,
Sa to remaine he thocht it not the beſt.
Still into peice he couth not lang indure,
For quhy contrarious it was to his nature.
Richt weill he wiſt Inglismen occuppit,
Guyan thai tyme thairfoir he hes eſpyit.
Sum Jeopardie vpon thame for to mak,
Ane gudelie leiue he at the King couth tak.
Of frenche men he wald nane with him call,
At that firſt tyme for auenture that micht fall.
Bot Sir Thomas that ſeruice couth perſew,
He wiſt not weill gif all the laif was trew.
Of Scottismen than ſemblit haiſtelie,
Nyne hundreth ſone of worthie Cheualtie.
In Guyan land full haiſtelie can ryde,

Raiſſit

Raiſſit ſeill ſyze and waiſtit wynningis wyde,
Foz this thai bzak and ſtalwart biggingis wan,
Derſlie to deith bzocht monie Sutheroun man.
Ane weirlyke toun ſa fand thai in that land,
Quhilk Schemēt hecht pat Inglíſmen had in hād.
Towart that ſteid full ſadlie Wallace ſocht,
Be onie way aſſailze gif he morht.
Bergane to haue and he micht get thame ont,
Greit ſtrenth of wod pair was that toun about.
The toun ſtude als vpon ane watter ſyde,
Into ane Park that was baith lang and wyde.
Thai buſkit thame quhill paſſit was the nicht,
Quhen the Sone rais four hundzeth mē he dicht.
The laif he gart Craufurd in buſchment tak,
Gif thai miſterit ane reſkew foz to mak.
Than Longoueill that ay was full Sauage,
With Wallace paſt as ane to that ſkirmage.
Thir four hundzeth that was full weill arrayit,
Befoir the toun in plaine battell diſplayit.
It was not weill yan knawin in that cuntre,
The Lyoun in gold that awfull was to ſe.
Ane fozray keſt and ſeillit mekill gude.
Weirmen within yat wyſelie vnderſtude.
Sone Iſchit out the pzay foz to reſkew,
The wozthie Scottis ſeill Inglíſmen thai ſlew.
The laif foz dzeid fled to the toun agane,
The fozray tuik the pzay and paſt in plaine.
Towart the Park, bot power of the toun,
Iſchit out agane in awfull battell boun.
Ane thowſand haill of men in armes ſtrang,
Few baid within that micht to armes gang.
Than Wallace gart the fozrayaris leif the pzay.
Aſſemblit ſone into ane gude arroy.

Ane cruell counter was at that meiting ſene,
Of wicht weirmen into thair armour ſchene.
Feill left thair lyfe vpon the Sutheroun ſyde,
Bot nocht for thy full baldlie thai abyde.
Of the Scottis part than worthie men thai flew.
Williame Craufurd that weill the perrell knew:
Out of the Park he gart the buſchment pas,
Into the feild quhair feill men fechtand was.
At thair entre thai gart full mone de,
The Ingliſmen wes wounder laith to fle
Full worthelie thai wrocht into that place,
Baid neuer ſa few ſa lang aganis Wallace.
With ſic power that day as he was thair,
On ather ſyde aſſailzeit wounder ſair.
Into the ſtour ſa fellounlie he wrocht,
That worthie men derflie to deith was brocht.
With pointis peirſſit throw plaitts birneiſt bricht,
Wallace him ſelf and Sir Thomas ye knicht.
Quhome ſa thai hit maid neuer mair debait,
The Sutheroun part was handillit thair ſa hait,
Into that place thai micht na langer byde,
Out of that feild with ſair hartis thai ryde.
Unto the toun thai fled full haiſtelie,
Wallace followit and his gude Cheualrie.
Fechtand ſa faſt into the thickeſt thrang,
Quhill in the toun thai enterit thame amang.
With him Craufurd and Longoueill the knicht,
And Richard als Wallace his Couſing richt.
Fyftene thai war of Scottis cumpanie.
Thus hapnit thai amang that greit partie,
Ane cruell porter gat vp vpon the wall,
Pullit out the pyn leit the port Culzeis fall.
The Inglíſmen ſaw enterit in was na ma,

Vpon the Scottis full hardily thay ga.
Bot to ane wall thay haue thair bakkis set,
Sad straikis and sair baldly about them bet.
Richard Wallace the Turngrece weill hes sene,
He followit fast vpon thair Portar kene
Vpon the wall, deid down in ane dyke him draik,
Gat vp the port, and let in all the laik.
Quhen Wallace men had thus the entrie win,
Full greit slaughter agane thay haue begunne.
Thay saifit nane vpon the Sutheron syde,
That wapinnis bair, or harnes in that tyde.
Wemen and barnis the gude thay tuke thame fra,
Syne gaif thame leif in the rowme Land to ga.
The Priestis als, that was not in the field,
Ofagit men that micht na wapinnis weild,
Thay slew nane sic, for Wallace charge it was,
Bot maid thame fre, at larges for to pas.
Riches of Gold thay gat in greit plenty,
Harnes and hors, that micht thame weill supply,
With French folk pleneist the Towne agane,
On the tent day, the field thay tuike in plane,
The Riuer down into the Land thay socht,
On Sutheron men full greit maistry thay wrocht.
Than quhen trew men to the King tauld this taill,
Of frenche men he semblit ane battell,
Twenty thowsand of trew liegis of France,
His brother thame led was Duke of Orleance.
Throw Guyan Land, in rayit battell thay raid,
To follow Wallace, quha maid bot littill baid.
For frenche supply to help him in thair richt,
Neir Burdeous or thay ouirtak him micht.
Gude Wallace was thair and chosen hes ane plane
For sum men tauld yat Burdeous with greit mane

Within schort tyme thocht battell for to geif.
Bot fra thay wist, that Frenche folk wald releif
With greit power for helping of Wallace,
Vther purpose thay tuik into schort space.
In Picardy sone message couth thay send,
Of Wallace cumming thay haiftauld to ane end.
Of Gloceſter Capitane of Calice was,
The hardy Erll, and maid him for to pas,
In Ingland sone, and syne to London went,
Of Wallace deidis he tauld in thair Parliament,
Syun plainely said, that Wallace brak the peis,
Wyse men sayd nay, and prayit thame for to ceis.
Lord Beaumont said, he tuik bot for Scotland.
And nocht for France, that sall ze vnderstand.
Gif our Indenturis speikis of ony mair,
He hes done wrang, the suith ze may declair.
Wodstock answerit, said ze haue spokin weill.
Bot contrair richt, that taill is euerilk deill.
Gif zone be he, that band for him and his,
Way na man say, bot he hes wrocht a mis.
For principally, he band with vs the trew,
And now againe, beginnis malice new.
Schir king he said, gif ze think euer to mak,
On Scotland weir, on hand now suld ze tak,
Quhill he is out, or ellis it helpis nocht.
As Wodstock sayd, the haill counsall hes wrocht.
Power thay raisit, in Scotland for to ryde,
Be land and ley, thay wald na langer byde.
Thair land Oist thay rayit sone in deid,
Thair vangard tuik the hardy Duke to leid,
Of Gloceſter that of weir had greit feill.
Of Longcaueil the Duke gouernit weill
The myddill ward: and to the sea thay send,

Schyr

Schir John Stewart, that wesll the northland kepit
The Knicht Wallange befoir the Oist in raid,
And sic ane way with ewill Scottis men maid,
Mony Castellis he gart sone zoldin be,
To Inglismen, without ane mair melle.
Or the west wist that it was weir in plane,
Enterit he was into Bothwell agane.
Schir John Stewart, that come in be the sey,
Sanct Johnstoun sone gat throw ane Jeopardy.
Mundie thay tuik, and put Scottis men to deid,
In Fyfe fra thame was not keipit ane steid.
And all the South, fra Cheuiot to the sey,
Into the west, thair micht na succour be.
The worthy Lord that suld haue gouernit this,
God hes him tane, we trow to lestand blis.
His Sone Walter, that bot ane Child zit was,
Trew men him tuik, and couth in Arrane pas.
Adam Wallace, that wist of na supply,
To Rauchly went, and Lindesay of Cragie.
Gude Robert Boyd, in Bute maid residence,
For haisty dissait, thay tuik thame to defence.
Schir John the Grahame in Dundaf micht nocht (byde
Succour he socht to the Forest of Clyde.
The Knicht Stewart, ane Scherif maid of Fyfe,
Schir Aymeiris brother, and gaif for terme of lyfe,
Thay landis all, that Wallange aucht befoir,
Richard Lundy, had greit dreid throw thair schoir
He lykit nocht for to cum to thair peis.
For thy in Fyfe thay wald nocht lat him ceis.
To pas ouir Tay, as than it micht nocht be.
For Inglismen, sair rewlit that cumtrie.
Out of the Land he stall away be nicht,
Auchtene with him that worthy war and wicht.

And als his Sone, that was in tender eild.
Bot eftir sone, he couth weill wapinnis weild.
At Striuiling brig, or that the watch was set,
Thair passit he the way withoutin let.
In Dundakmure schir John the Grahame he socht
Ane woman him tauld, as than befoir was wrocht.
Unto ane strength, he went vpon the morne,
Lanerk was tane, with zoung Thomas of Thorne
Hay and Lundy thay micht na langer remaine,
Be south Tynto to ludge thay maid in plane.
Schir John ȝ Graham gat wit yat thay war thair
To thame he past, withouttin proces mair.
Wallange gart bring fra Carlile Cariage,
To stuk Bothwell, baith wyne and gude vernage,
Lundy and Grahame gat wit of that wittall,
Richt suddainly thay maid thame to assaill.
Fyfty thay war of Nobill Cheualrie,
Aganis four scoir of Inglis cumpanie.
Ane Squyar than, keipit the cariage,
All Brankistnahait haill, that was his heritage.
Lundy and Grahame met with that Squyar wicht
Feill Inglismen, derflie to deith thay dicht.
Sartie was slaine vpon the Sutheroun syde,
And fiue Scottis, sa baldly thay abyde.
Greit gude thay wan, baith gold and vther geir,
Uittall and hors, thus hapnit in this weir.
Syne thay haue sene, weill lang thay micht not lest.
Into that Land, for thy thay thocht it best,
To seik sum place, in strength that thay micht byde
For Sutheroun folk had pleneist on ilk syde,
Lundyis ludge thay left vpon ane nicht,
Into the Lennox thay past the way full richt.
To Erle Malcolme that keipit that Countrie,

Fra

Fra Inglismen throw help of thair supplie.
Setoun and Lyle into the Bas abaid,
For Inglismen sa greit maistrie had maid.
That all the South was tane into thair hand,
And new the Hay thay send into Ingland.
And wther Airis to preseun at thair will,
The Northland Lordis saw na help cum thame till
Ane Squyar Guthrie, amang thame ordanit thay
To warne Wallace in all the haist he may.
Out of Abirbrothok he passit to the se,
And at the Sluce land takin sone hes he.
In Flanderis land na residence he maid,
In France he past, bot Wallace weill abaid
On his purpois, in Guyan at the weir,
On Inglismen he had done mekill deir
Mwyll gude Guthrie had gottin his preseuce,
He haistit fast, and maid na residence.
He hes him tauld, with Scotland how it stude.
Than Wallace said, thir tythingis ar nocht gude.
I had exempill of tymes that ar by wone,
Cre wis to bind, with thame that ar manelwone.
Bot I as than couth nocht think of sic thing,
Becaus that we tuik peice with thair fals king.
Be thair Chancellar the tother peice was bundin
And that full fair our four Eideris hes sundin.
Under that trew thay gart auchtene sconde,
That Nobillis war, the best in our cuntrie,
To the greit God, my avow heir I mak,
Peice with that King, think I neuer to tak.
He sall repent that he this weir began,
Thus mouit he with mony Roy all man
Unto the King and tauld him his Intent.
To let him pas the King waid nocht consent.

Quhill Wallace thair maid promeis be his hand.
Gif euer agane he thocht to leif Scotland,
To cum to him, his greit Seill he him gaif,
Of quhat Lordschip that he lykit to haif.
Thus at the King ane haistie leif tuik he,
Na man with him he wrocht to that cuntrie
Bot his awin men, and Schir Thomas the Knicht
In Flanderis land, thay past with all thair micht.
Guthreis Barge at the Sluce couth ly still,
To the sey pal went, with ane full egir will.
Baith Forth and Tay, thay left and passit by,
On the North coist, gude Guthrie was thair gy.
In Montros hauin thay wrocht him to the land,
To trew Scottis it was ane blyith tythand.
Schir Johne Ramsay, that worthy was and wicht
Fra Ouchtirhous the way he cheisit richt.
To meit Wallace with men of armis strang.
For his dwelling, thay had thocht wounder lang
The trew Ruthuen come als withouttin baid,
In Birnane wod he had his iudgeing maid.
Berclay, Billet, to Wallace semblit fast,
With thrie hundreth to Ouchtirhous he past.

¶ The Tent Buik declairis how Wallace wan Sanct Iohnstoun be ane leopardie. CAP. I.

THE latter day of August fell this cace,
For the reskew thus ordanit gude Wallace.
Of Sãct Johnstoun, that Sutheroũ occuppit,
Fast towart Tay thay passit and espyppit.
Or it was day vnder Kynnoull tha me laid,

Ouir

Out of the toun, as Scottismen to him said:
Thair seruandis ischit with Cartis hay to leid.
Swa was it suith, and hapnit in that steid.
Than ser thair come and brocht bot Cartis thre,
Quhen yai thair hay war leidand besylie.
Guthrie with ten, in handis hes thame tane
Put all to deith, of thame he sailit nane
Wallace in haist, gart tak thair vmest weid
And sic lyke men thay waillit weill gude speid.
Four was richt gude, Wallace him self tuik ane,
Ane rullet cloik, and with him gude Rothuen.
Guthrie, Billet, and als gude zemen twa,
In that ilk suit thay graithit thame to ga.
Fyftene thay tuik, of men of armis wicht,
In ilk Cart fyue, thay ordanit out of sicht.
Full subtellis thay sourrit thame with hay.
Syne to the toun thay went the ganest way.
Thir Carteris had schort swordis of fyne steill,
Vnder thair weid, callit furth the Cartis weill.
Schir Johne Ramsay, baid in the buschement still.
Quhen myster wes, to help thame with gude will.
Thir trew Carteris past on with outtin let
Atouir the brig, and enterit at the zet.
Quhen thay war in, thair cloikis kest thame fra
Gude Wallace than the cheif portar couth ta
Vpon the heid, quhill deid he hes him left.
Syne vther twa the lyfe fra thame he reft.
Guthrie, Billet did richt weill in the toun,
And Ruthuen als, dang of thair fey men doun.
The armit men, that in the Cartis war brocht,
Rais vp and weill thair dewoir dewlie wrocht.
Vpon the gait thay gart feill Sutheroun de,
Than Ramsayis spy, hes seue thame get entre.

The buschement brak baith byg and port hes win
Into the toun greit stryfe thair was begun.
Twentie and ane or Ramsay come in plane,
Within the toun had fourtie Sutheroun slane.
The Inglismen to array was nocht gane
The Scottis as than, laiser leit thame haue nane.
Fra gude Ramsay with his men enterit in,
Thay saikfit nane, was knawin of Sutheroun kin
And Longoueill, ye worthy Knicht schir Thomas
Preuit weill thair, and mony vther place.
Iganis his dint, few Inglismen micht stand,
Wallace in him greit faith and kyndnes fand.
The Sutheroun part saw weill the toun was tint
Feirslie thay fled, as fyre dois of the flint.
Sum fled, sumsell into derk dykis deip,
Sum to the kirk, thair lyfe gif thay micht keip.
Sum fled to Tay, and in small vaschell zeid.
Sum derflie deit, and drownit in that dreid,
Schir Johne Stewart at the west zet out past.
To Methuen wod he sped him wounder fast.
Ane hundreth men the kirk tuik for succour,
Bot Wallace wald na grace grant in that hour.
He had slayn all of cruell Sutheroun kin.
Thame for to slay he said it was na sin.
Four hundreth men within the toun was deid,
Sevin scoir on lyfe chaipit out of that steid.
Wyfis and barnis, thay maid thame for to ga,
With Wallace will he wald slay nane of tha.
Riches thay fand pat Inglismen had brocht new
Plenyeit the toun with worthy Scottis and trew
Schir Johne Stewart left Methuen Forest strang
Went to the Gask full feill Sutheroun amang.
And syne in Fyfe quhair Wallange Schirref was.

Maid

Wald Scurriouris ſone, out throw the land to paſs
And gadderit men, ane ſtalwart companie,
To Ardagane he drew thame priuatlie.
Ordanit thame in reddy bargane bown,
Agane he thocht to ſailze Sanct Johnſtoun,
Quhair Wallace lay, and wald na langer reſt,
He ceullit the toun, as than him lykit beſt.
Schir Johne Ramſay greit Capitane ordanit he,
And Ruthuen Schireſ at ane accord to be.
This charge he gaif gif men yame warning maid
To cum to him withouttin mair abaid.
And ſa paſ did quhen tythingis was thame brocht
With ane hundreth Wallace furth ha thame socht.

¶ The Battell of Blak Irne ſide Foreſt. CAP. II.

In Fyfe he paſſit, to help that cuntrie
Bot Wrang warnit of Inglifmen was he.
Schir Johne Stewart, quhe yai war paſſit by,
Fra the Dychell he ſoed him haſtelie.
Upon Wallace followit with all his micht,
In Abirnethy fuik iudgeing that firſt nicht.
Upon the morne with fyftene hundreth men,
To Blak Irneſyde as his gydis couth him ken.
Thair Wallace was and micht na meſſage ſend.
To Sanct Johnſtoun, to mak this Journey kend.
For Inglifmen that full ſubtill bes bene,
Greit wachis warnit, yat nane micht pas betuene
Than Wallace ſaid, this mater pleiſis nocht me,
He callis to him the Squyar gude Guthrie.
And Biſet alſ, that knew full weill the land.
And aſkit at thame quhat deid was beſt on hand,
Meſſage to mak, our power for to get,

With feill Sutheroun we will be vnbelef.
And wickit Scottis that knawis this forest beft
Thay ar the cauis that we may haue na reft.
I dreid far mair Wallace that is thy gyde.
Than all the lait, that cummis vpon that fyde.
Than Guthrie said micht we get anis ouir Tay
To Sanct Johnstoun it war the ganeft way.
And warne Ramfay, we wald get fuccour fone,
Ouir fuirly it is, that can nocht weill be done.
Richt weill I watt, befchell is leuit nane,
Fra the wod hauin, to the ferry callit Irrane.
Than Wallace faid, the watter awfull is,
Myfelf can fwoume I trow and aill na mis,
Bot currour dre accordis nocht for me,
And leif zow heir, zit had I leuer de.
Throw Goddis grace we fall better eſchew,
The ſtrenth is ſtrang and we ar men anew.
In Elchok Park bot fourtie men war we,
For Seuin hundreth, and gart feill Sutheroun de.
Eſchaipit weill in mony vnliklie place
Sa fall we heir, throw help of Goddis grace
Quhill men may faſt, we may this wod hald ſtill
For thy I ik man be of trew hardy will.
And that we do ſa Nobilly into deid,
Of vs be fund, eftir na tak to reid.
The richt is ours, we fall moir ardent be,
I think to heirly this land or ellis de.
His waillit ſpriche, with wit and hardiment,
Baid all the laif ſa cruell of Intent.
Sum bad tak feild, and gif battell in plane,
Wallace ſaid nay, thay wordis ar all in wane.
We will nocht leif, that may be our auantage,
This wod to vs, is worthy ane zeiris wage

Or

Of hewin fyftuer inhaist he gart thame tak,
Sillis of Aik, and ane greit Barreris mak.
At ane foir front, fast in the forest fyde,
Quhair yai purpolit to byde,
Stellit thame fast, to treis that growand was,
That thay micht weill in fra the Barreris pas.
And fo thair vaill on ather fyde about,
Syne cum agans quhen thay faw thair was dous
Be that this ftrenth arrayit was at richt,
The Inglis Oift approchit to thair ficht.
Than Stewart come, that way for to haue wend,
That thay war wont, his gydis fa him kend,
At thair entre, thay thocht to haue paffage.
Bot fone thay fand, that maid yame greit ftoppage
Ane thouland he led of men in armis ftrang,
With fyue hundreth he gart Johne Wallang gang.
Without the wod that nane fuld chaip him fra
Wallace with him had fourtie Archearis tha.
The laif was fpeiris, full Nobill in ane neid.
On thair enemeis, thay bikker with greit fpeid.
Ane cruell counter was at the Barreris fene,
The Scottis defence, fa cruell was and kene.
Sutheroun ftude aw, to enter thame amang,
Feill to the ground yai outthrew in that thrang.
Ane rowme was left, quhair part in front micht fair,
Quha enterit in, agane zeid neuer mair.
Fourtie thay flew, that bak wart wald haue paft
All diftrayit, the Oift was all agaft.
Ane part of hois throw fchot to deith was brocht
Rak to ane plane, the Sutheroun to thame focht
Than Stewart faid, allace how may this be,
And do na harme, outr greit rebuke haue we.
He callit Wallange, and afkit his counfall.

Schirek thow art, quhat may vs moist availl.
Bot few thay ar, that makis this greit debaitt.
Johne Wallange said, this is the best I wait.
To reis heirof, and remane heir beside.
For thay may nocht lang in this Forest byde
For falt of fude thay man to the cuntre,
Than war mair tyme to mak on thame melle.
Or thay be win, on force into this stryfe /
Feill that ze leid, sall erar lois the lyfe.
Than Stewart said, this rede I will nocht tak,
And Scottis be warnit, reskew sone will thay mak
Of this dispite amendis I think to hait.
Or de thairfoir in number with the lait.
Into ane range my self on fute will fair,
Aucht hundreth he tuik, the likliest that was yair.
Syne bad the lait byde at the Barreris stall/
With Johne Wallange to reull thame at his will.
Wallange he said be forduart in this cace,
In sic ane snair, we couth nocht get Wallace.
Tak or slay him, I promeis be my lyfe,
That King Edward sall mak the Erll of Fyfe.
At zone Eist part we think to enter in,
I bad na mair, micht ze this Barreris win.
Fra thay be closit graithlie amang vs sa,
Bot meruell be, thay sall na farther ga
Assailze sair, quhen ze wit we cum neir,
On ather syde we sall hald thame on steir.
Thus Stewart chair vpon ane awfull wyse.
Wallace hes sene, quhat hes bene chair deuyse,
Gude men he said, vnderstand this deid,
Forsuith he said thay ar richt mekill to dreid.
Zone Stewart is ane worthy Nobill Knicht.
Forduart in weir, richt hardy, wyse, and wicht.

His

His assailȝie he ordanis wounder sair,
Us for to harme mannis wit can do na mair,
Pleasand it is, ane wise Chiftane to ga.
Sa Chiftane like, it suld greit comfort ma.
To his awin men, and thay of worschip be,
Than for to se ten thousand cowartis fle.
Sen we ar set, with enemies on ilk syde,
And heir on force mon in this Forest byde.
That all the saif of vs availlit be,
Ally the first, for Goddis saik cruelly.
Crawfurd he left, and Longueill the knicht,
Fourtie with thame, to keip the Barreris wicht.
With him sayis, all worthie men in weid,
To meit Stewart with hardy will he zeid.
Ane maner of dyke, into the wod was maid,
Of thortour tȝis, bald ythe thair abaid.
Ane downwith vaill the Southeron to thame hap,
Sone semblit thay, with straiks sair and sad.
Scharp speiris tham, dulschand on ather syde,
Throw birneis wicht, maid woundis deip & wyde.
The vantage was the Scottis thame dantit sa,
That na Inglismen durst fra his fe lowis ga.
To mek array, or formest enter in,
Of cristynit blude to se it was greit sin.
For wrangous caus, and hes bene mony day,
Feill Inglismen in the dyke deid thair lay.
Speiris full sone, all into splenderis sprang,
With scharp swordis, thay hewit on in thrang.
Blude bristit out throw fine harnes and maill,
John Wallange als full scharply can assaill.
Upon Crawfurd, and the knicht Longueill,
With thair power keipit the Barreris weill.
Maid gude defence, be wit, manheid, and micht,

At the entry feill men to deith thay dicht.
Thus all atanis thay sailzeit ather p'lace,
Nane that was thair, durst turne fra the Barrace.
To help Wallace na man of his durst pas.
To reskew thame, sa fell the fechting was.
At ather hand thay handillit war full haitt,
Bot do or de, na succour ellis thay wait.
Wallace was sad into that stalwart stour,
Guthrie, Bissat, with men of greit valour,
Richard Wallace, that worthy was of hand,
Stewart meruellit that contrair them micht stand.
That euer sa few micht byde in battell place,
Aganis thame, and matchit face to face.
He thocht him self, to end that mater weill,
Fast preissit in, with ane gude brand of steill.
Into the dyke, ane Scottis man gart he de,
Wallace thairfoir in hart had greit pietie.
Ane mendis to haue, he followit on him fast,
Bot Inglismen sa thick betuix thame past,
That vpon him ane straik get culd he nocht.
Uther worthie derfly to deith he brocht.
Sloppis thay maid throw all the Chiualrie,
The hardy Scottis than wrocht sa worthelie.
Than Sutheroun saw of thair gude men sa dreid,
Langer to byde, thay thocht it not the best.
Four scoir war slaine, or thay wald leif the steid,
And fyftie als was at the Barreris deid.
Ane Trumpet blew and fra the wod thay draw,
Wallange left of, that sicht fra that he saw.
To sailzie mair, thay thocht it was na speid.
Without the wod to counsell sone thay zeid.
The worthie Scottis to rest thame was ful faine,
Fell hurtis thay had, bot few of thame was slaine.

Wallace

Wallace bad all of gude comfort to be,
Thankit be God, the fayrer part haue we.
Zone knicht Plewart hes at greit Journeyis bene,
Sa fair allay I haue bot feildin sene.
I had leuar on Wallange wrokin be,
Than ony man that is of zone menze.
The Scottis all vnto the Barreris zeid,
Stanchit woundis that couth full braithly bleid.
Sum Scottismen had bled full mekill blude,
For fait of drink, and als wanting of fude,
Sum febillit fast, that had feill hurtis thair,
Wal ace thairfoir sichit with hart full sair.
Ane hat he hint to get water is gane,
Vther refuge as than he wist of nane.
Ane lyttill strand he fand that ran him by,
Of cleir water he brocht thame aboundantly.
And drank him self, syne said with sober mude,
The wyne in France me thocht not half sa gude.
Than of the day, thrie quarteris was ouir went;
Schir John Plewart hes callin in his intent,
To sailzie mair, as than he couth not preif,
Quhill on the morne that new men couth relief.
And keip thame in, quhill thay for hounger soir,
Cum in his will, or ellis to de thairfoir.
Wallange he said, I charge the for to byde,
And keip thame in, quhill I to Cowper tyde.
Thow sall remane with fyue hundreth at thy will,
And I the morne with power sall cum the till.
John Wallange said, this charge I heir forsaik,
Eftir this day, all nicht I may nocht waik.
Bot traistis weil, thay will I sche to the plane,
Thocht ze byde als, or ellis de in the pane.
Plewart bad byde, or vnderly the blame,

I the command on gude King Edwardis name.
Or heir to God a vow I make befoirne,
And thay brek out to hing the hie the moirne.
Of his command Iohn Wallange had greit dreid.
Plewart fra thame with nyne scoir into deid.
Nixt hand the wod, and his gude men of Fyfe,
The Scottis was blyith quhē yat yai hard sic stryfe
Wallace drew neir, his tyne quhen that he saw,
To the wod syde, and couth on Wallenge caw.
That knicht hes hecht the moirne to hang the hie,
Cum into vs, I sall thy warrant be,
In contrair him, and all King Edwardis micht,
Tak we him quick, we sall him hang on hicht.
Ane gude Lordschip I sall the giue, heir Eist,
In this ill Land, that thy brother hes leisit.
Wallange was wise, full sone couth vnderstand,
Be liklines Wallace suld wyn the Land.
And better him war, into the richt to byde,
Than be in weir vpon the tother syde.
With schort auisement to Wallace in thay socht,
Than Plewart cryit, and said that beis for nocht.
And als of kynde, thow art of heritage,
Cowart on the is euill wairit greit wage.
Heir I sall byde my purpose to fulfill,
Outher to die, or haue the at my will,
For all his speiche, to pas thay wald not spair.
With full glaid hart Wallace reisauit thame thair.
Be that Ruthwen, and Ramsay of Renowne,
Be ane trew Scot, that past to Sanct Johnstoun,
Thame warning maid, that Plewart followit fast
Vpon Wallace, than war thay sair agast.
Out of the town, Ischit in all thair micht,
With thre hundreth that worthie war and wicht.

Ta

To blab Jnnerlyde assembillit in that place,
As Wallange was gane in to gude Wallace.
The knicht Plewart hes weill thair cuming sene,
Ane fair plane feild he cheisit thame betuene.
Elleuin hundreth and four scoir than had he.
The Scottismen wer fyue hundrech and sextie.
Thir wer bot few ane plane feild for to tak,
Out of the wod gude Wallace can him mak.
He wist na wit of thame that cummand was,
Wair hardiment was fra the strenth to pas.
Bot quhen he hard Ruthuen and Ramsay cry
Of Ouchtirhous blyith was yis Chevalry.
Wicht thay of gold, haue brocht ane kingis rent,
The gude Wallace nicht not sa weill content.
Than to array thay zeid on ather syde,
In cruell Jre at battell boun to byde.
Worthier men than Plewart semblit thair,
In all his tyme Edward had neuer mair.
Bot Plewart saw his number was far ma,
His power sone he gart deuyde in twa.
To fecht in that caus knichtlie he thame kend,
In that Journey outher to wyn or end.
The worthie Scottis that first amang thame baid
Full greit slauchter on Inglismen thay maid.
Into the wod befoir had preuit sa weill,
That on the plane thay sonzeit neuer adeill.
In curage grew as thay wer new begun,
Schort rest thay had fra ryding of the Sone.
Be that Ramsay, and gude worthie Ruthuane,
Throw out the thickest of the preis is gane.
Sloppis thay maid amang the Inglismen,
Disseuerit thame be twentie and be ten.
Quhē speiris wer gane, with swordis of meteal cleir

To Inglismen thair cumming fauldfull dois.
Wallace and his be worthynes of hand,
Feill Sutheroun blude gart licht vpon the land.
The twa feildis togidder reillit than,
Sir Johne Ꝑlewart with monie nobill man:
To help thair Lord thre hundreth in ane place,
About him stude and did thair busynes.
Defendand him with monie awfull dint,
Quhill all the outwart of the feild was tint.
Of commounis part into the Forest fled,
Succour to seik, thir men sa had thame led.
The Scottis hes sene sa monie in ane rout,
With Ꝑlewart stand, that gaiedit him about.
Upon the sydis assailzett woundersair,
The poleist plaitis with poyntis peirsit bair.
The Sutheroun maid defence full cruellis,
All occupyit was this nobell Cheualrie.
Sir Johne Ramsay waid thay had zoldin beus,
Wallace saidnay, it is ane wrang ze mens.
Ransoun to tak we can not now begin,
On sir ane wyse this land ze may not win.
Fone knicht of auld our enemie hes bene,
Sa fell to vs of thame I haue not sene.
Now he sall de, throw help of Goddis grace,
Ye come to pay his ransoun in this place.
The Sutheroun saw, and wist planelie to de,
Reskew was nane, suppois that thay wald fle.
Freschlie thay faucht, as thay had entrit new,
Upon our syde part worthie men thay slew.
Than Ꝑlewart said, allace in wrang doing,
Our lyfis we leis for plesure of our king
That felloun knicht dourit his lyfe richt nocht,
Amang the Scottis full hardelie he wrocht.

Wallet

Billet he ſtraik to deith fornent the maſſe,
Wallace preſſit with his ſword birnit bricht.
At Stewartis hals he ettillit with greit ire,
Throw pelane flit in ſunder ſtraik the ſwyre.
Veld to the ground he ruſchit for all his micht,
Be Wallace, and thus endit that gude Knicht.
The remanent without mercie thay ſla,
For gude Billet the Scottis wer wounder wa.
In handis ſum, thay ſtiikit but remeid,
Na Sutheroun paſt with lyfe out of that ſteid.
Than to the wod for thame that left the feild,
Ane range thay ſet, thus micht thay get na beild.
Zeid nane away was contrair our opinioun,
Gude Ruthuen paſt agane to Sanct Johnſtoun.
Sir Johne Ramſay to Cowper Caſtell raid,
That hous he tuik, for defence nane was maid.
Wallace, Craufurd, and with thame gude Guthrie,
Richard Wallace had lang bene in meilie.
And Longueuill into Lindoris haid ſtill.
Faſtit thay had to lang againis thair will.
Wallange thay maid thair ſtewart for to be,
Of meit and drink thay fand abundantlie.
The power fled and durſt na langer byde,
That was befoir upon the Sutheroun ſyde.
Upon the morne to Sanctandrois thay paſt,
Out of the toun that Biſchop bownit faſt.
The king of Ingland had him thidder ſend
That rent at will he gaif him in commend.
His kingis charge, as than he durſt not hald,
Ane wrangous Pairp, that Tyran micht be cald.
Few fled with him, and gat away be ſee,
For all Scotland, Wallace he wald not ſe.
Of him as than he maid bot licht record,

Gart reſtoir him that thair was richteous Lord.
The wozthy knicht that into Cowper lay,
Gart ſpuilze it vpon the ſecund day.
Syne ordanit men at command of Wallace
But mair proces for to caſt doun the place.
Myndouris gart ſone peirs out throw the wall,
Syne punſiounis fyrit, vnto the ground keſt all.
Schir Johne Ramſay ſyne to Carrell can fair,
Sutherown was fled and left bot wallis bair.
Eſter Pſewart thay durſt not tarie lang,
The Scottis at large out throw all Fyfe thay rang.
Na Inglißmen was left in that cuntrie,
Bot in Lochleuin thair baid ane cumpanie.
Vpon that Inche, in ſmall houſis thay licht,
Caſtell was nane, bot wallit with watter wicht.
Beſyde Carrell ſemblit Wallace befozne,
His purpois was for to aſſay Kingozne.
Ane knicht Wulgraik Capitane in it was,
Be ſchozt auyſe he purpoſit for to pas,
Erar he wald byde challange of his king,
Than with Wallace to reckin for ſic thing.
That houſ he tuik and lytill tarie maid.
Vpon the mozne withouttin mair abaid.
Atouir the mure, quhair thay the tryſt had ſet,
Neir Scotland well thair ludging tuik but let.
Eſter ſupper Wallace bad thame ga reſt,
My ſelf will walk, me think it may be beſt.

The wynning of Lochleuin. CA. III.

AS he cõmandit but grunching thay haue done,
Vnto pair ſleip. Wallace ſyne graithit him ſone.
Paſt to Lochleuin, as it was neir midnicht,

Auchtene

Auchtene with him that he had warnit richt.
Thir men weind weill he come to besy it,
Fellowis he said I do zow weill to wit.
Consider weill this place and vnderstand
That it may do full greit skaith to Scotland.
Out of the South and power cum thame till,
Thai may take in to keip at thair awin will.
Vpon zone Juche richt monie men may be,
And syne Jche out thair tyme quhen that thai se.
To byde lang heir we may not vpon chance.
Zone folk hes fude traist weill at sufficiance,
Watter fra thame forsuith cannot be set,
Sum vther wyle behouis vs to get.
Ze sall remaine heir at this part all still,
And I myself the boit sall bring zow till.
Thairwith his weid in haist of call is he,
Vpon zone syde na watchemen can I se.
Held on his sark and tuik his sword sa gude,
Bund on his neck syne lap into the flude.
And ouir he swame for letting had he nocht,
The Boit he tuik and to his men it brocht.
Arrapit him weill and wald na langer byde,
Bot passit in and rowit to the tother syde
The Juche thai tuik with drawin swordis in hand,
Thai spairit nane that thai befoir thame fand.
Straik durris vp and stikkit men quhair thai lay,
Vpon the Sutheroun thus sadlie sembill thay.
Threttie thai slew that was into that place,
To mak defence the Inglismen had na space.
Thair wemen fyue was send out of that steid,
Wemen nor barnis he neuer put to deid.
The gude thai tuik as it had bene thair awin,
Than Wallace said fellowis I mak zow knawin.

The purueyance that is within thir wanis,
We will not tyne gar sembill vs all atanis.
Let warne Ramsay and our gude men ilkane,
I will remaine quhill that this stuf be gane.
Send furth ane man thair hors for to keip,
Drew vp the boit syne beddis tuik to sleip.
Wallace power neir Scotland Well quhilk lay.
Befoir the Sone thai missit him away.
Sum meining maid and meruellit of that cace,
Ramsay bad ceis and murne not for Wallace.
It is for gude that he is from vs went,
That sall ze se and traist weill verryment.
My heid to wed Lochleuin he past to se,
Bot in that place na Inglismen fand he.
Into this land betuix thir watteris left,
Tythingis of him full sone ze sall heir eft.
As thai about wer talkand on this wyse,
Message sone come and chargit thame to ryse.
My Lord he said to denner hes zow cald,
Into Lochleuin quhilk is ane lykkie hald.
Ze sall fair weill thairfoir put of all sorrow,
Thai graithit thame richt airlie on the morrow.
And thither past of Wallace weill to wit,
Thai semblit in ane full blyith fellowship.
Thay iudgeit them thair quhill thrie dayis was at end
Of meit and drink they had aneuch to spend.
Turnit furth geir that Sutheroun had brocht thaw
Gart birne the boit, to Sanct Johnestoun they fair
Bischop Sinclair that worthie was and wyse
To Wallace come, and tauld him his auyse.
Thus he desyrit Wallace with him wald ryde,
And in Dunkeld sotorne that winter tyde.
Bot he said nay, that hald I nocht the best,

And

And Scotland thus in peice we cân not reſt.
The Biſchop ſaid plainelie we may not wend,
Into the Northfor men I reid zow ſend.
I grant (quod he) and cheiſit ane Meſſingeir,
The worthie Iop was with the Biſchop thair.
And Maiſter Blair quhill Wallace come thaj baid
With yat gude Lord yat nobill cheir thame maid.
Wallace ſend Blair into his Preiſtis weid,
To warne ȳ Weſt quhair kheindis had greit dreid.
How thaj ſuld pas or to gude Wallace wyn,
For Ingliſmen that held thame lang in twyn.
Adam Wallace and Lindeſay that was wicht,
Rauthlie paj left and went away be nicht.
Throw out the land to the Lennox thaj fair,
To Erll Malcolme yat welcummit yame full zair.
Maiſter Johne Blair was blyith of that ſemblie,
Gude Grahame was thair and Richard of Lundie.
Als Robert Boyd that out of Bute thame ſecht,
Gat thaj Wallace of na thing than thaj rocht.
Bot Ingliſmen betuix thame was ſa ſtrang,
That paj in plaine micht not weill to him gang.
Iop paſſit on for nathing wald he let,
Greit power than as thair he micht not get.
The Lord Cumyng that Erll of Buchane was,
For auld Inuy he wald let na man pas.
That he micht let in gude Wallace ſupplie,
The Erll Patrik at plaine feild keipit he:
Zit pure men come and preuit all thair micht,
To help Wallace in fence of Scotlandis richt.
The gude Randall in tender age was kend,
Part of gude men out of Murray he ſend.
Iop paſt againe and come in preſence ſone,
Before Wallace and tauld how thaj had done.

Bot Maiſter Blair ſa gude tythingis him brocht,
That of the Cumyng Wallace full lytill rocht.
Als Inglilmen than had full mekill dreid,
Fra Fyfe was tynt the war thaj trowit to ſpeid.
The Duke and Erll that tyme in Scotland led,
Capitanes thaj maid in Ingland ſyne thaj ſped.
Wallace him bownit quhen he thocht tyme ſuld be
Fra Sanct Johnſtoun and tuik him with fyftie.
Steuin of Ireland and Keirlie that was wicht,
For Inglilmen thaj had haldin the richt.
In watcheinen weid and fendit thaime richt weill
To gude Wallace thaj wer als trew as ſteill.
To follow him thaj twa thocht neuer lang,
Throw the Dychell thaj maid thaime for to gang.
On mair power he tarȝit not that tyde,
To keip the land the laik he gart abyde.
To Striuiling brig as than he wald not pas,
For ſtrang power of Inglilmen thair was.

☞ The wynning of Erth. CA. IIII.

To Erth Ferry thaj paſſit priuatlie
And buſkit thaime in ane dern ſteid thairby.
Ane cruell Capitane in Erth dwelt that zeir,
In Ingland borne that hecht Thomlin of weir.
Ane hundreth men was at his leiding ſtill
To bruik that land thaj did power and will.
Ane Scottis Fiſcher quhilk paj had tane beſorne,
Contrair his will gart him be to thame ſworne.
In thair ſeruice thaj held him day and nicht,
Befoir the Sone Wallace gart Jop him dicht.
And ſend him furth the paſſage to eſpy,
On that Fiſcher thaj happit ſuddanely.

All

All him allane bot ane boy that was thair,
Iop hynt him sone and for na feir wald spair.
Be the collar and out ane knyfe pullit he,
For GODDIS saik this man aſsait mercie.
Iop speirit sone of quhat Natioun ar thow,
Ane Scot he said bot Sutheroun gart me bow,
In thair seruice againis my will sa sair,
Bot for my lyfe that I remainit thair.
To seik fusche I come on this North syde,
Be ze ane Scot I wald fane with zow byde.
Than he him brocht in presence to Wallace,
The Scottis was blyith quhē yai haue sene this
For with his boit yai micht weill passage haik (cace
For ferrie crakt he thocht nocht for to craik.
Upon that syde lang space thai tarryit nocht,
In the South land with glaid hartis thai socht.
Syne brak the boit quhen thai wer landit thair,
Seruice of it Sutheroun micht haue na mair.
Than throw the Wos thai passit full gude speid,
To the Torwod that man with thame thai leid.
The wedow thair brocht tythingis to Wallace,
Of his trew Eme that dwelt in Donypace.
Thomlin of weir in presoun had him set.
For mair tresour than he befoir micht get.
Wallace said Dame be sall weill lousit be,
The morne be none or ma thairfoir sall de.
Scho gat thame meit and in quyet thai baid,
Quhill it was nicht syne reddie sone thai maid.
Towart Erth hall richt suddanelie thame drew,
Ane strenth thair was that weill the Fischer knew.
Of draw dykis and full of watter wan,
Wyselie thairof hes warnit thame this man.
On the bak syde he led thame priuatlie,

Fra the watter, as wount to cum was he
Ouir ane ſmall brig gude Wallace enterit in,
Into the hall him ſelf thocht to begin.
Fra the Supper as thay war boun to ryſe,
He ſalust thame vpon ane awfull wyſe.
His men vim followit ſuddanlie atanis,
Haiſtie ſorrow was raiſit in thay wanis.
With ſcheirād ſwordis ſcharply about thame dang,
Feill on the flure was fellit thame amang.
With Thomlin weir Wallace him ſelf he ſes met,
Ane feiloun ſtraik ſadlie vpon him ſet
Throw heid & ſwyre all throw ye coiſt him claik,
The worthie Scottis faſt ſtikkit of the laik.
Keipit weill durris and to the deith thame dicht,
To chaip away the Sutheroun had na micht.
Sum wyndois ſocht for to haue brokin out,
Bot all for nocht full fey than was that rout.
About the fyre buſchit the blude ſa reid,
Ane hundreth men was ſlaine into that ſteid.
Than Wallace ſocht quhair his Uncle micht be,
In ane deip Coik he was ſet dulefullie.
Quhair watter ſtude and he in Irnis ſtrang.
Wallace full ſone the brais vp he dang.
Of that mirk hoill brocht him with ſtrenth & liſt,
Bot noyis he hard of nathing elſ he wiſt.
Sa blyith before in warld he had not bene,
And thairwith lichit quhen he had Wallace ſene.
In dykis out the deid bodies thay keſt,
Graithit the place as than thame lykit beſt.
Maid full gude cheir and wyſe watchis thay ſet,
Quhill neir the day yay ſleip withouttin let.
Quhen yay had licht, ſpuilzeit ye place in by
Fand ganand geir baith gold and Jowalry.

Quik

On all that day in quyet held thame still,
Quhen Sutheroun come reſſault thame with gude will,
In that labour the Scottis was full bane,
Inglismen come in bot name went out againe:
Wemen and barnis put in preſoun and caik,
Sa thaj micht mak na warning to the laik.
Steuin of Ireland and Keirlie that was wicht,
Keipit the port vpon the ſecund nicht.
Befoir the day the worthie Scottis rais,
Tursit gude geir and to the Torwod gais.
Remanit thair quhill nicht was cũmin on hand,
Syne bownit thame in quyet throw the land.
The wedow ſone fra thaj wer paſſit dout,
Ane ſeruand ſend and leit the wemen out.
To pas fra Erth quhair that thame lykit beſt,
Now ſpeik of thame that went into the Weſt.

¶ How Wallace brynt the Inglismen in Dunbertane. CAP. V.

WAllace him ſell was ſicker gyde that nicht,
To Dunbertane the way he cheiſit richt.
Or it was day for than the nicht was lang.
Vnto the tounfull priuatlie thaj gang.
Mekill of it than Inglismen occuppit,
Gude Wallace ſone throw ane derk garth him hyit
Vnto the hous quhilk he was wont to ken,
Ane wedow dwelt that was freind to our men.
Abouit hir bed on the bak ſyde was maid,
Ane den windo was nouther lang nor braid.
Thair Wallace callit and ſone fra ſcho him knew,
In haiſt ſcho rais and priuatlie him drew:
In ane cloiſ barn quhair thaj micht keipit be,

Baith meit and drink scho brocht thame greit plēti
Ane gudelie gift to Wallace als scho gaue,
Ane hundreth pund and mair atouir the laue.
Nyne ionnis scho had was lyklie men and wicht,
Ane airly to him scho gart thame sweir full richt.
In peice thai dwelt in trubill thai had bene,
Ane tribute payit to Inglis Capitanes kene.
Sir Johne Menteith the Castell had in hand,
Bot sum men said thair was ane priuie band.
To Sutheroun maid be meanis of that knicht,
Of thair supplie to be at all his micht.
Thairof as now I will na proces mak,
Wallace that day ane schort purpois can tak.
Quhen it was nicht he bad the wedow pas,
And mark ye durris quhair Sutheroun dwelland
Syne efter this he and his Cheualry, (was.
Graithit thame weill and wappinnis tuik in hy.
Went on the gait quhair Sutheroun was on sleip
Ane greit Oistillarie our Scottis tuik to keip.
Ane Inglis Capitane was sittand vp sa lait,
Quhen he and his with drink was maid sa hait.
Nyne men was thair with him on hie curage,
Sum wald haue had gude Wallace in that rage.
Sū wald haue sūd Sir Johne ye Grahame throw
Sū wald haue had gude boyd at swords lēth (strēth
Sum wisit Lundie that chaipit was in Fyfe.
Sum wichter wes nor Setoun than in stryfe.
Quhen Wallace hard the Sutheroun mak sic din,
He gart all byde and him allane went in.
The laif remainit to heir of thair tythance,
He saluist thame with sturdie countenance.
Fellowis he said sen I come last fra hame,
In traueli I was in land ouir vncouth fame.

Fra

Fra South Ireland I come in this cuntrie,
The new conqueis of Scotland for to se.
Part of zour drink and sum gude I wald haif,
The Capitane than ane shrewd answeir him gaif.
Thow semis ane Scot bniyklie bs to spy,
Thow may be ane of Wallace cumpany.
Contrair our king he is rissin agane.
The land of Fyfe he hes riddin in plane,
Thow sall heir byde, quhill we wit how it be,
Be thow of his, thow salbe hangit hie.
Wallace thocht than it was na tyme to stand,
His nobill sword he grippit sone in hand.
Quir thort the face drew the Capitane in tene,
Straik all away that grew abone his Ene.
Ane vther braithlie in the breist he bair,
Baith braune & bane ye buirdie blaid throw schair.
The laif ruschit by, to Wallace in greit Ire,
The thrid he fellit, full derflie in the fyre.
Steuin of Ireland and keirlie in that thrang,
Keipit na charge, bot enterit thame amang.
And vther ma that to the dur can preis,
Quhill thay him saw, pair culd na thing pame reis.
The Sutheroun men full sone was brocht to deid,
The blyith Distiller, bad thame gude aill & breid.
Wallace said nay quhill we haue laiser mair,
To be our gyde thow sall befoir vs fair.
And begin fyre quhair that the Sutheroun lyis.
The Distiller sone vpon ane haistie wyis,
Hynt fyre in hand, and to ane greit hous zeid:
Quhair Inglismen was into mekill dreid.
For thay wist not quhill that the reid low raise,
As wod beistis amang the fyre than gaise.
With panis fell ruschit full sorrowfullie,

The laik without of our gude Cheualrie.
At ilk hous quhair the Distillar began,
Keipit the durris fra thame chaipit na man.
For all pair micht thocht King Edwart had sworne
Gat nane away, that was of Ingland borne.
Bot outher brynt, or but reskew was slane,
And sum throw force dreuin in the fyre agane.
Sum Scottis folk in seruice thame amang
Fra ane pane frelie thay leit thame gang.
Thrie hundreth men was to Dunbartane send,
To keip the land as thair Lord had thame kend.
Skaithles of thame, for ay was this Regioun.
Wallace or day maid him out of the toun,
Unto the roch of Dunbartane thay zeid,
And all that day thair sojournit but dreid.
Baith meit & drink the Distiller gart be brocht.
Quhé nicht was cúmin in all the haist thay mocht,
Towart Rosneth full ernistlie thay gang,
For Inglismen was in that Castell strang.
On the Gatloch thay purpois thame to byde,
Betuix the Kirk, that neir was thair besyde.
And to the Castell full prewatlie thay draw.
Under ane bray thay iudgit thame full law.
Besyde the watter quhair commoun vse had thay,
From Castell to the Kirk to pas ilk day.
Ane mariage als, was that day to begin,
All Iebit out, and left na man within.
That fence micht mak, bot seruandis in that place.
Thus to that tryst thay passit vpon ease.
Wallace and his drew thame full priuatly,
Neir hand the place, quhen thay wer passit by.
Within the hall, and thocht to keip that steid,
Fra Sutheroun men, or ellis thairfoir be deid.

Compleit

Compleit was maid the mariage into plane,
Vnto Rosneth thay passit hame agane.
Fourscor and ma was in that cumpany,
Bot not arrayit as was our Cheualry.
To the Castell thay weind to pas but let,
The worthie Scottis so hardlie on thame set.
Fourtie ataris derflie to deith thay bair,
The remanent affrayit was sa sair.
Langer in feild thay had na micht to byde,
Bot feirflie fled fra thame on ather syde.
The Scottis thairwith, weill wes the entrie win,
And slew all sic as in the hous was fundin.
Syne on the flearis followit wounder fast,
Ai Inglisman with lyfe thair fra thame past.
The wemen sone thay seisit into hand,
Keipit thame cloiss for warning of the land.
And deid bodyis all out of sicht thay kest.
Than at gude eis thay maid thame for to rest.
On that pursuyance seuin dayis iudgit thair,
At rude coistis to spend thay wald not spair.
Quhē Sutheroun come, thay tuik thame gladly in
Bot out agane thay leit nane of that kin.
Quha tythingis send the Capitane of that steid,
Thair seruitouris the Scottis put to deid.
Spuilzeit the place, and left na gudes thair.
Ztak wallis doun, and maid the biggingis bair.
Quhen thay had spilt all ranewark y thay mocht,
Thay kendellit fyre, and fra Rosneth thay socht.
Quhen thay had brint all tein work in that place,
Wallace gart freith the wemen of his grace.
To do thame harms his purpois neuer was,
Than to Falkland the worthie Scottis can pas.
Quhair Erll Malcolme was by dand at defence.

Richt blyith he was of Wallace gude presence.
Than he fand thair ane nobill cumpanie,
Sir Johne the Grahame, and Richard of Lundie,
Adam Wallace that worthie was & wyse,
Barklay and Boyd with men mekill to pryse.
At Cristynnes, thair Wallace sojournit still,
Of his mother tythingis was brocht him till.
In tyme befoir, scho had left Ellerslie,
For Inglismen scho durst not in it be.
Fra thyne disagyst scho past in pilgryme weid.
Sum girth to seik to Dunfermling scho zeid.
Seiknes scho had forsuith into that steid,
Deceissit scho was, God tuik hir spreit to leid.
Quhē Wallace hard, that thir tythingis was trew,
Than sadnes sair on ilk syde did persew.
In thank he tuik, becaus it is naturall,
He loisit God with sicker hart and haill.
Better him thocht that it was happit sa,
Than Sutheroun suld put hir to vther wa.
He ordanit Jop, and alswa maister Blair,
Thidder to pas and for na coist to spair.
Bot honorabillie put corps in sepulture,
At his command thay seruit all the cure.
Hoand thairto as deith requyrit to hait,
With rich enter the corps thay put in grait.
Agane thay turnit and schewit of hir end,
He thankit God, quhat grace that euer he send.
He saw the warld sa full of fantasy,
Comfort he tuik, leit all murning ga by.
His maist delyte was for to fecht Scotland,
Now will I tell quhat cace than come on hand.

How

Of How Schir Williame Dowglas wan the castell of Sauquhair be ane Ieopardie, & how Williame Wallace reskewit him fra the Inglismen, and put thame out of that part. CA. VI.

Schir Williame lang of Dowglasdaill was
Be his first wyfe as richt is to record. Lord,
Deceissit than out of this waridlie cair
Twa Sones he had with hir that leuit thair.
Quhilk lyklie was and abill in curage,
To Scuill was send into thair tender age.
James and Hew sa hecht thir bzether twa,
And efter sone thair Uncle culd thame ta.
Gude Robert Keith had thame fra Glasgow toun,
And ouer the sey to France he maid him boun.
At studie syne he left thame in Paris,
With ane Maister that worthie was & wise.
The king Edward tuik thair Father that knicht
And held him still thocht he was neuer sa wicht.
Quhill tyme he had assentit to his will,
Ane mariage als thay haue ordanit him till.
The Ladie Ferres of power and hie blude,
Bot thairof come to his lyfe lytill gude.
Twa Sones he gat on this Ladie but mair,
With Edwardis will he tuik his leif to fair.
In Scotland come and brocht his wyfe in peis,
In Dowglas dweit, forsuith this is na leis.
king Edward trowit that he had steidfast bene,
Fast to thair Faith bot contrair sone was sene.
Ay the Scottis blude remainit in Dowglas
Aganis Ingland quhilk preuit in monie place.
The Sauquhair was ane Castell fair and strang,

Ane Inglis Capitane had dõe feill Scottis wrang.
Into it dwelt ane Bewfurd he was cald,
That held all waist fra thyne to Dowglas hald.
Richt neir of kin was Dowglas wyfe and he,
Thairfoir he trowit in peice of him to be.
Sir Williame saw that Wallace rais in paine,
And richt lyklie to freith Scotland againe.
To help him part into his mynd he kest,
For in that lyfe richt lang he culd not rest.
He thocht na charge to bres vpon Ingland,
It was throw force that euer he maid thame band.
Ane young man than that hardie was and bald,
Borne with him self and Thomas Dikſoun cald.
Be it freind he said I wald preiue at my micht,
And mak ane fray to fals Bewfurd the knicht.
In Sauquhair dwellis sa dois full greit outrage.
Than Dikſoun said my self in that veyage:
Sall for zow pas, with Anderſoun to ſpeik,
Freindſchip to me my Couſing will not brek.
He is the man thair fyre leidis thame till,
Throw his help zour purpois ze may fulfill.
Sir Williame than in all the haiſt he micht,
Threttie trew men in that veyage he dicht.
And tauld his wyfe to Dunfreis he wald fair,
Ane tryſt he said of Ingland he had thair.
Thus paſſit he quhair that na Sutheroun wist,
With thir threttie throw waist land at thair liſt.
Quhill nicht was cummin he couchit yame full law
Into ane cleuch neir at the watter Craw.
To the Sauquhair Dikſoun allane he send,
And he sone maid with Anderſoun this end.
Dikſoun suld tak baith his hors and his weid.
Be it was day ane draucht of wod to leid.

Agane

Agant he past and tauld the gude Dowglas.
Quhilk drew him sone into ane priuate place,
Anderson tauld quhat stuf thair was thairin,
To Thomas Dikson that was richt neir of kin.
Fourtie thay ar all men of mekill vaill,
Be thay on fute thay will zow sair assaill.
Gif thow happin the entrie for to get,
On thy richt hand ane stalwart axe is set.
Thairwith thow may defend the in ane thrang,
Be Dowglas wyse, he byde not fra the lang.
Anderson zeid to the buschement in hy,
Neir the Castell he drew thame priwely.
Unto ane Schaw Sutheroun mistraistit nocht,
To the nixt Wod with Dikson sone he socht.
Graithit ane draucht on ane braid slyppand law,
Chargit ane hors and to the toun can draw.
Arrayit he was in Andersonis weid,
And bad haue in, the Porter come gude speid.
This hour he said thow micht haue bene away,
Untymous thow art for it is scantlie day.
The zet zeid vp Dikson zeid in but mair,
Ane thortour band that all the draucht vp bair:
He cuttit it, the slyp to ground couth ga,
Cummerit the zet steiking thay micht not ma.
The Porter sone he hynt into that stryfe,
Twyis throw the heid, and reft him sone his lyfe.
The axe he gat that Anderson of spak,
Ane bekning maid thairwith ye buschemēt brak.
Dowglas him self was formest in that preis,
In ouir the Wod enterit or he wald ceis.
Thrie watchemen was fra ye wallis cūmin new,
Within the cloig the Scottismen thame slew.
Or ony scry was raisit in that stour,

Dowglas had tane the zet of the greit Toue.
Ran vp the Grece quhair that the Capitane lay,
On fute he gat and wald haue bene away.
Quir lait he was Dowglas struik vp the dure,
Bewfurd he fand in middis of the flure.
With ane stif swoyd to deith he hes him dicht,
His men followit that worthie wer and wicht.
The men thay slew that was within thay wanis,
Syne in the cloys thay semblit all at anis.
The hous thay tuik and Sutheroun put to deid,
Gat nane bot ane with lyfe out of that steid.
For that the zet sa lang vnsteikit was,
This spy he fled and to Durrisdeir can pas.
Tauld that Capitane that thay had hapnit sa,
Ane vther he gart vnto the Eunoch ga.
And Tyberis mure was warnit of this cace,
And Lochmabane all semblit to this place.
The cuntrie als quhen thay hard of sic thing,
Wald seige Dowglas & hecht thay suld him hing.
Quhen Dowglas wist that ane was fra thame
To sailze him he trowit ȳ yai wald schaip. chaip.
Witsoun he send vpon ane Tuirsour wicht,
To warne Wallace in all the haist he micht.
In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plaine,
With four hundreth that was of mekill maine.
Kilsyth Castell he thocht to wesy it,
That Raumdaill held, bot gude men leit him wit:
That he was out that tyme in Cumbernald,
Lord Cumyng dwelt on tribute in that hald.
Quhen Wallace wist he gart Erll Malcolme ly,
With twa hundreth in buschement neir thairby.
To keip the hous that nane suld to it fair,
He tuik the laik in the wod syde neir thair.

Ane

Ane Scurriour left, towarne gif he sald ocht,
Sone Wauindaill come, of thame he had na thocht.
Quhen he was cũmin ẏ twa bushmentis betuene,
The Scurriour warnit thir cruell men and kene.
Quhil Erll Walcolme had barrit thame fra ẏ place
Na Sutheroun zeid with lyfe, they did that grace.
Part Lennox men thay left the hous to ta.
Onspuilzeing than thay wald na tary ma.
To seige houlis, than Wallace couth nocht byde.
Throw out the land in awfull wyse thay ryde.
Than Lynlithgow toun thay hint into pair gaik,
Quhair Sutheroũ dwelt, pai maid pair biggingis
The Peill thay tuik, slew yame ẏ was thairin (haik.
Of Sutheroun blude, the Scottis thocht na sin.
Syne on the morne hint Dalkeith in ane gleid.
Than to ane strenth to Newbottell wod thay zeid,
Be that Lawder, and Crikell of Setoun,
Come fra the Bas and hint North Berwik toun.
That Inglismen thay suld na succour get
Quhome thay ouer tuik, thay slew for outtin let
To meit wallace thay past in all thair micht,
Ane hundreth with thame of men in armis bricht
Ane blyith meiting that tyme was thame betuene.
Quhen Erll Walcolme, ẏ Wallace beg thame sene.
Thomas Dikson als met with guid Wallace,
Quhilk grantit sone, for to reskew Dowglas.
Dikson he said, wait thow of thair multiplie,
Thre thowsand men thair power may nocht be,
Erll Walcome said, thocht yai wer thowsands fyif
For this actioun me think that we suld dryif.
Than hew the way that dwelt vndet trewage
Of Inglismen, sone he gat ouer that wage
Wair for to pay, as than he lykit nocht,

With fyftie men to Wallace furth he focht
To Perbis fall bot na Sutheroun thame baid.
Thair at the Croce, ane plane cry haik thay maid.
Wallace commandit, quha wald cum to his peis,
And byde thairat, reward fuld haue but leis.
Guid Rutherfurd, that euer trew had bene,
In Ettrik wod agane the Sutheroun kene,
Biddin he had and done thume meikill deir,
Sextie he led of Mebill men of weir.
Wallace him welcumit, that come in his fupplie,
With Lordlyke feir and chiftane lyke wes he.
Than to array thay went without the toun,
Thair number wes fex hundreth of renoun:
In beirnis bricht all men of meikill waill,
With glaid hartis thay paft throw Cluddisdaill.
The feige began and to the Hawquhair fet,
Bot tythingis come that maid thairin ane let.
Quhen Sutheroun hard that Wallace was fa neir.
Throw haistie fray the Dill was all on steir
Na man was thair wald for ane vther byde.
Perpois thay tuik in Ingland for to ryde.
The Chiftane faid fen thair king had befoir.
Fra Wallace fled thair caufis was the moir.
Fra South thay focht to byde it was greit wraith.
Dowglas as yan was thus quyte of thair skaith.
In Crawfurd mure be than was gude Wallace.
Quhen men him taid that Sutheroun vpon cace
Wer fled away and durft him nocht abyde.
Thre hundreth than he cheiflit with him to ryde.
In licht harnes and hors that thay wald waill,
The Erll Malcolme he bad byde with the ftaill,
To follow thame ane bak gaird for to be,
To fturf the chace in all haift he wnit he

Throw

Throw Durisdeir he tuik the ganest gait,
Richt fane he wald with Sutheroun maid debait.
The planest way abone Moxtoun thay hald,
Rydand the hicht, gif that the Sutheroun wald.
Was to persew, or turne to Lochmabane.
Bot tent thairto the Inglismen tuik nane.
Noū richt thay held, graith gydis couth thame leir,
Abone Closburne Wallace approchit neir.
In Ire he grew quhen thay wer in his sicht,
To thame thay sped with will and all thair micht;
On ane out part the Scottis set that tyde'
Seuin scoir at eird, thay had fone at ane syde.
The Sutheroun saw, that it was hapnit sa,
Turnit in agane, than sum reskew to ma.
Quhen thay trowit best aganis Wallace to stand,
Erll Malcolme come, than richt neir at thair hand.
The haill power tuik plane purpois to fle,
Quha wer at eird, Wallace gart let thame be.
Upon the formest followit with all his micht.
The Erll and his amang the laif can licht.
Hid all to deith, that unhorsit wer that tyde.
Efter the hors full freschlie chan thay eyde.
Fyue hundreth large, or thay past Waldomtoun.
On Sutheroun syde, to ground was brocht doun.
Of Scottis hors monie began to tyre
Suppois thair self was seirs as ony fyre.
The flearis left baith wod, materis and hill.
To tak the plane, speidfull thay thocht thame till.
In greit batell away full fast thay raid.
Into the strenthis thay thocht to mak na baid.
Neir Lochmabane, and Quehtirhous thay went,
Besyde Croichmad, quhair feill Sutheroun wan
Richt monie hors that runnin had sa lang, (slyent

And trauellit fair thay micht na farder gang.
Schir Johne the Grahame vpon his fute waslet,
Than Wallace als, liehtit withoutin let.
Thir twa on fute amang thair enemeis zeid
Was nane bot hors micht fra thame pas for speid.
On Inglismen sa cruellie thay sothe,
Quhome thay ouertuik agane harmit vs nocht.
To Wallace come ane part of power new,
On restit hors that peirtlie couth persew.
Adame Corry with guid men of greit vaill.
And Johnstoun als that dwelt into Eikdaill,
And kirkpatrik was in that cumpanie,
And Haliday, quhilk semblit sturdilie.
Quhair thay enterit the faillzie was so fair,
Deid to the ground, feill speiris doun thay bair.
Sewin scour war haill of new cumin men in deid.
The south pairtis of thame had mekill dreid,
Wallace was hoxlit vpon ane Cuirsour wicht,
That guid Corry had brocht into his sicht
To stuf the chace with new Cheualry,
Commandit Grahame and his guid men for thy.
Togidder byde and follow as thay micht,
Thrie Capitanes thair full sone to deith thay dicht:
That restit hors sa wounder weill him bair,
Quhome he ouer tuik agane nane neuer mair.
Raithlie he raid and wrocht full mony wound,
Thir thre Capitanes he stikkit in ane stound.
Of Murrisdeir Ennoch and Teberris mure
Lord Cliffardis Eine away to Carlile fure.
The quhilk before had keipit Lochmabane,
Na landit man with him chaipit bot ane,
For Warwell als out of Carlauerok drew,
On the Sutheroun the ganest way can sew.

Into

Into the chace ſa willfullie thay tyde,
Few gat away that come vpon thatſyde.
Beſyde Colpule full keill techting thay fand,
Sum drownit was, ſum ſlane vpon the land.
Quha chaipit was in Ingland fled away.
Wallace returnit, na preſoner tuik thay.
In Carlauerok, that nicht reſting thay maid.
Vpon the morne to Dumfreis blythlie raid.
Thair Wallace cryit quha wald cum to his peis,
Aganis Sutheroun, thair malice for to ceis.
To trew Scottis he ordanit warysoun,
Quha faltit had, he grantit remiſſioun.
In Dumfreis than he wald na langer byde.
The Sutheroun fled of Scotland on ilk ſyde,
Beſey and land without langer abaid,
Of Caſtellis, touns than Wallace Chiftanes maid
Reullit the land and put it in guid reſt,
With trew keiperis the quhilks he traiſtit beſt,
The guid Dowglas quhilk I zow tald of air,
Keiper he was, fra Dumlanerik to Air.
Becaus he had, on Sutheroun ſic thing wrocht
His wyfe was wraith bot that ſcho ſchew it nocht.
Vnder couert hir malice held perfyte,
Ane Serpent waitis hir tyme that ſcho may byte,
To Dowglas oft ſcho wrocht full mekill eair.
Of that as now I leif quhill farthermair,
Bot Sutheroun men durſt than na Caſtellis hald,
Thay left Scotland, befoir as I zow tauld.
Saikane Wortoun ane Capitane feirs and fell,
That held Dundie: bot Wallace wald not dwell,
Bot bidder paſt and laid it round about.
Quhen Wortoun ſaw that he was in that dout,
He aſkit leif with thair lyfis togs.

Wallace denyis, and sayis it beis not swa.
The last Capitane of Ingland that heir was,
Ingais him left haill with his men to pas.
Thow sall forthink sic maistrie for to mak,
All Ingland sall of the exempill tak.
Sic men I weind, fra thyne for to haue worne,
Thow salbe hangit, suppois thy King had sworne.
He gart command ua Scottis suld to thame speik;
Confirmit the seige, and said we sall vs weik
On Inglismen, as skill will of Wundie,
Skrymgeour he maid thair Constabill to be.
Ane Ballingair of Ingland that was thair,
Past out of Tay, and come to Dubitbie fair.
To London send, and tauld of all this race,
To king Worcoun sa vowit had Wallace.
Befoir this tyme, Edward with power zeid,
To weir on France, for than he had na dreid.
Befoir he trowit Scotland to be his awin,
Quhen thay him warnit how his men was ouer-
Agans he tuik to Ingland haistelie. (thrawin,
And left his turne all fiklit in folie.
Gascoun he clamit all in heritage,
He left it thus, with all his hie barnage.
And Flanderis als, he thocht to tak on hand.
All thir he left, and come to reif Scotland.
Quhen that this King to Inglād was cūmit haime,
Sūmounds thay maid, & chargit Bruce be name.
And vther ma that leuit vndes his Croun,
Bishop, Barroun, to cum at his Summoun.
Quhen Wallace twyis, throw force had fred Scot-
This tyran King tuik plane lie vpon hand. (land,
For greit desyre he micht na way tak rest.
He thocht to him to mak it plane conqueist.

In

In conetyse he had rungin sa lang,
Chistanes he maid, that thay suld not ga wrang.
Gydis thay cheis, for strenthis thame to gy.
Thay thocht na mair to byde at Jeopardy:
In plane battell, and thay micht Wallace win,
He trowit of weir thay wald na mair begin.
Leil J this king makand his ordinance,
My purpois is to speik sum thing of France.
The Inglismen, than Guyan held in weir,
To French folk thay did full mekill deir.
King and Counsell sone in thair wittis kest,
To get Wallace, thame thocht it was the best.
For Guyan land the Inglismen had thay,
Than chuip thay thus, in all the haist thay may:
For thay traistit gif Scotland wer weill stad,
Wallace wald cum, as he thame promist had.
The lampn Herald befoir in Scotland was,
Thay him commandit, and ordanit he suld pas
Into Scotland without langer delay,
Out of the Sluce as gudelie as he may.
Reddie he was, in ship he past on cais,
In Tayis mouth but baid the hauin he tais.
Quhair Wallace than was at the saitze still,
And he resauit the Herald with gude will.
Thair writ he red, and said thame on this wyse,
Ane answer sone he couth thame not deuyse.
To bonest Innis, the Herald than he send,
On Wallace coist richt baldlie for to spend.
Quhill tyme he saw how vther matteris zeid,
Than answer he suld haue without tindzeid.
The wit of France, thocht Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland with his Herald thay send.
Prayse of his deid, and als the descriptioun,

Of him sayd thair be men of discretioun,
Clerkis, knichtis Heraldis that him saw,
Bot I heirof, can nocht reheirs at aw,
Wallace stature of greitnes and of hicht,
Was Judgit thus be discretioun of sicht.
That saw him baith on Cheuall and in weid.
Nyne quarteris large of hicht he was in deid.
Thrid part that lenth in schulderis braid was he.
Richt semelie, strang and lustie for to se.
In lymmis greit, with stalwart pais and sound,
His brannes hard with armis lang and round.
His handis maid richt lyke to ane palmeir,
Of manlyk mak with naillis lang and cleir.
Proportionat fair, and lang was his visage,
Richt sad of speiche and abill of curage.
Baith breistit heich with sturdy craig and greit,
His lippis round, his neis was squair and neit.
Brynnant broun hair on browis and breis licht,
Cleir asper ene, lyke Dyamant is bricht.
Under his chin on his left syde was sene,
Be hurt ane wen his colour was sanguene.
Woundis he had in mony dyuers place.
Bot fair and haill weill keipit was his face.
Off riches als he keipit na proper thing,
Gaif that he wan lyke Alexander the king
In tyme of peis meik as ane mayd suld be,
Quhair weir approchit the eyght Hector was he,
To Scottis men richt gude credence he gaif,
Bot knawin eneimeis yat couth him nocht disfaif,
Thir properties war Judgit into France
Of him to be, and guidlie remembrance.
Maister Johne Blair this Patroun couth reffait.
In Wallace buik he breuit it with the laif.

Bot

Bot he heirofas than tuik lytill heid,
His lauborous mynd was all of vther deid.
At Dundie seige thus eirnest as he lay,
Tythingis to him Jop brocht vpon ane day.
How King Edward with lyklie men to waill,
Ane hundreth thousand come for to assaill
And Scottis ground thay had tane vpon race,
Into sum part it greuit gude Wallace.
He maid Skrymgeour at the hous to ly,
With twa thousand and chargit him for thy.
That nane suld chaip with lyfe out of that steid,
That Sutheroun wer bot put thame all to deid.
Skrymgeour grantit richt faithfullie to byde,
With aucht thousand Wallace can fra him ryde.
To Sanct Johnstoun thre dayis he graithit thair
With sad auyse toward ye South can fair.
For King Edward that tyme ordanit had,
Ten thousand haill to pas yat was full glaid:
With zoung Wodstok, ane Lord of mekill micht,
At Striuiling brig he ordanit yaime full richt.
And thair to byde ye entrie for to weir,
Of Wallace than he trowit to haue na deir.
Thair leiue thay tuik and past out but delay.
Richt Royallie vpon ane gude array.
To Striuiling come and thair wald not abyde,
To se the North bezond Forth can thay ryde.
Sic new curage sa fell in his Intent,
Quhilk maid Sutheroun full sair for to repent.

The Elleuint Buik declairis the battell of the Fawkirk.

This Wodstok raid into the North gude speid,
Of Scottis as than he had bot lytill dreid.
For weill thay trowit for to reskew Dundie,
Thair Schippis come to Tay in be the se,
His gydis said that thay suld leid him by,
Sanct Johnstoun quhair passage lay plainely.
The hicht thay tuik and luikit thame about,
Sa wer thay war of Wallace and his rout.
Than in sum part he remordit his thocht,
The kingis command becaus he keipit nocht,
Bot quhen he saw thay fewer was nor he,
He wald thame byde and outher do or de.
Sir Johne Ramsay formest this power saw,
Said zone ar thay that ze se hidder draw.
Outher Sutheroun that cummis sa cruellie,
Or Erll Malcolme to seik zow for supplie.
Than Wallace smylit said Inglismen thay ar,
Ze may yame ken richt weill quhair yat thay fair.
On Schyrek mure Wallace the feild hes tane,
With aucht thousand of worthie men in wane.
The Sutheroun wer richt douchtie into deid,
Togidder straik weill stuffit in steill weid.
Than speiris sone all into splenderis sprent,
The hardy Scottis out throw ye Sutheroun went
In rayit battell seuin thousand doun thay bair,
Deid on the bent recouerit neuer mair.
Richt fell fechting with wappinnis groundin kene,
Blude than fra beirnis was buschit on the grene.
The stalwart stour that fellonn was and strang,
The worthie Scottis sa derflie on thame dang.
That all was deid within ane lytill stound,
Nane fra yat place had power for to found
Young Wodstok hes haith lyfe and Dist forlorne,

The

The Scottis ſpulzeit all gude geir thame befoꝛne.
Quhat thame thocht beſt of fyne harnes yai waill,
Baith gold and gude and hoꝛs that micht awaill.
To Striuiling bꝛig without reſting thay raid,
Oꝛ ma ſuld cum Wallace this oꝛdinance maid.
Paſt ouir the bꝛig Wallace gart Wꝛichtis caſt,
And with craftis men bndid the paſſage all.
Syne thay ſame folk he ſend to the Dꝛip furd,
Gart ſet the ground with ſtark ſtaikkis and burd.
With nyne oꝛ ten Sillis he keſt the gait befoir,
Endlang the ſchald maid it als deipas ſchoir.
Than Wallace ſaid we ſall on ane ſyde be,
Zone king and I bot gif he Southwart fle.
He ſend Lawder quhilk had in hand the Bag,
Endlang the coiſt quhair ony Veſchell wag.
And men with him that beſylie couth luik,
Of Ilk boit ane buird oꝛ twa he tuik.
Schippis thay bꝛunt of ſtrangeris that was thair,
Setoun and he to Wallace thus can ſair.
In Striuiling lay vpon his purpois ſtill,
Foꝛ Ingliſmen to ſe quhat way thay will.
The Erll Malcolme Striuiling in keiping had,
To him he come with men of armis ſad.
Thꝛie hundꝛeth haill that ſicker was and trew,
Of Lennoꝛfolk thair power to renew.
Sir Johne the Grahame fra Dundaf ſickerlie,
To Wallace come with ane gude Chenalrie.
Tythingis him bꝛocht ȳ Sutheroun come at hand,
In Toꝛphichen king Edward was ludgeand.
Diſtroyand the place of purueyance was thair,
Sanct Johnes gude as than thay wald not ſpair.
Gude Stewart of Bute come to Wallace thair,
With him he had twelf hundꝛeth men and mair.

The Cumyng than was past in Cummernald,
Upon the morne bounit the Stewart bald.
Bone to array with men of armis bricht.
Twentie thowsand than semblit to thair sicht.
The Lord Stewart and Cumyng furth thay ryde,
To the Fawkirk, and thocht thair to abyde.
Wallace and his than to array thay zeid,
With ten thowsand of worthie men in deid.
Quha culd behald his awfull Lordlie vult,
Sa weill besene, sa fordwart, sterne and stout.
Sa gude Chiftanis as with sa few thay bene,
Without ane King was neuer in Scotland sene.
Wallace him self and Erll Malcome the Lord,
Sir Johne the Grahame and Ramsay at record.
Setonn, Lawder, and Boyd that was full wicht,
Adam Wallace was to that Journey dicht.
And monie vther quhilk preuit weill in preis,
Chair names all I may not heir reheirs.
Sutheroun or than out of Torphichen fure,
Thair passage maid into Slamanane mure.
Into ane plaine set Tentis and Pauilloun
South the Fawkirk ane lytill aboue the toun.
Gude Iop him self Judgit be his sicht,
In haill number ane hundreth thowsand richt.
Of Wallace come the Scottis sic comfort tuik,
Quhen thay him saw all dreddour thay forsuik.
For of Inuy was few thair that it wist,
Tressonabill folk thair matter wirkis with list.
Poysoun sen syne at the Fawkirk is cald,
Throw greit tressoun and corruptioun of ald.
For Cumyng had Inuy at gude Wallace,
For Erll Patrik as hapnit vpon cace:
Countes of Marche was Cumyngis Sister deir,

Vnder

Vnder cullour he wrocht on this maneir.
Into the Oist had ordanit Wallace deid,
And maid Stewart to fall with him at pleid.
That Lord he said that Wallace had na richt,
Power to leid, and he present in sicht.
He bad him tak the vangaird for to gy,
Sa wist he weill that he suld stryke for thy.
Lord Stewart askit at Wallace his counsaill,
Said Sir ze knaw, quhat may vs maist awaill
Sone awfull King is fellown for to byde,
Richt vnabaillit Wallace answerit that tyde:
And I haue sene ma twyis into Scotland
With zone ilk King quhē Scottismen tuik on hand
With fewer men, than now hidder hes socht,
This Realme agane, and to gude purpois brocht.
Sir we will fecht, for we haue men anew,
As for ane day sa that we all be trew.
The Stewart said, we wald the vangaird haue,
Wallace answerit, and said sa God me saue:
That sall ze nocht, sa lang as I may Ring,
Nor na manellis, except my richteous King.
Gif he will cum, and tak on him the Croun,
At his command I sall be reddie boun.
Throw Goddis grace I reskewit Scotland twyis,
I wer to mad, to tyne it on sic wys.
To tyne for boist, that I haue gouernit lang.
Thus half in wrath, frawart him can he gang.
Stewart thairwith all bowdinnit into baill,
Wallace he said, be the I tell ane taill:
Say furth (quod he) of the fairest ze can,
Vnhappelie his taill thus he began.
Wallace he said, thow takis the meikill cure,
Sa fairit it be wirking of Nature.

Yaw ane Yowlet complenit of his Fethrame,
Quhen dame Nature tuik of ilk bird but blame;
Ane fair fedder and to the Yowlet gaif,
Than he throw pryde rebutit all the laif.
Quhairfoir fuld thow thy lenze schaw sa hie,
Thow thinkis nane heir that fuld thy fellow be.
This makis it, thow art cled with our men,
Had we our awin thyne wer bot few to ken.
At thir wordis gude Wallace brynt as fyre,
Quir haistelie he answerit him in Ire.
Thow leid he said the suith full oft hes bene,
Thair haue I biddin quhair thow durst not be sene,
Contrair thy enemeis na mair for Scotlands richt,
Nor dar the Yowlet quhen that the day is licht.
That taill full neir thow hes tauld be thy sell.
To thy delyre thow sall not me compell.
Cumyng it is hes geuin the this counsaill,
Will God ze sall of zour first purpois faill.
Thatfals tratour that I from danger brocht,
Is wounder lyk this Realme to bring to nocht.
For thyne oggart outher thow sall byde or de,
To preloun led, or cowartlie to fle.
Reskew of me thow sall get naue this day,
Thairwith he turnit and fra him raid his way.
Ten thowsand haill away with Wallace raid.
Nane better was in all the warld sa braid.
As of sic men that leuand was on lyfe,
Allace greit harme fell Scotland for that stryfe.
Past to ane wood fra the Fawkirk be eist,
He wald not byde for command nor requeist.
For charge of nane bot it had bene the king,
That micht that tyme bring him fra his ettling.
The vther Scottis that saw this dissentioun,

For

For diſcomfort to leif the feild was bowſit.
Bot that thay men was natiue to Stewark,
Principall in Bute tuik hardiment in hart.
Lord Stewart was at Cumyng greuit thair,
Hesyt and he leuit he suld repent full sair.
The greit trespas that he throw misknawledge
Had gart him mak to Wallace in that place.
Of thair debait it was ane greit pietie,
For Inglismen than micht na bryther be.
Haistit sa fast, in battell to the feild,
Threttie thowsand y weill couth wappinnis weild:
The Erll of Hartfurd was chosin thair Chistane
The gude Stewart to that array is gane.
The feild he tuik as trew and worthie knicht,
The Inglismen come on with full greit micht.
Thair fell meiting was awfull for to se,
At that counter thay gart feill Sutheroun de.
Mvbē speiris wer spilt hint out with swordis kone.
On ather syde full douchtie deidis war done.
Feill on the ground was feillit in that place,
Stewart and his ran on thair enemeis race.
Blude bristit out throw mailze birneist bricht.
Twentie thousand with dreidfull wappinnis dicht
Of Sutheroun men derflie to deith thay ding,
The remanent agane fled to the king.
Ten thousand than efter the deid eschewit,
With thair Chistane vnto the Mist releuit
Agane to ray the hardie Stewart zeid,
Quhen Wallace saw that worthie nobill deid:
Held vp his handis with humbill prayer prest,
O God he said gif zone Lordis grace to lest.
And power haue, his worschip to attend,
To wyn thir folk and tak the haill commend.

Greit harme it wer that he ſuld be ouirſet,
With new power thay than on him rebet.
Be that the Bruce ane awfull battell rayit,
The Biſchop Beik that oft had bene aſſayit:
Fourtie thouſand vpon the Scottis to fair,
With full affeir thay raiſit vp richt thair.
The Bruces baner with gold and goullis cleir,
Quhen Wallace ſaw the battellis approchit neir:
The Richt Lyoun aganis his awin kingrike,
Allace he ſaid, the warld is contrair like.
This land ſuld be zone tyrannis heritage.
That cummis thus to ſtroy his awin barnage.
Sa I wer fre of it that I ſaid Air,
I waid forſweir Scotland for euir mair.
Contrair Bruce I ſuld reſkew thame now,
Or die thairfoir to GOD I mak ane vow.
The greit debait in Wallace wit can waid,
Betuix kyndnes and wilfull vow was maid.
Kyndnes bad him reſkew thame ſra thair ſa.
Than will ſaid nay, quhy fuill will thow do ſa.
Thow hes na wit with richt thy ſelf to leid,
Suld thow help him that waid put the to deid.
Kyndnes ſaid zit thay ar gude Scottiſmen.
Then will ſaid, wit, the veritie thow may ken.
Had thay bene gude, in ane we had all bene,
Bot plainly heir the contrair weill is ſene.
For thay me hait mair than the Sutheroun leid.
Kyndnes ſaid nay, that ſchaw thay not in deid.
Thocht ane of thame be fals into thair ſaw,
Becaus of him thow ſuld not lois thayne aw.
Thay haue done weill into zone fellonn ſtour,
Reſkew thame now and tak ane hie honour.
Will ſaid thay wald haue reft fra me my lyfe,

I baid

I baid for thame in monie ane felloun ſtryfe.
Kyndnes ſaid help, thair power is bot nocht,
Syne wreik on him, that all the malice wrocht.
Will ſaid, this day thay ſall not helpit be,
That I haue ſaid, ſall ay be ſaid for me.
Thay ar bot deid, God grant thame of his blis,
Inuy lang ſyne, hes done greit harme and mis.
Wallace thairwith turnit in Ire and tene,
Teiris for baill brist out fra baith his ene.
Sir Johne the Grahame and monie worthie wicht,
Weipit for wo, for ſorrow of that knicht.
Quhen Bruces battell vpon the Scottis ſtraik,
Thair cruell cũmyng maid cowartis for to quaik,
Lord Cumyng fled, in Cumberland away,
Abont the Scottis, the Sutheroun lappit thay.
The men of Bute befor thair Lord thay ſtude,
Defending him, quhen feill ſtremis of blude
Wer thame about, in ſkoitis quhair thay zeid,
Bathit in blude was Bruces ſword and weid.
Throw feill ſlauchter of feill men of his awin,
Done to the deid the Scottis was ouirthrawin.
Syne ſlew the Lord, for he wald not be tane,
Quhē Wallace ſaw that thair guid men was gane
Lordis he ſaid, quhat now is zour counſaill.
Twa choiſis thair is, I reid the beſt ze waill.
Zonder the King his Oſt abandounand,
With Bruce and Beik in zone battell to ſtand.
Zone King in weir richt wyſe and felloun hes bene.
Thair Capitanes als full cruell ar and kene.
Better of hand is not leuand I wis,
In tyrrannie, ze trow me weill of this.
Nor Bruce and Beik, to quhat ſyde thay be ſet,
We haue ane choiſ, quhilk is full hard but let.

And we furne eist, for strenth in Louthiane land,
Thay stuk ane chace, richt hard I vnderstand.
Tak we the mure, zone king is vs beloir,
Thair is bot this, withoutt in wordis moir.
To the Torwod, for our succour is thair.
Throw Bruceis Oist, forfuith first man we fair.
Amang vs now, thair neidis na debait,
Zone men ar deid, we neid nocht stryke for stait.
Thay all consentit to wirk richt as he will,
Quhat him thocht best, thay grantit to fulfill.
Gude Wallace than, yat stoutly couth thame steir,
Befoir thame raid, into his armour cleir.
Reullit thair speiris, all in ane number round,
And we haue grace, for to pas throw thame sound
And fais be loist, to our strenth will we ryde,
Want we mony, in faith we sall abyde.
With thair armit hors, fast on the Oist thay raid,
The reird than rais, quhen speiris in sounder glaid.
Dulchit in dros, duntit with speiris dynt,
Fra forgit steill the fyre flaw furth but stynt.
The fellown thrang, quhen hors and men renewit,
Up draif the dust, quhair yai pair pithis preuit.
The vther Oist micht nocht thair deidis se,
For stour that rais, quhill thay dissenerit be.
The worthy Scottis viij. thousand doun thay bair
Few fell to eird, that gude Wallace brocht thair.
The King cryit hors vpon thame for to ryde,
Bot this wyse Lord gaif him counsall to byde.
The Erll of Fork said Schir ze wirk ane mis,
To brek arrayz, zone men quyte throw thame is.
Thay ken the land, and will to strenthis draw,
Tak we the plane, we ar in perrell aw.
The King consauit, that his counsall was richt.

Reullis

Reullit his Oist, and baid still in thair sicht.
Or Bruce and Beik micht returne thair battaill,
The Scottis war throw, and had ane greit availl:
Wallace commandit the Oist suld pas away,
To the Torwod in all the haist thay may.
Him self and Grahame, and Lawder turnit in,
Betuix battellis, price and prowes for to win.
And with thame baid in that place hundreth is thre
Of westland men, vsit in Jeoperdie.
Upon wicht hors, pat richt warelie couth ryde,
Ane slop thay maid, quhair thay set on ane syde.
Na speiris thay had bot swordis of gude steill,
Thair with in stour, thay leit thair enemeis feill.
How thay full oft had preuit bene in preis,
Of Inglismen thay maid feill to deceis.
Or Bruce thairof micht weill persauing haif.
Thre hundreth thair was graithit to thair graue.
The hardy Bruce ane Oist abandounit,
Thretie thousand he reullit be force and wit.
Upon the Scottis, his men for to reskew,
Seruit thay wer with gude speiris anew,
And Bischop Beik ane stuk to him to be,
Quhen gude Wallace thair ordinance can se:
Allace he said, zone man hes mekill micht,
And ouir gude will, to vndo his awin richt.
He bad his men towart the Oist in ryde,
Thame for to saik he wald behind thame byde.
Mekill he trowit in God and his awin deid,
To saif his men into his douchtie weid.
Upon him self mekill trauell he tais,
The greit battell compleit vpon him gais.
In the foir brunt, returnit he full oft,
Quhome euer he hit, thair sauchning was vnsoft.

That day in warld knawin was nocht his maik
Ane Sutheroun man ay he slew at ane straik.
Bot his awin strenth, micht not aganis yame be,
Towart his Oist behouit him to fle.
The Bruce him hurt, at his returning thair,
Under the hanche, ane deip wound and ane sair.
Bluid bristit out, braithly ane speiris lenth,
Frae the greit Oist, he fled towart his strenth.
Sic ane slear befoir was neuer sene,
Nocht at Gaderis of Gaudifere the kene.
Quhen Alexander reskewit the Forreouris,
Micht nocht to him be compairit in thay houris.
The feill turning of forreouris he maid,
How bauldly als befoir the Oist he baid.
Nor how gude Grahame with cruell hardyment,
Nor how Lawder amang his fais went.
How thame allane into the stour thay stude,
Quhill Wallace was in stanchеing of his blude.
Be than he had stemmit full weill his wound,
With thre hundreth vnto the feild can found.
To reskew Grahame, and Lawder pat in wicht,
Bot Bischop Beik come with sic strenth & slicht.
The worthy Scottis thay reirit far on bak,
Sewin aiker braid vnto thair awin greit wraik.
Tit was thay twa delyuerit thair full weill,
Be his awin hand and ane gude sword of steill.
The awfull Bruce, amang yame with grit mane,
At the reskew, thre Scottismen hes slane.
Quhome he hit richt, ay at ane straik was deid,
Wallace preillit in, thairfoir to ler remeid.
With ane gude speir ye Bruce was seruit but baid.
With gret Inuy, to Wallace fast he raid,
And he to him, assonzeit nocht for thy,

The

The Bruce him mist as Wallace passit by.
Akwart he straik, with his schairp groundin glaik,
Speir and hors craig, he all in sunder draik.
Bruce was at eird or Wallace turnit about.
The greit battell of Sutheroun sterne and stout.
Thay horlit Bruce, with men of greit valour,
Wallace allane was in that stalwart stour.
Grahame preillit in, and straik ane Inglis knicht.
Befoir the Bruce, vpon the Basnet bricht.
That friwoll stuf and all his vther weid,
Baith bane and brane, ye nobill sword throw zeid.
The knicht was deid, gude Grahame returnit tyte
Ane subtill knicht, yairat had greit dispyte.
Followit at wait, and hes persaut weill,
Grahames birny to narrow was sum deill.
Beneth the waist, that clois it micht nocht be,
On the fillat full sternly struik than he.
Peirsit the bak in the bowell him bair.
With ane schairp speir, that he micht leif na mair.
Grahame turnit thair, a smot that knicht in tene
Throw the Visair, ane lytill beneth the ene.
Deid of that dynt to the ground he dushit doun.
Schir Johne the Grahame swounit on his arsoun
Or he ouercome to pas to his pairty,
Feill Sutheroun men, that was on suit him by:
Strikkit his hors, that he na farder zeid,
Grahame zeild to God his guid spreit & his deid.
Quhē Wallace saw his guid knicht to deid brocht
The peteous pane sa sair thirlit his thocht.
All out of kynd it alterit his curage
His wit in weir was than bot ane wod rage.
The hors him bair, in feild quhair sa him list,
For of him self, as than he lytill wist.

Lyke ane wod beist, that war fra reſſoun rent,
As witles wy into the Diſt he went.
Wingand on hard quhat Sutheroun he richt hit,
Straucht vpon hors, agane micht neuer ſit.
Into that rage, full feill folk he dang doun,
All him about was red ane full greit roume.
Quhen Bruce perſauit, with Wallace it ſtude ſa,
He chargit men lang ſpeiris for to ta.
And ſlay his hors, ſa he cuid nocht eſchaip,
Feill Sutheroun than to Wallace can yame ſchaip.
Peirſit his hors with ſpeiris on ather ſyde,
Woundis thay maid, that war baith deip & wyde.
Of ſchaft is part Wallace in ſounder ſchair,
Bot feill heidis into his hors left thair.
Sum wit agane to Wallace, can redoun,
In his awin mynd ſa reulit him reſſoun.
Sa for to de he thocht it na vaſſallage,
Than for to fle, he tuik intill ane rage.
Spurrit the hors, he ran in ane randoun,
To his awin folk, was by dand on Carroun.
The ſey was in, thay ſtoppit and ſtill ſtude,
On loud he cryit, and bad thame take the ſtude.
Togidder byde, ze may nocht lois ane man,
At his command thay tuik the watter than.
He returnit, the entrie for to keip,
Quhill all the Diſt was paſſit ouir the deip.
Syne followit faſt, and dred his hors ſuld faill,
Him ſelf was cled in heuy plait of maill.
Thocht he couth ſwcume, he trowit he micht nocht
The cleir watter cuttilit the hors ſum deill. (weill,
Atouir the ſtude he bair him to the land,
Syne fell doun deid, and micht na langer ſtand.
Keirly full ſone ane Cuirſour to him brocht,

Than

Than vp he lap, amang the Oist he socht.
Grahame was away, and vther lyktene wicht,
On Magdalene day, thir folk to deith was dicht,
Threttie thousand of Inglismen for trew.
The worthy Scottis vpon that day thay slew.
Quhat be Stewart, and syne be wicht Wallace,
For all his price king Edward rewit that race.
To the Torwod, he bad the Oist suld ryde,
Keirly and he passit on Carroun syde.
Behaldand our vpon the south party,
Bruce formest come, and couth on Wallace cry,
Quhat art thow thair-ane man Wallace can say.
The Bruce answerit, that hes thow preuit to day.
Abyde he said, thow neidis nocht now to flie,
Wallace answerit, I eschewit nocht for the.
Bot that thy power hes neir thyne awin vndone,
Amendis will God, heirof we sall haue sone.
Langage of the, the Bruce sayis I defyre,
Say furth quod he, thow may for lytill hyre.
Ryde fra thy Oist, and gar thame byde with Beik,
I wald fane heir quhat thow lykis to speik.
The Oist baid still the Bruce passit thame fra,
Na man with him bot ane Scot that hecht Ra.
Quhen that the Bruce out of thair heiring were,
He turnit in hy, and this questioun can speire.
Quhy wirkis thow thus, & micht in gude peice be.
Than Wallace said, bot in defalt of the
Throw thy falset, thyne awin wit is miskend,
I clame na richt, bot wald this land defend.
That thow vndois throw thy fals cruell deid,
Thow hes tynt twa. pat was worth far mair meid
Vpon this day. with ane gude king to found,
Nyne lyue Millioun of fynest gold sa round.

That euer was wrocht, in werk or cunze bricht,
I trow in warld be nocht ane better knicht.
Than was gude Grahame, of treuth & hardyment.
Teiris thair with fra Wallace ene doun went.
Bruce said far mair on this day we haue loist,
Wallace answeirit, allace thay war euill coist.
Throw thy tressoun yat suld be our richteous King
That wilfullie distroyis thyne awin offspring.
The Bruce answeirit will thow do my dewyse:
Wallace said nay, thow leuis in lis ane wyse:
Thow wald me mak at Edwardis will to be,
Zit had I leuer ye mozne be hangit hie.
Zit will thow do as I suld counsall geif,
Than as ane Lord thow micht at lyking leif.
At thyne awin will in Scotland for to Ring,
To be in peice, and hald of Edwart King,
Of that fals King I think neuer to tak,
Bot contrar him with all my power to mak.
I clame nathing as be tytill of richt,
Thocht I micht reif, sen God hes lent me micht.
Fra the thy Croun of this Regioun to weir.
Bot I will nocht sic charge vpon me beir.
Greit God wait best, quhat weir I tuik on hand,
For to keip fre, that thow art ganestandand.
It micht be said of lang tyme befozne,
In curtit tyme thow was for Scotland bozne.
Schamis thow nocht, that neuer zit did guid
Thow Renegate deuorar of thy blude.
I vow to God may I thy maister be,
In ony feild, thow sall far rather de,
Than sall ane Turk, for thy fals cruell weir,
Paganis to vs dois nocht sa mekill deir.
Than leuch the Bruce at Wallace crnistnes,

And

And said thow leis, that thus standis the cais.
This day thow art with our power ourset,
Aganis zone King, ourhand thow may not get.
Than Wallace said we ar be mekill thing,
Staracr this day in contrary zone King.
Than at Biggar quhair he left moue of his,
And als the feild, sa sall he do with this.
Or die thairfoir, for all his mekill micht,
Into the feild we haue loist bot ane knicht.
And Scotland now into sic perrell stad,
To leif it thus I micht be callit mad.
Wallace he said, it approchis neir the nicht,
Wald thow the morne, quhen that ȳ day is licht:
Or nyne of Bell meit me at this Chapell,
By Donypace, I wald haue thy counsell.
Wallace said nay, or that ilk tyme be spent,
Wer all the men hyne to the Orient.
Into ane will with Edward quha had sworne,
We sall bergane or nyne hours the morne.
Of his wrang reif, outher he sall think schame,
Or die thairfoir, or flie in Ingland hame.
Bot and thow will, sone be the hour of thre,
At that ilk tryst will GOD I sall the se.
Quhill I may lest this Realme sall not forfair,
Bruce promeist him with twelf Scottis to be thair.
Than Wallace said, stuid thow richteous to me,
Ane contrapeir I suld not be to the.
I sall bring ten and for thy power ma,
I gif na force, thocht thow be freind or fa.
Thus thay depart the Bruce pallit his way,
To Lynlithgow raid quhair yat King Edward lay.
The feild had left, and ludgit be sourh the toun,
The supper set, and Brute at the Pauilloun,

Hes enterit in and saw vacand his seit,
Na watter he tuik bot maid him to the meit.
Fastand he was and bene in meikill dreid,
Bludie was all his wappinis and his weid.
Sutheroun Lordis scornit in termes rude,
And said behald, zone Scot eitis his awin blude.
The King thocht euill thay maid sic derisioun,
Bad haue watter to Bruce of Huntingtoun.
Thay bad him wesche, he said that he wald nocht,
This blude is myne that hurtis maist my thocht.
Sadlie the Bruce than in his mynd remordit,
The wordis suith Wallace had him recordit.
Than rewit he sair fra resloun he had knawin,
That blude & land suld baith haue bene his awin.
With thame he was lang or he gat away,
Bot contrair Scottis he faucht not fra that day.
Leil I the Bruce sair murnand in his Intent,
Gude Wallace sone agane to the Dist went.
In the Torwod quhilk had thair ludging maid,
Fyris thay bet that was baith bricht and braid.
Of nolt and scheip thay tuik at sufficence,
Thairof full sone to get thame sustinence.
Wallace sleipit bot schort quhyle and sone rais,
To reuill the Dist on ane gude pace he gais.
To Erll Malcolme, Ramsay and Lundie wicht,
With fyue thowsand in battell than he dicht.
Wallace, Lawder, and Cristall of Setoun,
Fyue thowsand led, and Wallace of Ricardtoun.
Full weill arrayit into thair armour clene,
Past to the feild quhair that the chace had bene.
Amang deid men seikand the worthiest,
The corps of Grahame for quhome thay murnit
Quhē yai him fand & gude Wallace him saw, (maist

He

He lichtit doun, him hint befoir thame aw.
In armis vp behalding his paill face,
He kiſſit him and cryit full oft allace.
My beſt brother in warld that euir I had,
My aſuld freind quhen I was hardeſt ſtad.
My hoip, my helth thow was of maiſt honour,
My faith, my help, my ſtrenther in to ſtour.
In the was wit, fredome and hardines,
In the was treuth, manheid and nobilnes.
In the was reull, in the was gouernance,
In the vertew withouttin variance.
In the lawtie, in the was greit largenes,
In the gentrice, in the was ſteidfaſtnes.
Thow was greit caus of wynning of Scotland,
Thocht I began and tuik the weir on hand.
I vow to God that beis the warld to wand,
Thy deid ſall be to Sutheroun full deir ſauld.
Martir thow art for Scotlandis richt and me,
I ſall the venge or ellis thairfoir ſall de.
Was na man thair fra weiping micht refrene,
For lois of him quhen thay hard Wallace plene:
Thay caryit him with worſhip and honour,
In the Fawkirk maid him ane Sepultour.
Wallace commandit his men thairfoir to byde,
His ten he tuik, for to meit Bruce thay ryde.
Southweſt he paſt quhair that the tryſt was ſet,
The Bruce full ſone and gude Wallace is met.
For lois of Grahame and als for proper tene,
He grew in Ire quhen he the Bruce beis ſene.
Thair ſaluſſing was bot buſtous and thrawin,
Rewis thow he ſaid thou art contrair thy awin.
Bruce ſaid Wallace rebute me now na mair,
Myne awin deidis beis bet me wounder ſair.

Quhen Wallace hard with Bruce that it ſtuid ſa,
On kneis he fell, fair countenance can him ma.
In armis ſone the Bruce hes Wallace tane,
Out fra thair men in counſell ar thay gane.
I can not tell perfytlie thair langage,
Bot this was it thair men had of knawledge.
Wallace him prayit cum fra the Sutheroun king.
The Bruce ſaid nay thair lettis me ane thing.
I am ſa bund with witnes to be leill,
For all Ingland I wald not fals my Seill.
Bot of ane thing, I hecht to God and the,
That contrair Scottis, agane I ſall not be.
Into na feild with wappinnis that I beir,
In thy purpois I ſall the neuer deir.
Giue God the grantis ouirhand of vs to haue,
I will bot ſle myne awin ſelf for to ſaue.
And Edward chaip, I pas with him agane,
Bot I throw force be outher taine or ſlaine.
Bek he on me, quhen that my teirme is out,
I cum to the may I chaip fra that dout.
Of thair counſaill I can tell zow na mair,
The Bruce tuik leiſ and can to Edward fair,
Richt ſad in mynd, for Scottiſmen that wer loiſt.
Wallace in haiſt prouydit ſone his Oiſt.
He maid Craufurd the Erll Malcolme to gyde,
The laich way to Innerrauyn to ryde.
That thair watchis than ſuld thame not eſpy
The vther Oiſt him ſelf left haiſtely.
Be South Manwell quhill that thay wer betuene,
Of the out watche thus chaipit thay vnſene.
The Erll Malcolme on Lynlithgow enterit in,
Thair haiſtelie greit ſtryfe he can begin.
Wallace was nocht all to the battell boun,

Quhen

Quhen that thay hard the fery eyle in the toun.
On Edwardis Oist thay set full suddandlie,
Wallace and his, maid lytill noys and cry.
Bot occupyit with wappinis in that stour,
Feill feillit to deith, that was without armour.
All disarrayit the Inglish Oist was than,
Amang the Pauilliouns quhair Scottis full mony
Cuttit doun cozdis, gart monie Tentis fall. (man
Nane sonzeit than, atanis wer fechtand all.
Baith Wallace Oist, & Erll Malcolme with micht.
King Edward than with awfull feir on hicht:
Cryit to array, on Bruce sa sterne and stout.
Twentie thowsand in armis him about,
Into harnes had biddin all the nicht,
Bot frayit folk sa duilfullie bene dicht,
On ilk syde fled, foz feiritnes of thair deid,
Wallace and his sa rouchlie thzow thame zeid.
Towart the King, and feillit feill to ground,
Quha baid thãe thair richt feill fechting hes found.
The crueill King richt awfullie abaid,
To all his folk ane greit comfozt he maid.
The wozthie Scottis agane him in that stour,
Feill Sutheroun slew into thair fyne armour.
Sa fozdwartlie thay pzeissit in that thzang,
Befoir the King maid sloppis thame amang.
Inglis communis than fled on ather syde,
Bot nobill men thair durst nane vther byde.
The Bruce as than, to Scottis did na greuance,
Bot Judge he was with feinzeit countenance.
Sa did he neuer into na battell air,
Noz zit efter, sic deid as he schew thair.
The Erll Harthfurd, to ile he maid him boun.
The Erll Malcolme, he than come in the toun,

The Lennox men set thair lugeis in fyre,
Than keiritlie fled full monie Sutheroun fyre.
The king Edward, that zit was fechtand still,
Hes sene thame fle, and lykit thame full ill.
The worthie Scottis fast towart him thay preis,
His brydell neir assayit, or thay wald ceis.
His baner man in that place Wallace slew,
And syne to ground, the baner sone it flew.
The Erll of Fyfe counsaillit the king to fle,
And swa returnit sen na succour thay se.
The Inglismen hes sene thair baner fall,
Without comfort to fle thay purpois all.
Ten thowsand men, in feild and toun was deid,
Of Edwardis folk, or him selflekt that steid.
Twentie thowsand away togidder raid,
King and Chiftanes na langer tarie maid.
The Scottis in haist, than to thair hors thay zeid,
To stuf the chace, with worthie men in weid.
The Lennox folk, that wantit hors and geir,
Tuik thame at will, to help thame in thair weir.
At stragill raid, quhat Scot micht formest pas,
On Sutheroun mē, full greit slauchter was.
Wallace hes sene the Scottis vnordourly,
Follow the chace, he maid Wailleris in hy.
Thame for to reull, and altogidder ryde,
Commandand thame, ilkane suld vther byde.
Intill fleing the Sutheroun subtell ar,
Se thay ane tyme, thay will set on full sair.
Feill scaithlit folk to thame will sone renew,
For ze se weill that thay ar men anew.
The followeris was reullit weill with skill,
In gude array thay raid all at his will.
And slew doun fast, quhat Sutheroun thay ovirtak,

Contrair

Contrair the Scottis come not maistrie to mak.
Into the chace, thay haistit thame sa neir,
Na Inglisman durst fra the Ost out steir.
The krayit folk at stragill war fleand,
Drew to the king, weill ma than ten thowsand.
Threttie thowsand in number than wer thay,
Into array togidder thay past away.
Feill Scottis hors sa dreuin was in trauaill,
Forrun that day, & Irsit begau to faill.
The Sutheroun was with hors seruit sa weill,
Of Wallace chace the Sutheroun had sum feill.
Of hors thay wer purueyit in greit wane,
The king changit on lindrie hors of Spane.
Than Wallace said, Lordis ze may weill se,
Zone folk ar now, all that zone king may be,
For falt of stuf we wois ouir mekill thing.
Had we gude hors to pas befoir this king:
We suld mak end of all this lang debait,
Zit sum of thame salbe handillit sa hait.
Part of our hors ar haldin freshe and wicht,
Set on thame fast, quhill that we ar in micht.
With that Scottis sa hard amang thame drew,
Of the outmaist thrie thowsand thair thay slew.
In Crawfurd mure monie ane man wes slane,
Edward gart call the Bruce mekill of mane.
Than said he thus, gude Erll of Huntingtoun,
Ze se the Scottis puttis feill to confusioun.
Wald ze with men agane on thame releif,
And mar thame anis, I sall quhill I may leif.
Luif zow far mair, than ony vther knicht,
And for all this sall put zow to zour richt
Than said the Bruce, Sir lous me of my band,
And I sall turne, I bericht zow be my hand.

The king full lone considderit in his mynd,
Quhen he hard Bruce answer him in this kynd:
Fra Inglismen the Bruces hart set is,
Than kest he thus, how he suld mend but mis,
And sa he did in Ingland at his will,
Na Scottis men he left with Bruce byde still.
Bot quhair he past, held him in subjectioun
Of Inglismen, vnder ane greit bandoun.
He turnit not, nor na mair language maid,
In rayit battell the king to Sulway raid.
With mekill pane past vpon Ingland coist.
Fyftie thowsand in that trauell thay loist.
Quhen Wallace saw he chaipit was away,
Vpon command agane returnit thay.
To Edinburgh withouttin wordis moir,
Put in Crawfurd, that Capitane was befoir.
Of heritage he had in Wanwell land,
Wallace commandit, ilk man suld hald in hand
Thair awin office, as thay befoir tyme had.
Put in gude peice, Scotland in richt he stad.
On the tent day to Sanct Johnstoun he went,
Assemblit Lordis, syne schew thame his Intent.
Skrymgeour come, that than had wyn Dundie.
Wallace command that tyme weill keipit he,
He sailzeit sa quhill straug hunger thame drait,
Febillit thame swa, the hous to him thay gait.
Thay wagsouris sone, he put to confusioun.
Syne brocht Mortoun to mak ane conclusioun
Befoir Wallace, and sone fra he him saw
He gart hing him, for all King Edwardis aw.
Wasounis, myndouris, with Skrymgeour furth he
kest doun Dundie, & thairof maid ane end. (send,
Wallace sadlie, quhen thir deidis wer done,

The

The Lordis he callit, & his will schew thame fone.
Gude men he said, I was zour Gouernour,
My mynd was set to do zow ay honour.
And for to bring this Realme to richteousnes,
For it I past in mony panefull place.
To wyn our awin, my self I neuer spaird,
At the Fawkirk thay ordand me reward.
Of thair rewaird, ze heir na mair throw me,
Unto sic giftis God will full weill haue E.

NOW ze ar fre throw the maker of micht,
He grant zow grace for to defend zour richt.
As I presume gif harme be ordand me,
Thay ar Scottis men, quhilk suld the wirkers be.
I haue aneuch of our auld enemies stryfe,
Me thinkis our awin suld nocht imply my lyfe
My office heir ouir planely I reling,
I think na mair to take on me sic thing.
In France I will and wyn my leuing thair,
As now suyfit, and hame to cum na mair.
Lordis ganestude, bot all that helpit nocht,
For ony chair, he did as him self thocht.
Bischop Sinklair was vext with seiknes,
Into Dunkeld, and fine throw Goddis grace,
He recouerit quhen Wallace past away,
Eftir the Bruce he leuit mony ane day.
Gude Wallace thus tuik leif in Sanct Johnstoun,
Auchtene with him, to Dundie maid thaim boun,
Longueill past that douchtie was in deid.
The Barrownis sone of Breichen with him zeid,
Twa brethir ald, with thair vncle thame dicht,
Symon Wallace and Richard that was wicht.
Schir Thomas Gray, this meiff can with him faire

Edward Lytill, gude Jop and Maiſter Blair.
Gude Keirly paſt had bene with Wallace lang,
And done full weill in mony felloun thrang.
This Keirly than that couth with Wallace fair,
Will ker he hecht, myne Authour dois declair.
Keirly in Iriſch, is bot Ker lytill ſaid,
In Carrik he had heritage of auld.
His forbear quhilk worthy was of hand,
Sanct Dauid king him brocht out of Ireland.
Syne at Dunnoir quhair firſt Norow ais come in
This gude Ker maid greit diſcomfit of thair kyn,
With ſewin hundreth, he vincuſt nyne thouſand,
Sum drownit in Done, ſum ſlane vpon the land.
Thay landis haill the gude king gaif him till,
How Wallace paſt, now farther ſpeik we will.

How Wallace met with Iohne of Lyn vpon the ſey. Cap. II.

A MANG Merchands thus Wallace tuik ye ſey
Pray we to GOD that he thair helper be.
Thay ſayllit furth be part of Ingland ſchoir,
To Hunber mouth, quhen that thay come befoir,
Out of the South ane greit reid ſaill thay ſe,
Into the Top thre Leopardis ſtandand hie.
The Merchandis than the ſigne quhen yat yai ſaw
Cummand ſa neir, thay war diſcomfort aw.
For weill thay wiſt that it was Iohne of Lyn,
Scottis to ſlay he ſaid it was na ſyn.
Thir frayit folk thay zeid to Confeſſioun,
Than Wallace ſaid, ſic ane deuotioun:
Zit ſaw I neuer, in na place quhair I paſt,
That for ane Schip me think zow all agaſt.

Zone

Zone wod Cattis fall do vs iyttill deir.
We saw thame faill twyis ma quhē that thay weir.
On ane fair feild. fa fall thay on the fe,
Defpyte it is to fe thame ſtand fa hie.
The Steirſman ſaid, Schir will ze vnderſtand,
Ye ſaiſs nane that is borne of Scotland,
We may nocht ſle fra zone Barge wait I weill,
Weill ſtuffit thay ar with gun and gantze of ſteill.
Vpon the fey zone Reuar lang hes bene,
To richteous men he dois full mekill tene.
Quhē we be ſaiſit we reck not of our gude,
This vſe he hes in ſchoyr for to conclude.
Ane ſtude he weiris vpon his reid armour,
Ay dyvonand fold, fa paintit in his figour.
Suppois we maine ze ſuld haue na meruaill,
Than Wallace ſaid, heir is men of mair vaill,
To ſaill the Schip therfoir in how thow ga,
And thy feiris, na mair cummer thow ma.
Wallace and his than fone to harnes zeid,
Quhen thay war graithit into thair worthy weid,
Him ſelf and Blair, and the Knicht Longoueill,
Thir tyne hes taue to keip the mydſchip weill.
Before was aucht, and lex be eft he kend,
Syne twa he cheiſit, the Top for to defend.
And Gray he maid thair Steirſman for to be.
The Merchandis than ſaw thame ſa manfully
Defend thame ſelf, becauſe thay had na weid,
Out of the how thay tuik ſkynnis gude ſpeid.
Ay betuix twa ſtuffit woll as thay micht beſt,
Agane the ſtraik that thay micht ſumpart leſt.
Than Wallace leuch, and commendit thame alw,
Of the harnes before he neuer ſaw.
Be that the Barge coune on thame wounder faſt,

Sewin scoir in hir, that was na thing agast.
Quhen Johne of Lyn saw thaime in armour bricht
He leuch and said, thir hauitand wordis on hicht,
Sone glaikit Scottis, can vs nocht vnderstand.
Fuillis thay ar new cummin of the land.
He cryit stryk, bot nane answere thay maid,
Blair with ane Bow schot fast withouttin baid.
Or thay clippit, he schot bot arrowis thre,
And at ilk schot he gart ane Reuar de.
The Briggantis than thay bikkerit wounder fast,
Amang the Scottis with schot of gunnis cast.
And thay againe, with speiris heidit weill,
Feill woundis maid, rycht plaitis of tyre steill.
Ather vther festnit with clippis kene,
Ane cruell counter thair was at schipburd sene.
The derk schot draif als thick as haill schour,
Lestit thair weill neir the space of ane hour.
Quhē schot was gaue, ye Scottis greit cōfort had,
At hand straikis thay wer sicker and sad.
The Merchantis als with sic thing as thay micht
Preuit full weill, in defence of thair richt.
Wallace and his at neir straikis quhen thay se,
With schairp swordis thay gart feill Briggants de
Thay in the Top, sa wichtly wrocht with hand,
In the south Top thair micht na Reuar stand
All the inydschip of Reuaris was maid waist,
That to gif our in point thay war almaist.
Than John of Lyn was richt greitly agast,
He saw his folk about him failze fast.
With egir will he wald haue bene away,
Bad wynd the Saill in all the hast thay may.
Bot fra the Scottis thar micht thay rocht eskey,
The Schippis ta tuik on ather syde thay drey.

Thay

Thay ſaw na thing that micht be to thame eis,
Crawfurd on loft, thair Saill brynt in ane bleis,
Or Johne of Lyn ſchuip for to leif that ſteid,
Of his beſt men ſextie war brocht to deid.
Thair ſchip by ouris, ane burd was mair of hicht
Wallace lap in amang the Reuaris wicht.
Ane man he ſtraik ouir ſchip burd in the ſe
On the ouir loft he ſlew ſone vther thre.
Longoueill enterit, and als gude Maiſter Blair,
Thay gaif na grace to freik that thay fand thair.
Wallace him ſelf with Johne of Lyn he met,
At his collar ane felloun ſtraik he ſet.
Baith Helme and Heid fra the ſchulderis he dnaik,
Blair ouir the burd in the ſey keſt the laik.
Of his body: than all the remanand,
Enterit and ſlew the Briggantis that thay fand.
The Schip thay tuik, greit gold and vther geir,
That thai Reuaris had gadderit lang in weir,
Bot Maiſter Blair ſpake na thing of him ſell,
In deid of armis, quhat auenture that befell.
Schir Thomas Gray was Preiſt than to Wallace
Put in the buik how thame hapnit this caſe.
That Blair was in, and mony worthy deid,
Of quhilk him ſelf had na pleſance to reid.
Wallace gart reull the ſchip with his awin men,
And ſayllit furth the richt cours for to ken.
In the Sluce hauin quhill thay enterit be.
The Merchandis weill be helpit in ſafety.
Of gold and geir he tuik pairt that thay fand,
Gaif thaime the Schip, ſyne paſſit to the land.
Throw Flanderis raid, vpon ane gudly wiſe,
Enterit in France and ſyne ſocht to Parise.
The glaid tythingis that to the King was brocht,

Of Wallace cumming, it comfort all thair thocht
Thay trowit be him, to get redres of wrang.
The Sutheroun had in Guyan wrocht sa lang.
The Peiris of France was still at thair Parliamet
The king commandit with haill and trew intent,
Thay suld forse ane Lordschip to Wallace,
The Lordis than all demit of this cace.
For Guyan was all haill out of thair hand.
Thay thocht it best for to gif him that land.
For weill thay trowit, he had wrocht sa befoir,
He suld it wyn, or ellis to de thairfoir.
Ilk wa of it thay micht na profeit hail,
This was the caus to Wallace thay it gaif.
This Decreit sone thay schew vnto the King,
Weill plesit he was thay maid him sic ane thing.
Of Guyan thus quhen Wallace had ane feill,
Fra land he fayd, lykit him halfso weill.
My chance is thus for to be ay in weir,
And Inglismen hes done our Realme maist deir.
It wes weill knawin my defence richteous thair,
Richt haue I heir my comfort is the mair.
I thank zow Lordis maid sic rewaird to me.
Your purpose is I suld nocht I dill be.
The king bad him be Duke of Guyan land,
To that command Wallace was ganestandand.
Becaus that land was haistely to conque is,
His thocht was ay to wyn it thrzow Goddis grace.
Bot neuertheles the king had maid him knicht,
And gaif him gold for to mantene his richt.
And sone gaue charge to all weirmen in France,
Thay suld be haill at Wallace ordinaunce.
And als of him he bad him armis take,
Wallace forfuth, sic changing for to mak.

Sen

Sen I began, I buir the Reid Lyoun,
And thinkis to be ay trew man to that Crown.
I thank zow Schir of this michty rewaird,
Fone men heirfoir sall not richt lang be spaird.
I thinke to quyte sum pairt ze kythit on me,
In zour seruice, or ellis thairfoir to de.
Gude Wallace thocht his tyme he wald not waist,
Unto the weir he graithit him in haist.
All Scottis men that was into that land,
To him thay socht with thair fewty and band,
Longoueill als ane greit power can rais,
In Wallace help this gude knicht glaidly gais.
Ten thousand haill of noble men thay war,
The braid Baner displayit of Scotland thair.
Thir weirmen sone vpon Guyan thay fure,
Brak biggingis down quhilk had bene stark & sture
Sutheroun thay slew agane thame maid debait,
Brichtly on breid thay raisit fyris hait.
Scheinon thay tuik that Wallace first had winnin,
And slew all men of Sutheroun thair was fundin.
Into that town Wallace his dwelling maid,
All thair about he wan the countrie braid.
The worthy Duke of Orleance was Lord,
Semblit his folk into ane gude accord.
Twelf thousand than, he had in armour bricht,
And thocht to help gude Wallace in his richt.
Leif I thame thus the Duke and Wallace baith,
And speik sum part how Scotlād tuik greit skaith.

CHow Edward King of Ingland come in Scotland & maid haill Conqueis thairof. Cap. III.

The fals inuy and the wickit treſſoun,
Inang thame ſelf brocht feill to confuſioun.
The knycht Wallange in Scotland maid repair,
The fals Menteith ſchir Johne withoutin mair
Betuix thay twa was maid ane priuat band.
Sa on ane day thay met into Innand.
Of the Lennor Schir Johne had greit deſyre,
Schir Aymeir heicht he ſuld haue it in hyre.
To hald in fee, and vther landis mo,
Gif king Edward ſa he wald pas him to.
Thus condit thay, and ſyne to London went,
Edward was glaid to hald that pointment,
Menteith anone was bound to that fals King,
To furder him to Scotland in all thing.
Syne paſſit hame, and Wallange with him ſure,
Quhill he was brocht agane ſuir Carlile mure.
King Edward than in ire and feirs outrage,
Be threttie dayis he raiſit his barnage.
In Scotland paſt, and thair na ſtopping fand,
Na Chiftane was that durſt aganis him ſtand.
For Menteith tald thay thocht to mak Bruce king
All trew Scottis wald be pleiſit of that thing.
Fit mony fled, and durſt not byde Edward,
Sum into Ros and in the Ilis paſt part.
Biſchop Sinklair agane fled into Bute,
With that fals king he had na will to mute.
Thus without ſtraik the Caſtellis of Scotland,
King Edward hes tane into his awin hand.
Deuyſit ſyne, to men that he wald lyke,
Streuthis and townis, to Ros throw the kingis
Baith hicht and baill obeyit haill his will,
That he commandit thay purpoſe to fulfill.
The Biſchoppis all inclynit to his Crown,

Faith

Baith temporall and the Religioun.
The Romans buikis, that than wer in Scotland,
He gart thãe beir to Scone quhair thay thame fand
And but redeme thay brynt thame all ilk ane,
Salisbery vse, our Clerkis than hes tane.
The Lordis he tuik that wald not of him hald
In Ingland send the nobill blude of ald.
Sir Williame lang Dowglas to London send,
In strang prisoun, quhairin he maid ane end.
Erll Thomas als, that Lord was of Murray.
And Lord Fresar with him he sent away.
Als few the day, and dther stris ma,
He gart Wallange with thame in Ingland ga.
Na man was left all this mane land within,
Fra Edwardis peice, was knawin of ony kin.
Setoun, Lawder, dwelt still into the Bas,
With thame Lundie, and men that worthie was.
The Erll Malcolme, and Campbell past but let,
In Bute succour with Sinclair for to get.
Sir Johne Ramsay, and Ruthuen thay fled north,
To thair Cousing, that Lord was of Fillorth.
He past with thame throw Murray landis richt,
Sa fand thay thair ane gentill worthie knicht:
That Clement hecht, full cruell ay had bene,
And fendit weill amang thair enemeis kene.
He thocht neuer at Edwardis will to be,
Into his tyme, he gart feill Sutheroun de.
He led thir Lordis in Ros withouttin mair,
At the Stokkurd, ane stark strenth biggit thair.
Keipit that lang richt worthelie be weir,
To thair enemeis thay did full mekill deir.
Adam Wallace and Lindesay of Crany,
Away thay fled, into the nicht be fer,

And Robert Boyd, quhilk was baith wyse & wicht,
Arrane thay tuik to fend thame at thair micht.
And Corspatrik into Dunbar dwelt still,
Fewtie full sone, he maid King Edward till.
Abirnethie, Lord Soullis, and Cumyng als.
And Johne of Lorne, that lang tyme had bene fals:
The Lord of Brechen, and monie vther ma,
At Edwardis peice for giftis that he thaime ga.
Justing of peice, for twentie dayis set he,
Of Inglismen in Lorne that men micht se,
Plane to declair, bot for this caus I wis,
That all Scotland he conquest than was his.
The Lordis than, and gude Bischop Sinklaire,
Out of Butesyne thay maid ane Bullingare.
To gude Wallace, tauld him thair torment haill.
Than wrait thay thus to get bute of thair baill.

OVr help, our heill, and our haill Gouernour,
Our gudelie gyde, our deir Chistane in stour.
Our Lord, our luif, our strēth in richteousnes
For Goddis saik releif vs of this rare.
And tak the Crown, to vs it wer kynder,
To bruik for ay, or fals Edward it heir.
The writ he gat, bot zit sumer he wald,
For greit falset, that part him did of ald.
Mekill dolour it did him in his mynd,
Of thair miffair, for trew he was and kynd.
He thocht to tak amendis of thair wrang,
He answerit nocht, bot into weir furth rang.
Of King Edward zit mair furth will I mell,
Into quhat wyse that he couth Scotland deill.
In Sanct Johnstou, the Erll of Zork he maid,
Capitane to be, of all thay landis plaid.

Fra

Fra Tay to Dee, and vnder him Buttellair,
His Gudeschir had at Kincleuin endit thair.
His Father als, Wallace had thame baith slane,
Edward thairfoir maid him ane man of mane.
The Lord Bewmont into the North he send,
Thay Lordschipis haill, he gaif thame in commend.
To Striuiling fyne fra Sanct Johnstoun he went,
Thair to fulfill the laif of his Intent.
The Lord Clifford he had than Dowglasdaill,
Reullet to be of the South Marchis haill.
All Galloway he gaif Cunyng in hand,
Wist nane bot God how lang that stait suld stand.
With the gentill Lord gude Bischop Lambertoun,
Of Sauerandrois wes Dowglas of Renoun.
Befoir that tyme young James wicht and wyis,
To him was rung fra Southfins of Paryis.
Ane priuate fauour the Bischop to him baid,
Bot Inglismen was sa greit maisteris thaire
He durst not wirk in plane schaw him wndres,
Quhill on ane day he tuik sum hardines.
Dowglas he raillit, and couth to Striuilingfair,
Quhair King Edward was deiland landis thair.
He profferit him vnto the Kingis seruise,
To bruik his rowin. Fra he wist in this wise
Dowglas he was, than he forsuik planelie,
Sweiris be Sanct Georg, he bruikis na lands of me
His Father was intentair of my Croun,
Thairfoir as now he bydis in our presoun.
To the Bischop nane vther answer he maid,
Bot as he plesit, delt on thay landis braid.
To the Lord Soullis all haill the Mers gaif he,
And Captane als, of Berwik for to be.
Olyphant thau that he in Striuiling land,

Quhen he him had, he wald not keip his band.
The quhilk he maid, or he Striuiling him gaif,
Delaitfullie the King couth him desaif.
Into Ingland, send him to preloun strang,
In greit distres he leuit thair full lang.
Quhen King Edward had delt this Regioun,
His leif he tuik, in Ingland maid him boun.
Out of Striuiling south wart as thay caneyde,
Cumyng hapnit neir hand the Bruce to hyde.
Thus said he Sir, and ze can keip counsaill,
I can zow teir quhilk may zow maist awaill.
The Bruce answerit, quhat euer ze schaw to me,
As for my part, sall weill conceillit be.
Lord Cumyng said, Sir ze knaw not this thyng,
Of all this Realme ze suld be richteous King.
Than said the Bruce, suppois I richteous be,
I se na tyme to tak sic thing on me.
I am haldin into my enemeis hand,
Under greit aith, quhen I come in Scotland.
To part not fra him, for proffeit nor requeist,
Nor for na strenth, bot gif deid me arreist.
He hecht agans to gif this land to me,
Now kind I weill it is bot subteltie.
For thus thow seis, he deillis my heritage.
To Sutheroun part, and sum to traitouris wage.
Than Cumyng said, will ze heirto consent,
Of my landis and ze tyll to be Lord.
Ze sall thame haue, for zour richt of the Crown.
Or and ze tyll, Sir for my warysoun:
I sall zow help with power at my mycht.
The Bruce answerit, I will not sell my richt.
Bot on this wyse, quhat Lordschip thow will craif,
For thy supplie, I hecht thow sall it haif.

Cum

Cum kis ȝone King Hehir with ſum Jeopardie,
Now Edward hes all Galloway geuin to me.
My Nevoy Soullis, that keipis Berwik toun,
At ȝour command his power ſall be boun.
My Nevoy Alis, ane man of mekill micht,
The Lord of Lorne hes greit rowine in the hicht.
My thrid Nevoy ane Knicht of greit Renoun.
Will ryſe with vs, of Wreithen the Barroun.
Than ſaid the Bruce, ſell thair ſa fair ane chance
That we micht get agane Wallace trome France:
Be wit and ſorce, ye couth this Kingrik wyn,
Allace we haue bene ouir lang haldin in twyn.
To that language Cumyng maid na record,
For auld done deidis did in his mynd remord.
The Bruce and he compleſit furth thair band,
Syne that ſame nicht ſeillit it with thair hand.
This Ragment left the Bruce with Cumyng yair
With Edward King in Ingland haine couth fair
And yair remanit, quhill yis ragment was knawin
Thre zeir or mair, or Bruce preſſit to his awin.
Sum men demis, Cumyng the Ragment ſend,
Sum men the contrair agane dois defend.
Nane may ſay weill, that Cumyng was faikles,
Becauſ his wyfe was Edwardis Coulignes.
He ſeruit deid be richt law of his King,
Sa reklеſſ myſkeipit he ane thing.
Had Bruce paſt by, but baid to Sanct Johnſtoun
Be haill aſſent, and had reſſaut his Crown.
On Cumyng ſyne he micht haue done the law.
He couthe nocht thoill, fra tyme that he him ſaw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perpleritie,
Of Wallace mair, in ſum part ſpeik will we.

¶ The TWelft Buik declairis how wallace Conqueist the land of Guyan, and how he was maid Lord thairof. CAP. I.

THE fair trauell the ernist behynes,
The fell labour he had in mony place,
To win the land, that the gude King him gaif
Into his Regne he wald na Sutheroun saif.
In Guyan land Wallace was still at weir/
Of Scotlandis lois, it did his hart greit deir.
Of trew Scottis in mynd he had pietie,
He thocht to help, his tyme quhen he micht se.
Of set battellis fyue he discomfeist haill,
With Ieopardie, and mony strang assaill.
Syne thay forfuik, and durst him nocht abyde,
The Sutheroun fled, fra thyne on ather syde.
To Burdeous, into greit multiplie,
The toun thay stuk, with bittaillis be the sey.
All Guyan land Wallace tuik to his peis,
To Burdeous he past or he wald ceis.
On out biggingis full greit maistrie he maid.
Still twentie dayis, at strang assailzeing he baid,
For this and werk that war without the toun.
Thay brak and brynt, and put to confusioun,
Hedgis and alayes, be labour that was thair.
Fuilzeit and spilt, thay wald na fruitis spair.
The Inglismen maid greit defence agane
With schot and cast, that mekill war of mane.
Of gunnis thay war, and ganezeis stuffit weill,
All artailze, and wappinnis of tyne steill.
With men and meit within was buskit bene
The greit Capitane was wyse, cruell, and kene.
Of Glotester the huge Lord and Here,

The

The Erll had bene ay vsit into were,
Keipit his men be wit and hardyment,
Without the toun thair durst nane fra him went.
The land without was neir waistit away.
Weirmen sa lang into the cuntrie lay.
In Wallace Dist sic scant was of vittall,
Thay micht nocht byde na langer to assaill.
Than this wyse Lord the Duke of Orlyance.
To Wallace said, Schir ze suld ken this chance
It standis ouir weill with vis fals sutheroun blude
For on na wise can we now stop thair sude.
The heuin thay haue, and schippis at thair will,
Fra Ingland cummis, vittall aneuch thame till.
The land is pure of vittall suld vs beild,
And ze se weill, that thay forsaik the feild.
Thay will nocht fecht, thocht ze all zeir suld byde
Ze may of peice pleneis thir landis wyde.
My counsall is, in plane anent this thing.
That ze wald pas with worschip to the king
Be his assent, ze may at laiser waill,
With prouisioun agane thame to assaill.
Wallace Inclynit, and thankit this wyse Lord,
Than thay returnit all in ane gude accord.
Past vp in france, with honour to the king
And schew him haill the veritie of this thing.
And be thairof in hart was wounder glaid,
Franche men before, that hundreth zeir nocht had
Of Guyan hall sa mekill in thair hand,
Wrytting be than was new cummin of Scotland
Fra part of Lordis, and gude bischop Sinklar,
Be socht the King into thir termis fair.
Of his gentrice, and of his gudly grace
For thair supple, to counsall gude Wallace.

To cum agane, and bring thame fourth bandoun,
And tak to weir, the Crown of that Regioun.
This wyit as than, he waid nocht to him schaw,
Richt lairdly he was, for heindschip keid or aw,
Wallace suld pas sa sone fra his presence,
And dwelling place he tuik to his residence.
In Schynnone stilt, Wallace his dwelling maid,
And held about richt lykand landis braid,
Ane kene Capitane than clamit in heritage,
Office of it, and greit landis in wage.
Thairfoir he thocht gude Wallace for to sla,
Under cullour sic maistrie for to ma,
Lang tyme he socht to get ane day and place,
Said he desyrit seruice with Wallace.

ANE tryst thay set with fyftene on the syde,
Fourtie thair by he gart in buschement byde
Of men in armes quhen he with Wallace met,
Richt awfullie he bad thame on him set,
Nane armour had Wallace men in that place,
Bot sword and knyf, yai bure on yame throw cace,
Part of his men left neir ane forest syde.
Richt busteouslie the Capitane said that tyde:
That Wallace held of his landis vnricht,
Richt soberlie he said to that Franche Knicht:
I haue na land, bot quhilk the King gaif me,
My lyfe thairfoir hes bene in Jeopardie.
The Knicht answerit, thy lyfe sall be forlorne,
Or ellis that land, the contrair quha had sworne.
Abak he lap, and out ane sword he drew,
The buschement brak, quhen he that takin schew.
Gude Wallace thocht that mater stude not weill,
He grippit sone ane scheirand sword of steill.

And

And at ane straik the knicht to deith he draif,
About sextene sone lappit all the laif.
Wallace and his sa worthilie thay wrocht,
Full feill thay slew that fairest on thame fochť.
The knichtis brother that stalwart was & strang,
And thocht thay suld be bengit or thay gang.
Of Wallace men sum part he woundit fair,
Wawand thair was into ane Medow thair.
Nyne stout Carlils all seruandis to that knicht,
Sythis thay hynt and ran in all thair micht.
To the fechtaris or thay come neir that place,
Bot thame persauit richt weill hes gude Wallace.
Sa awfull thing of sic he neuer saw,
Thame to resist him self can to thame draw.
Into that stour left hes men fechtand still,
To meit thay Carlils that come with egir will.
The first leit draw at Wallace with his Syith,
Deliuer he was and heich ouirlaphe swyith.
Ane akwart straik hit the Churll on the heid,
Derfly on ground he hes him left for deid.
The tother he met ouirlap his Syith sa kene,
On the schulder als straik him in that tene.
Throw all the coist the nobill sword dois schair,
The thrid he met with ane full awfull fair.
The groundin Syith at Wallace he leit draw,
This gude Chistane clenlie ouirlap thame aw.
With his gude sword he maid ane hiddeous woūd,
Left him for deid syne on the feird can found.
On the Rig bane in greit Ire can him ta,
Cleuit the coist richt cruellie in twa.
Thrie formost Sythis this gude Wallace ouirlap
And four he slew thay saw sic was thair hap.
For ane man ay he slew at euerilk straik,

The last fled first this can thair power slaik.
Wallace followit and sone the fyft outrtais,
Straik him to deith that na farther he gais.
Syne sped him sone vnto his men agane,
Be then thay had the knichtis brother slane.
Fyftie and sex derfly to deith was dicht,
Except seuin men that fled out of thair sicht.
Fyue Wawaris als that Wallace self with met,
To Frenchmen sen syne ua sic tryst was set.
Becaus that thay him brocht to sic ane cace,
The king hard tell weill chaipit was Wallace.
Send for him sone syne prayit him to be,
Of his houshald and leiue in gude saiftie.
For weill he saw thay had him at Inuy,
Still with him self he gart him byde for eby.
Twa zeiris thair Wallace with mirth abaid,
Still into France monie gude Journey maid.
The king him plesit in all his gudelie mene,
Fra him he thocht he suld not part agane.
Lordis and Ladyis honourit him reuerently,
Wretchis and Schrewis ay had him at Inuy.

¶ How Wallace slew the twa Campiounis. CAP. II.

TWa Campiounis ỹ tyme dwelt with ye king
Had greit dispyte at Wallace in all thing
Togither zeid ay thir twa Campiounis,
Of felloun force and thra wart conditiounis.
Richt greit dispyte thay spak ay of Scotland,
Quhill on ane day it hapnit vpon hand.
Wallace and thay war leuit thame allane,
Be auenture into ane houss of stane.

Thay

Thay blit to bèir na wappinnis in that hall,
Thay trowit thairfoir ainis they micht not fall.
Thair commonit thay of Scotland scornefullie,
Than Wallace said ze wrang vs wtterlie.
Sen we ar bund in freindschip to zour King,
And he of vs is pleisit of all thing.
All Scottismen hes helpit this Realme ha dreid,
We think ze suld giue gude word for gude deid.
Quhat may ze speik of zour enemeis bot euill,
In lichtlynes thay maid answer thair till.
And him dispytit in thair langage als,
Ze Scottis thay said hes euer zit bene fals.
Wallace tuik ane on the face in his tene,
With his gude hand quhill neis mouth and ene:
Throw the braith blaw all buschit out of blude,
Grouslingis to groūd he smoit him quhair he stude.
The wther hynt to Wallace in that steid,
For weill he weind his fellow had bene deid.
And he agane in greiue him grippit sair,
Quhill his spreit failzeit that he micht do na mair
The first freik rais and smoit on Wallace fast,
Baith to the deith he brocht thame at the last.
Upon ane pillar thair harnis out he dang.
And with his handis out at ye dur thame slang.
And said quhat Deuill mouit zone Carlis at me,
Lang tyme in France I wald haue lattin thame be.
Traist weill in treuth thus war thay gane in deid
Thocht French mē now not lykis thairof to reid.
Als I will ceis and put it out of Ryme,
Better it is quha richt can luik in tyme.
Mony greit Lord was displeisit in France,
Bot the gude King that knew all the haill chance,
Richt greit despyte of Scotland spokin had thay,

This paſſit ouir quhill that vpon ane day.
Was nane of thame that durſt it vndertak.
He had done wrang or thairfoir battell mak.

How Wallace ſlew the Lyoun in the Barrace CA. III.

THIS Royall Roy ane hie worſchip him gaue,
As Conquerour him honourit ouir the laue.
c Ane fell Lyoun this king had gart be brocht,
Within Barrace for greit harme that he wrocht.
Tyrliſit in Ire na mair power him gaik.
Of wodnes he exceidit all the laik.
Bot he was fair and richt felloun in deid,
In that ſtrang ſtrenth he gart men him feid.
Keipit him cloiſ for men and beſtiall.
In Court thair dwelt tua Squyaris of greit vaill
That Couſingis war to the Campiounis twa
The quhilk befoir Wallace hapnit to ſla.
Ane band thay maid in priuie concluſioun,
At thair power to wirk his confuſionn.
Be ony meine throw fraud and ſubteltie.
Efter thairfoir thay thocht not for to die
To deith or ſhame ſa that thay micht him bring,
Upon ane tyme thay went vnto the King.
This Scot thay ſaid that ze ſa weill fair mak,
He feis not heir bot he wald vndertake.
Be his greit force to put to confuſioun,
Now he deſyris to fecht with zour Lyoun.
And bad vs aſk at zow this battell ſtrang,
Ze grant him leik in the Barrace to gang.
Sadlie agane to thame anſwerit the King,
Sair me forthinkis he deſyris ſic ane thing.

Bot

Bot I will nouther for richt nor zit pleſance,
Deny Wallace quhat he deſyris in France.
Than went thay furth and ſone met with Wallace
Ane figurat taill thay tauld him in that cace.
Wallace thay ſaid the King deſyris that ze,
Direnze battell ſa cruell for to ſe.
And charges zow to fecht with this Lyoun,
Wallace anſwerit in haiſtie concluſioun.
And I ſall do quhat be the kingis will,
At my power richt glaidlie to fulfill.
Than paſſit he vnto the King but mair,
Ane Lord of Court quhen he approchit thair.
Unwyſelie ſpeirit without prouiſioun,
Wallace dar ze ga fecht with our Lyoun?
And he ſaid ze ſa the King ſuffer me,
Or with zour ſelf giue ze ocht better be
Quhat will ze mair this thing admittit was,
That Wallace ſuld vnto the Lyoun pas.
The King chargit to bring him gude harneſs,
And he ſaid nay GOD ſcheild me fra ſic cace.
I ſuld it tak giue I faucht with ane man,
Bot for ane Dog that nocht of armes can.
I will haue nane bot ſingill as I ga,
Ane greit mantill about his hand can ta.
And ane gude ſword with him he tuſk na mair,
Abandounlie in Barrace enterit thair.
Greit cheinzeis was wrocht in the zet with a gin
And pullit to quhen Wallace was thairin.
The wood Lyoun on Wallace quhair he ſtude,
Rampand he brayit for he deſyrit blude.
With his round pollis in the mantill wrocht ſa,
Akwart the bak zit Wallace can him ta.
With his gude ſword that was of birneiſt ſteill,

His bodie in twa it cutt it euerils deill.
Syne to the King he raikit in greit Ire,
And said on loud was this all zour desyre?
To wair ane Scot this lichtlie into vane,
Is thair ma Doggis that ze zit wald haue slane?
Ga bring thame furth sen I man Doggis quell,
To do bidding quhill that I with zow duell.
It ganis full weill to grauth me in Scotland,
For greiter deidis thair men hes tane on hand.
Than with ane Dog in battell to encheif,
At zow and France for euir I tak my leif.
The King persauit that Wallace greiuit was,
Sa ernestlie he askit leiue to pas
Rewit in his mynd that it was hapnit sa,
Sa lewd ane deid to lat him vnderta.
Knawand the worschip and the greit Nobilnes,
Of him quhilk sprang that tyme in mony place.
Hamelie he said it suld displeis zow nocht,
It ze desyrit it bred neuer in my thocht.
And be the faith I aw the Croun of France
I thocht neuer to charge zow to sic chance
Bot men of vaill that askit it for zow,
Wallace answerit to GOD I mak ane vow.
I lykit neuer sic battell to be in,
Upon ane Dog na worschip is to win.
The King consauit how this falset was wrocht,
The Squyaris vaith was to his presence brocht.
Cuild not deny quhen thay come him befoir,
All thair trespas thay tauld withouttin moir.
The King commandit thay suld be done to deid,
Smott of thair heidis without ony remeid.
The Campiounis lo for I my causles,
To suddane deith Wallace yame brocht throw cais.

The

The Squyaris als fra thair fallnes was kend,
Inuy thame brocht baith to ane suddane end.
Lordis behald Inuy the euill Dragoun,
In cruell fyre he byrnis this Regioun,
For he is not that abundis in Inuy,
To sum mischeik it bringis him haistely.
Forsake Inuy thow sall the better speid,
Heirof as now I will na farther reid
Bot in my matter that I befoir began,
I sall declair als planelie as I can.

QUHEN Wallace saw thay had him at Inuy,
Langer to byde he couth not than planely.
Better him thocht in Scotland for to be,
And auenture tak outher to leik or de.
To help his awin he had far mair plesance,
Than thair to byde with all the welth in France.
Than his haill mynde, manheid and curage,
Was planelie set to wyn out of bondage.
Scotland agane fra pane and mekill schoir,
He bowit he sulde or ellis de thairfoir.
The king hes sene how gude Wallace is set,
The letter than him gaif withouttin let.
The quhilk of lait fra Scotland was him send,
Wallace it saw and weill thair harmis kend.
Be the first writ thairto accordiall,
Thame to supple he thocht he wald not faill.
Quhairfoir sulde I heirof lang proces mak,
Wallace of France ane gudlie leif can tak.
The king hes sene it wald not ellis be,
To Chalmer went behald him micht not he.
For greit langour quhen Wallace can remufe,
The king to him keipt kyndnes ay and lufe.

Jowellis and gold his worschip for to saue,
He bad thame giue als mekill as he wald haue.
Lordis and Ladyis weipit wounder fast,
Quhen Wallace thair sa tuik his leiue and past.
Na man he tuik bot quham he hidder brocht,
Agane with him gude Longoueill furth socht.
For pane nor blis that gude knicht left him neuer,
For cace befell quhill deith maid thame disseuer.
Towart the Sluce in gudlie feir past he,
Ane Veschell gat and maid him to the se.
Aucht Schipmen feyit & gudlie wage thame gaue
To Scotland fure the Firth of Tay thay haue.

How Wallace come in Scotland agane at the Battell of Elchock Park. CAP. IIII.

VPON the nicht Wallace the land hes tane,
At Ernis mouth and is to Elchock gane.
He gart the Schip in couert saill away,
Sa out of sicht thay war or it was day.
At Elchock dwelt ane Wallace Cousing deir,
That Craufurd hecht the hous quhe yai come neir.
On the bak syde Wallace ane wyndo fand.
And in he callit syne Crafurd came at hand.
Fra tyne he wist that it was gude Wallace,
Into his Barne he ordanit thame ane place.
Ane mow of corne he biggit thame about,
And cloisit it weill nane micht persaue thairout.
Bot at ane place quhair meit was to yame brocht,
And bedding to als gudlie as he mocht.
Ane dern hoill furth on the north syde thay had,
Unto the watter quhairof Wallace was glaid
Four dayis or fyue in rest thay soiornit thair,

Quhill

Quhill meit was gane than Craufurd bowrit for
To Sanct Johnſtoun yair purueyance to by (mair
Inglifmen thocht he tuik mair aboundantly:
Than he was wount in ony tyme befoir.
Thay haue him tane, put him in preſoun ſoir
Quhat gaiſtis he had to tell maid him requeiſt,
He ſaid it was bot to ane kirking ſeiſt.
Zit thay preſumit the cumming of Wallace,
Knawledge to get, thay ſet ane ſubtell cace.
Thay leit him pas with thing that he had bocht,
Syne efter ſone in all the haiſt thay mocht.
To harnes zeid the power of the toun
Aucht hundreth men wᵗ Buttellar maid yame boun
Followit on dreich quhil pat yis mā come haime
Wallace him ſaw, and ſaid he ſeruit blame.
In my ſleiping ane ill viſioun me taid,
Till Inglifmen that thow ſuld me haue ſaid.
Craufurd him ſaid, he had bene tormentit ſair,
With Inglifmen, that had him at diſpair.
Thairfoir ryſe vp, and ſone ſum ſuccour ſe,
I dreid full ſair thay ſet wachis on me.
The worthy Scottis yai graith thaime in gud weid
Thair wappinnis tuik. ſyne of that hous thay zeid
Thus ſuddandlie keill Sutheroun thay ſaw.
To few thay war to fecht agane thaime aw.
That kenely come, with zoung Buttellar ſ Knicht
Than Wallace ſaid, ane plane land is nocht richt
Bot Elchok Park, that is neir heir beſyde,
The firſt ſailze, we think thair to abyde.
Nyntene thay war, and Craufurd with gude will
The twentie man, the number to fulfill,
The Park thay tuik, Wallace ane place hes ſene,
Of greit Holting, that grew baith heich and greine

with thoztour treis ane maner of strenth maid he
Oz that war in, thay thocht to gar keill de.
The wod was thik bot lytill of bzeid and lenth,
And thay had meit, yai thocht to hald that strenth.
The Inglismen than past to Craufurdis place,
Fand in the barn the ludgeing of Wallace.
Than Craufurdis wyfe in handis thay haue tane
And askit at hir, quhat way the Scottis is gane.
Richt weill thay trowit, that Wallace suld yair be
Fra france to Tay, he was cummit throw the se.
Scho wald nocht tell for boist noz zit reward,
Than Buttellar said, ouir lang yhes bene spaird.
Thair with he grew in matalent and Ire,
And gart thame big ane bzaid bynnand fyre,
The Sutheroun swoze thairin scho suld brynt be,
Than Wallace said scho sall nocht end for me.
Greit sin it war, zone saikles wicht to sla,
Oz scho suld end, in faith thair sall de ma.
He left the strenth, and the plane feild can ta,
On loud he cryit, and said lo heir thy fa.
Thinkis thow not schame for to tozment ane wyfe
Cum first to me, and mak end of our stryfe.
Fra Buttellar had on feild gude Wallace sene,
For auld malice he wore neir wod for tene.
Upon the Scottis thay schuip all with greit mane
Gude Wallace sone the strenth he tuik agane.
Ane fell bikker the Inglismen began,
Assailzeit sair with mony cruell man.
Bot thay within war nobill of defence,
Maid greit debait with force and violence,
At the entrie fyftene thay put to deid.
Than ail the laif remouit fra that steid,
Zeid to array, agane to sailze new,

Wallace

Wallace beheld, quhilk weill in weir him knew.
Fellowis he said agane all at this place,
Thay will nocht faill, bot thus standis the cace.
Zone knicht thinkis for to deuyde his men,
In Weir placis, the suith ze sall weill kene.
Agane on vs to preif how it may be,
As now behouis sum vther way to se.
Contrair thair micht, ane gude defence to mak.
Now Longoueill thow sall ser with the tak:
William my Eme, als mony sall with zow ga,
And fyue with me, as now we haue na ma.
Knicht Buttellar than, partit his men in thre,
Wallace besyit quhair Buttellar schuip to be.
Thidder he than past, that entrie for to weir,
Quhilk syde thay did assailze with greit leir,
Wallace leit part on the entrie begin,
Bot nane zeid out, that on the Scottis come in.
Sewin formest was that in the knount first zeid,
Wallace fyue men that douchtie war in deid.
Ilk ane slew ane, and Wallace gart twa de,
Buttellar was neist, and said this will nocht be.
Abak he drew, and leit his curage slaik,
The worthy Scottis preuit weill for Scotlands saik
Gude Longoueill his counter maid sa sair,
And Crauford als thay sailzeit thame na mair.
Richt neir be than approchit to mirk nicht,
And sternis to appeir, began into thair sicht.
Sutheroun set wachis, and to thair Supper went,
The Buttellar was sair greuit in his Intent.
Zit sure thay weill of gude stuf, aill, and breid
Wallace and his, thay wist of na remeid,
Bot cald watter that ran out throw ane strand,
In that iudging, nane vther fude thay fand.

Than Wallace said, gude fellowis think nat lang
Will God we sall be sone out of this thrang.
Suppois we fast ane day or zit ane nicht,
Tak all in thank, this pane for Scotlandis richt
The Erll of York was in Sanct Johnstoun still,
To Buttellar send, and bad him byde at will.
To him full sone thair suld cum new power,
And als him self thus tauld the Messinger,
Buttellar wald fane Wallace had zoldin bene,
Or the Erll come, and for this caus was sene:
His Grandschir and his father baith he slew,
This Knicht thairwith toward him Wark him drew,
Quhat cheir thay maid, upon the Scottis he cald,
Then Wallace said, far better than thow wald.
The Buttellar said, I wald fane speik with the,
Wallace answerit thow may for lytill se.
Wallace he said, thow hes done me greit skaith,
My father and my Grandschir thow slew baith.
Than Wallace said, for strait that thow art in,
It war my det, for to undo thy kin.
And I think als, as GOD of heuin me saik,
That my twa handis sall granty this to thy graik.
The Buttellar said, that is not lyklie now,
Bot we the haue, we sall gar sydes sow.
Of this I ask, and thow wald mak me grant,
Quhat I the hecht, that thing thow sall not want
Say furth (quod he) be thy desyre reasonabill.
I sall it grant, withouttin ony fabill.
The Buttellar said, Wallace thow knawis richt
Thow may not chaip, be power nor be slicht.
And sen thow seis, it may na better be,
For thy generice thow wald the zeild to me.
Than Wallace said, thy will vnstrifull is,

Thow

Thow wald me do quhilk is ouir hie ane inis.
Zoldin I am, to better I can pryke,
To quhome he askit, to the greit GOD abuse.
For euerilk day sen I had wit of man,
Befoir my work to zeild me I began.
And als at ewin quhen that I failzeit licht,
I me betuik, to the maker of micht.
The Buttellar said, me think thow hes done weill
Zit of ane thing I pray the let me feill.
For thy manheid, this to me manifest.
Quhen that thow seis thow may na langer lest.
On this ilk place quhilk I hane tane to weir,
That thow cum furth and all vther forbeir.
Than Wallace leuch at his cruell desyre,
And said I sall thocht thow war wood as fyre.
And all Ingland the contrarie had sworne,
I sall cum out, at that ilk place the morne.
Or ellis this nicht traist weill that I the say,
I byde nocht heir quhill myne houris of the day.
Buttellar send furth the chalk wache on ilk syde,
In that ilk place baldlie he bownit to byde
Thus still thay baid, quhill day began to peir,
Ane thick myst fell, the Planeit was not cleir.
Wallace assayit, all that place about,
Leit as he wald, at sum ane place brek out
Quhill Buttellaris men away fra him couth gas,
To help the laif, quhen thay saw it was sa,
Wallace and his, fast sped thame to that steid,
Quhair Buttellar baid, feill men thay draif to deid
The worthie Scottis sone passit throw that melle
Cranfuld thairwith was fair hurt in the kne.
At eird he was: gude Wallace turnit agane,
And at ane straik he hes the Buttellar slane.

Hynt vp that man vnder his arme sa strang,
Defendand him out of that felloun thrang.
Gude roume he maid, amãg thame quhair he gais,
With his richt hand he slew fyue of his fais.
Bure out Craufurd by force of his persoun,
Nyne aiker braid or euer he set him doun.
The Suthroun fand that thair Capitane was deid,
Semblit him about bot than was na remied.
Threttie with him of the wichtest he brocht,
Deid on that place quhair at the Scottis out socht.
Wallace and his be than was fra thair sicht,
Sutheroun baid still for greit lois of that nicht.
The myst was mirk, that Wallace lykit weill,
Him self was glaid and said to Longouecill:
At Methuen wood is my desyre to be,
For thair is bestiall to get in greit plentie.
Be than thay war weill cummin to the hicht,
The myst slaikit the Sone schynit fair and bricht:
Sone war thay war ane lytill space thame by,
Of four and threttie in ane company.
Than Wallace said be zone freind or fa,
We will thame se ser that thay ar na ma:
Quhen thay come neir ane Nobill knicht it was,
The quhilk to name hecht Hew of Dundas.
And Sir Johne Scot ane wyse and worthie knicht
Into Stratherne ane man of mekill micht:
For thair he had greit part of heritage,
Dundas Sister he had in Mariage.
Passand thay war and micht na langer lest,
To Inglismen thair fewtie for to fest:
The Lord of Breichin sic cunnand had thame maid
Of king Edward to hald thair landis braid.
Bot fra thay saw that it was wicht Wallace,

Held

Held vp thair handis and thankit GOD of grace.
Of his greit help quhilk he had send thame thair.
To Methuen wod with ane assent thay fair
Sone gat thame meit of bestiall that thay fand,
Restit that day quhen nicht wes cummin on hand.
To Birnane wod but resting ar thay gane,
Quhair thay haue fund the squyar gude Ruthuane:
In outlaw vse he had lang leuit thair,
Of bestiall quhill he micht get na mair.
Thay tarryit not bot into Athoill zeid,
Quhair meit was scãt yair Wallace had greit dreid
Passit to Lorne richt lytill fand he thair.
Of wild and tame that countrie was maid bair.
Bot in the strenthis thair fude was leuit nane,
Thir worthy Scottis than maid ane pieteous mane
Sir Johne Scot said he had far rather de,
Into gude name and leif his airis fre.
Than for to byde as bund in subiectioun,
Quhen Wallace saw thir gude men of Renoun.
With hunger stad almaist micht leif na mair
Wit ze for thame he sichit wounder sair.
Gude men he said I am the caus of this,
At zour desyre I sall amend this mis.
Or leif zow fre sum cheuisance for to ma,
All him allane he bounit for to ga.
Prayit thame byde quhill he micht cum agane,
Out ouir ane hill he passit into plane.

OUT of thair sicht into ane Forest syde.
He set him doun vnder ane Aik to byde,
His bow and sword he leynit to ane tre.
In anguish greit, on grouf than turnit he
This pietious mane was for his men sa wrocht,

That of him ſelf, lytill thing than he rocht.
O wretche he ſaid that neuer couth be content,
Of outr greit micht that the greit GOD the lent.
Bot thy feirs mynd wilfull and variabill,
With greit Lordſhip thow couth not ſa byde ſtabill
And wilfull wit, for to mak Scotland fre.
GOD lykis not that I haue tane on me.
Far worthier than I of birth was borne,
Throw my deſyre, for hunger ar forlorne,
I aſk at GOD thame to reſtoir agane
I am the caus, I ſuld haue all the pane.
Quhyle ſtudyand this quhyle flytand with him ſell
Quhill at the laſt vpon ſleiping he fell.
Thrie dayis befoir thair had him followit fyue,
The quhilk was bund or ellis to loiſ thair lyue.
The Erll of Lorn had thame ſa greit guardoun,
That thay be thift, thocht to put Wallace doun.
Thrie of thame was borne men of Inglaud,
And twa was Scottis that tuik the deid on hand.
And ſum men ſaid, the thrid brother betraiſit.
Kyndrōme eiſt, quhair greit ſorrow was raiſit.
Ane Chyld thay had quhilk helpit to beir meit,
In wildernes amang the montanes greit.
Thay had all ſene the diſſeuering of Wallace,
Fra his gude men and quhair he baid on cace.
Amang thick wod in couert held thame law,
Quhill thay perſauit he couth on ſleiping faw.
And than thir fyue approchit Wallace neir,
Quhat's beſt to do at byer faſt thay ſpeir?
Ane man ſaid thus it war ane hie Renoun,
And we micht quik leid him to Sanct Johnſtoun.
Lo how he lyis, we may our grippis waill,
Of his wappinnis, he ſall haue nane auaill.

We ſall him bind in contrair of his will,
And leid him thus on bak ſyde of ȝone hill.
Sa that his men ſall na thing of him knaw,
The vther four aſſentit to his ſaw.
And than thir ſyue maid thame vnto Wallace,
And thocht thrȝow force to bind him in that place.
Quhat trowit thir fyue foꝛ to haid wallace doun:
The maniyeſt man, the ſtarkeſt of perſoun
Leuand he was, als ſtude in to ſic richt,
We traiſt weill God his deidis hes in ſicht.
Thay grippit him, and out of ſleip he braid.
Quhat menis this, than ſadly Wallace ſaid.
Abont he turnit and vp his armis thrang,
On thay tratouris with knichtly feir he dang.
The ſtarkeſt man into his hand hynt he,
And all his haznis he dang out on ane trie.
His ſwoꝛd he gat, ſone eftir that he raiſ,
Campioun lyke, amang the four he gaiſ
Euer ane man, he gart de at ane dynt.
Quhen twa was deid, ye vther thre wald not ſtynt.
Maid thame to fle, bot than it was na bute,
Was nane leuand micht fra him pas on fute,
He followit faſt, and ſone to deith thame brocht.
Than to the Child. ſadly agane he ſocht.
Quhat did the wheir ye Chyld with ane paill face,
On kneis fell, and aſkit Wallace grace.
Wit thame I was, & knew na thing thair thocht,
In to ſeruice, as thay me bad I wrocht.
Quhat beiris thow ſair, bot meit the Chyld can ſay/
Ga tak it vp, and pas with me away.
Meit in this tyme, is far better noꝛ gold.
Wallace and he furth ſoundit on the fold,
Quhat brocht Wallace frome his enemeis bald

Quha bot greit God, yat hes this warld to hald.
He was his help in mony felloun thrang,
With glaid cheir thus, vnto Ene can he gang.
Baith roistit fleiche, yair was als breid and cheis,
To succour thame that was in point to leis.
And he it deillis to four men and fyftie,
Quhilk had befoir fastit ouir dayis thre.
Syne tuik his part, he had fastit als lang.
Quhair hard ze euer ony in sic thrang.
In hounger sa sleipand and wappinles,
Sa weill recouerit, as Wallace did in cais.
Planelie be force vincust his enemeis fyue,
Men of wit this questioun now deserue,
Without tin glois I will tell furth my taill.
How come this meit: the fellowschip askit haill.
To thair desyre, Wallace na answer zald,
Quhair fyue wes deid he led thame furth and tald.
Greitly displeisit was all that Cheualry,
To ane Chiftane thay held it fantasy.
To walk allane. Wallace with sobir mude,
Sayis heirof is cum na thing bot gude.
To the Law land agane full fast thay socht,
Speirit at this Chyld, gif he couth wis thame ocht
Quhair thay micht best of purueyance for to win,
Off name he said was that countrie within.
For all about, in als far as I knaw,
Quhill that ze cum doun to the Rannoch haw.
That Lord hes stuf, baith oill, breid, and bernage,
Of King Edward he takis full mekill wage,
Than Wallace said my self sall be zour gyde,
I knaw that steid, about on ather syde.
Throw the wyld land, he gydit thame full richt,
To Rannoch hall he brocht thame yat same nicht.

Ane

Ane wache was out, and that full sone thay ta,
He was ane Scot, zit he wald nocht him sla.
Bot gart him tell the maner of that place,
Thus enterit thay within ane lytill space.
The zet thay wan, for Castell was thair nane,
Bot mud wal wicht, without tin lyme or stane,
Wallace in haist straik vp the Chalmer dure,
With his richt fuit that stalwart was and sure.
Than thai within awaiknit suddandly,
The Lord gat vp, and mercy can he cry.
Fra tyme he wist that gude Wallace was thair,
He thankit God, syne said thir wordis mair.
Trew man I was, and wyn aganis my will,
With Inglismen, suppois I lykit Ill.
All Scottis we ar, yat in this hous is now,
At zour command, all baldly sall we bow.
Of our Natioun gude Wallace had pietie.
Tuik Aithis of thame, and syne meit askit he.
Gude cheir yai maid, quhill licht day on the morne.
This trew man than sone semblit him befornе.
Thre sonis he had, yat stalwart war and bald,
And twentie men of kin in his houshald.
Wallace was blyith thay maid him sic supplie
Said I thank God, that we thus multiplie.
All that day ouir, in gude lyking thay rest,
Wachis thay waill, to keip thame that nouth best.
Upon the morne the licht day quhen thay saw,
Than Wallace said our power for to knaw.
We will tak feild, and vp our Baner rais,
In richt of Scotland, and contrair of our fais.
We will na mair now vs in couert hyde,
Power to vs, will sembill on Ilk syde,
Than hors thay get, the best that culd be thair,

Towart Dunkeld the ganest way thay fair.
The Bischop than gat to Sanct Johnstoun,
The Scottis slew that was of thair Natioun.
Baith pure and riche, and seruandis yat yai fand,
Left nane on lyfe that borne was of Ingland.
The place thay tuik, and maid yame weill to fair,
Of purueyance that Bischop had brocht thair.
Jowellis thay gat, baith gold and siluer bricht,
With gude cheir thair fyue dayis Soiornit richt.
On the sext day Wallace to counsall went,
Gart call the best, and schew thame his Intent.
Na men we haue to saillze Sanct Johnstoun,
Into the Northy thairfoir lat vs mak boun.
In Ros ze knaw gude men ane strenth hes maid,
Heir thay of vs, thay cum withouttin baid.
Als into Bute is gude Bischop Sinklair,
Fra he get wit, he cummis withouttin mair.
Gude westland men, of Arrane and Kauchlie,
Fra thay be warnit, thay will all cum to me.
Thus purpois tuik, and in the Northy thay ryde,
Na Inglismen durst in thair gait abyde.
Quhome Wallace tuik, yai knew the auld ransoun
Fra he come hame, to fle thay mak thame boun.
And Scottismen semblit to Wallace fast,
In awfull feir out throw the land thay past.
Strenthis was left, wit ze all desolait,
Agane thir folk na man durst mak debait.
In rayit batell thay raid to Abirdene,
In haill number vii. thousand than was sene.
Bot Inglismen had left the toun all waist,
On euerilk syde away than can thame haist.
In all that land left nouther mair nor les,
Lord Bewmont tuik the ley at Buchane Nes.

Throw

Throw Scotland than was maniest in plane,
The Lordis that fled, in hart was wounder fane.
The Knicht Clement of Ros come suddandly,
In Murray land, with thair gude Cheualry,
The hous of Narne yat gude knicht weill hes tane
Slew the Capitane, and gude men mony ane.
Out of Murray, and Buchane land come thay,
To seik Bewmont, bot he was past away.
Than thir gude men to Wallace passit riche
Quhē Wallace saw Schir John Ramsay ȳ knicht
And vther gude men, that had bene fra him lang,
Greit curage than was raisit thame amang.
The land he reullit, as that him lykit best,
To Sanct Johnstoun, syne raid or yai wald rest.

¶ The Seige of Sanct Johnstoun.

At euerilk port ane stalwart wache he maid,
Contexmit ane Seige, and steidfastly abaid.
Bischop Sinklair in all gude haist him dicht,
Come out of Bute, with semely men be sicht.
Out of the Ilis, of Kauchly and Arrane,
Lindesay and Boyd with gude men mony ane.
Adame Wallace, Barroun of Ricardtoun,
Full sadly socht to Wallace of Renoun.
At Sanct Johnstoun baid at the Sailze still.
For Sutheroun men, thay micht weill pas at will.
For in thair way thair durst na enemie be,
Bot fled away, be land and als be se.
About that toun thus semblit thay but moir,
For thay had bene with gude Wallace befoir.
Setoun, Lawder, gude Richard of Lundie,
In ane gude Barge thay past about the se.

In Sãct Johnstoũ hauin, yair ankeris haue yai set
Twa Inglis schippis, yai tuik without tin let.
The tane thay brynt, and stuffit the wther weill,
With artailze, and stalwart men in steill.
To keip the Pozt, thair suld cum na vittaill,
Into the toun, noz men that micht auaill.
Fra South and Nozth, mony of Scotland fled,
Left Castellis waist, feill leuit thair lyfis in wed.
The Sutheroun Bischop yat befoir left Dunkell,
To Londoun past, and tauld Edwart him sell
In Scotland thair had fallin ane greit myschance,
Than send he sone foz Aymeir the Wallance.
And askit him, quhat than was best to do,
He hecht to pas, and tak greit gold thair to,
Into Scotland sum meanis foz to mak.
Aganis Wallace, on hand this can he tak.
He said he wald, vndo King Edwardis Crown,
Except he micht throw tresloun put him doun.
King Edwart hecht, quhat thing ỳ Wallange bãd
He he suld it keip, thairto he gaif his hand,
Wallange tuik leif, and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell come, syne kest in his Intent.
Quhat man thair was micht best Wallace begyle
And sone he fand within ane lytill quhyle:
Schir John Menteith Wallace Gossop was,
Ane Wellinger Schir Aymeir hes gart pas.
At Ruglyn Kirk, thir twa togidder met.
Than Wallange said, Schir Johne yow knawis
Wallace agane rylis contrair ye King, (yis thing
And thow may haue quhat lozdschip yow will waill
And thow wald wirk as I wald gif counsall,
Zone tyran haldis the Realmis at trubill baith,

To

To thrittie men it dois full mekill skaith.
Ye traistis the, thow may full weill him tak,
Of this mater, I reid ane end thow mak.
War he away we micht at lyking Ring,
As Lordis all, and leif vnder ane King.
Than Menteith said he is our gouernour,
For vs he baid in mony hellioun stour.
Nocht for him self, bot for our heritage,
To sell him thus, it war ane foull outrage
Than Wallange said, and thow weill vnderstande
Greit merite it war, he spillis sa mekill blude,
Of cristin men, puttis saullis in to perrell,
I vnd me als, he sall be haldin haill.
As for his lyfe and keipit in preson,
King Edward wald haue him in subiectioun
Than Menteith thocht sa thay wald keip cumand
He wald full fane haue had him of Scotland.
Wallange saw him into ane study be,
Thre thousand pund of fyne gold leit him se.
And hecht he suld the Lennor haue at will.
Thus tressonabilly Menteith grantit thair till.
Ane Obligatioun with his awin hand he maid,
Syne tuik the gold, and Edwardis Seill sa braid
And gaif thame his, quhen he his tyme misht se,
To tak Wallace, ouir Sulway gif him fre.
To Inglismen, be this tressonabill contord,
Schir Johne suld be of all the Lennor Lord.
Thus Wallace suld in Ingland keipit be,
Sa Edward micht mak Scotland to him fre.
Thair couetise was our greit maister sene,
Nane exempill takis how ane vther hes bene
For couetise put in panis strang and fell,
For couetise the Serpent is in hell.

For couetise gude Hector tuik the deid,
For couetise thair can be na remid.
Throw couetise gude Alexander was loist,
And Julius als, for all his reif and boist.
Throw couetise deit Arthur of Britane,
For couetise thair hes deit mony ane.
For couetise the tratour Ganilioun,
The flour of France he put to confusioun.
Throw couetise thay poysonit gude Godefray,
In Antioche, as the Author will say.
For couetise Menteith vpon sals wayis,
Betrailit Wallace, yat was his Gossop tryis,
Wallange in haist, with blyith will and gude hart
To Londoun past, and schew to King Edwart.
Of thair contract he had far mair plesance,
Than of fyne gold ouir in Ballance:
Of greiter wecht than his Ransoun micht be,
Of Wallace furth zit speik sum part will we.

AT Sanct Johnstoun now was ye seigeing still,
In ane morning ye Sutheroun with gude will
Fyue hundreth men in armis richt egerly,
Thay Ischit furth to mak ane Jeopardy.
At the South Port vpon Scot and Wundas,
Quhilk in thair tyme richt wyse and worthy was.
Aganis thair fais richt scharply faucht and fair,
In that counter seuin scoir to deith thay bair.
Sit Inglismen that cruell was and kene,
Full derfly faucht quhair douchtie deid was sene.
Fra the west zet drew all the Scottis haill,
To the fechtaris, quhen yai saw nocht auaill
Bot in agane, full fast thay can thame speid.
The Knicht Wundas full douchtie preuit in deid.

Quir

Ouir neir the zet full bandounlie he baid,
With ane gude sword full greit mastrie he maid.
Nocht wittand weill his fellowis was him fra,
In at the zet, the Sutheroun can him ta.
Vnto the Erll thay led him haistilie,
Quhen he him saw he said he sold not die.
To slay this ane it may vs lytill remeid,
He send him furth to Wallace in that steid.
Vnto the North his battellis hes he brocht,
Quhill he him saw of this he wist richt nocht.
Send to the Erll and thankit him largelie,
Hecht for to quyte quhen he sic caus micht sie.
Bot zit thairfoir souerance he wald not grant,
Thocht thai wer zoldin and cum recryant.
For gold, nor gude he wald na tribute tak,
Ane greit assault than he began to mak.
The Erll of Fyfe dwelt vnder trewis lang,
Of King Edward and than he thocht it wrang.
That Wallace sa wes seigeand Sanct Johnstoun.
Bot giue he cum in richt help of the Croun.
To Inglismen he wald not keip that band,
Than he come sone with gude men of the land.
And Johne Wallange was than Schiref of Fyfe,
To Wallace past and starkit him in that stryfe.
The Erll was cummin of gude trew nobill blude.
Of the auld Thayne quhilk in his tyme was gude
Than all about to Sanct Johnstoun thay gang.
The felloun sault was hiddeous scharp and strang
Full feill faggaldis into the dyke thay cast,
Hadder and hay wound about flaikis fast.
With treis and eird ane greit passage thay maid,
Out ouir the wallis thay zeid in battell braid.
The Suthzoun than maid greit defence agane,

Quhill at the wallis thair was ane thousand slane.
Wallace zeid in and his rayit battell richt
All Sutheroun men derflie to deith thay dicht:
To saue the Erll Wallace the Herald send,
Gude Jop him self the quhilk befoir him kend.
For Dundas saik he said he suld not die,
Wallace him self thus ordanit for to be:
Ane small Haiknay to him he gart be tak,
Siluer and gold his coistis for to mak.
Set on his cloik ane takin for to se,
Ane Lyoun in ware that suld his Conduct be:
Conuoyit him furth and na man him with all,
Weimen & barnis Wallace gart freith thame all.
And syne cryit trew Scottis to thair awin,
Pleneist the land quhilk lang had bene ouirthrawin
Than Wallace past the South land for to se,
Edward the Bruce in his tyme richt worthie.
That zeir befoir he had in Ireland bene,
And thair with him wer cruell men and kene:
Fyftie in feir was of his Motheris kin,
At kirkcudbricht in Galloway enterit in.
With thay fyftie he had vincust nyne scoir.
And syne he past withouttin tarie moir:
To Wigtoun sone and that Castell hes tane,
Sutheroun was fled and left it all allane.
Wallace him met with trew men reuerentlie,
To Lochmabane went all that Cheualrie:
Thay maid Edward baith Lord and leidar thair,
This conditioun Wallace him maid but mair.
Bot ane schort tyme to byde Robert the King,
Gif he come not in this Regioun to Ring:
That Edward suld ressaue the Croun but faill,
This hecht Wallace and all the barnage haill.

In

In Lochmabane Prince Edward leyndit still,
And Wallace past to Cumnok with gude will:
At the Blak bog quhair he was wont to be,
Upon that steid ane Royall hous held he.
Inglis Wardanis to Londoun past but mair,
And tauld the king of all thair greit mistair:
How Wallace can Scotland fra thame reduce,
And how he had restauit Edward Bruce.
The Commounis swoir thay suld cum neuer mair,
Upon Scotland and Wallace leuand wair:
Than Edward wrait to Menteith priuely,
Prayit him to haist the tyme was passit by.
Of the promeis to quhilk that he was bundin,
Sir Johne Menteith into his wit hes fundin:
How he suld best his purpois do fulfill,
His Sisteris Sone in haist he callit him till.
And ordanit him in dwelling with Wallace,
Ane aith agane he gart him mak on cace:
Quhat tyme he wist Wallace in quyet draw,
He suld him warne quhat auenture micht faw,
This man grantit that sic thing suld be done,
Vith Wallace thus he was in seruice sone:
Bot of tressoun Wallace had lytill thocht,
His laborous mynd in vther matteris wrocht.
Thus Wallace thryse hes maid all Scotland fre,
Than he desyrit in lestand peace to be:
For as of weir he was in sum part Irk,
He purpoisit than to serue GOD and the kirk.
And for to leif vnder his richteous king,
That he desyrit aboue all erdlie thing.

¶ How Wallace was betraisit be Schir Iohne Menteith, and had in Ingland, and Marterit thair.

CA. V.

The Herald Iop in Ingland sone he send,
And wrait to Bruce richt hartly his cõmend.
Beseikand him to cum and take his croun,
Nane suld ganestand Clerk, Burges, nor Barroun.
The Herald past quhen Bruce saw his credence,
Thairof he tuke, ane perfyte greit plesance.
With his awin hand agane wrait to Wallace,
And thankit him of lawtie and kyndnes.
Beseikand him this matter to conceill,
For him behouit out of Ingland to steill.
For lang befoir was keipit the Ragment,
Quhilk Cumyng had to byde the Parliament.
In to Londoun and giue thay him accuse,
To cum fra thame he suld mak sum excuse.
He prayit Wallace on Glasgow mure to waik,
The nirt first nicht of Julie for his saik.
And bad he suld bot into quyet be,
For he with him micht bring few Chevalrie.
Wallace was blyith quhen he this writing saw,
His houshald sone he gart to Glasgow draw,
That moneth thair he ordanit thame to byde,
Keirlie he tuik Ilk nicht with him to ryde.
And this young man that Menteith to him send
Wist nane bot thir quhat way that Wallace wend
The quhilk gart warne his Eme the xviij nicht,
Sertie full sone Sir Johne Menteith gart dicht.
Of his awin kyn and allya was borne,
To his tressoun he gart thame all be sworne.
Fra Dunbartane thay sped thame haistelie,
Neir Glasgow Kirk thay buskit thame priuilie.
Wallace past furth quhair that the tryst was set,
Ane spy thay maid and followit him but let,
Robert Raillstoun was neir the way besyde,

And

And bot ane hous quhair Wallace vsit to byde.
He woik on fute quhill passit was midnicht,
Keirlie and he than for ane sleip thame dicht.
Thay bad this man that he suld walk his part,
And walkin Wallace come men fra ony art.
Quhen thay sleipit this tratour tuke gude heid,
He met his Eme and bad him haue na dreid.
On sleip he was and with him bot ane man,
Ze may him haue for ony craft he can.
Without the hous thair wappinnis laid yame fra,
For weill thay wyst gat Wallace anc of tha,
And on his seit his Ransoun suld be sauld,
Thus semblit thay about this sebill hauld.
This tratour watche fra Wallace than he stall,
Baith knyfe and sword his Bow and arrowis all.
Efter midnicht in handis thay haue him tane,
Slomerit on sleip with him na man bot ane.
Keirlie thay tuke and led him fra that place,
Wid him to deith withouttin langer space.
Thay thocht to bynd Wallace with strenthis strāg,
On fute he gat thay fell tratouris amang.
He grippit about bot na wappin he fand,
Fit with ane stule that did besyde him stand:
The bak of ane he brist in that thrang,
And of ane vther the harnis out he dang,
And alss monie as handis couth on him lay,
Be force him hynt for to haue him away.
Bot that power ane fute micht not him leid,
Out of that hous quhill thay or he war deid.
Sir Johne saw weill be force it micht not be,
Or he wer tane rather he thocht to de.
Wenteith bad ceis and than spak to Wallace
Syne schew him furth ane full ritht subtell race.

Ze haue ſa lang heir bliſt zow allane,
Quhill wit thairof is into Ingland gane.
Thairfoir heir me and ſober zour curage,
The Inglifmen with ane full greit barnage.
Ar ſembilit heir and ſet this hous about,
That ze be force on na wayis may wyn out.
Suppois ze had the ſtrenth of gude Hector,
Amang this Oiſt ze may not lang Indure.
And thay zow tak in haiſt zour deith is dicht,
I haue ſpokin with Lord Cliffurd that Knicht.
Thair Chiftane is, a weill menit for zour lyfe,
Thay aſk na mair bot be quyte of zour ſtryfe.
To Dunbertane ze ſall pas furth with me,
Syne in zour hous ze may in ſaiftie be.
Sutherdun ſic vſe with Menteith lang had thay,
That Wallace trowit ſumpart that he wald ſay.
Menteith ſaid Sir lo wappinnis we nane haif
We come in traiſt zour lyfe giue we micht ſaif.
Wallace trowit weill and he his Goſſop thryſt,
That he wald nocht be na maner of wyis:
Him to betrais, for all Scotland ſa wyde,
Ane aith of him he aſkit in that tyde.
Thair wantit wit quhat ſuld his aithis moir,
Forſworne to him he was lang tyme befoir.
The aith he maid Wallace come in his will,
Richt fraudfullie ail thus he ſchew it him till.
Goſſop he ſaid as Preſoner thay mon zow ſe,
Or ellis throw force thay will tak zow fra me.
Ane Conche with ſlicht vpon his handis thay laid,
And vnder ſyne with ſicker cordis thay braid.
Baith ſcharp and teuch and faſt togither drew,
Allace the Bruce micht ſair that bynding rew.
Quhilk maid Scotland ſone brokin vpon eace,

For

Be Cumyngis deith and lois of gude Wallace.
Thay led him furth in feir amang thame aw,
Keirlie he mist and syne the Sutheroun saw.
Than wist he weill that he betraisit was,
Towart the South with him quhen thay can pas:
Zit thay him said in treuth he suld not de,
King Edward wald him keip in gude saiftie,
For the honour of weir that he had wrocht.
Bot the sair bandis sa trublit all his thocht:
Credence thairto forsuith he culd not geif,
That he wist full weill thay wald not let him leif.
Ane fals foull cais that Wenteith hes him said,
Quhen on this wyse gude Wallace he was caid.
Sum men sayis it was to saue his Lord,
Thay leyit all out that maid that fals record
At the Falkirk the gude Stewart was slaine,
Our Chronicklis reheirsis that in plaine.
On Magdalene day the auchtene zeir befoir,
Cumyngis deith thairfoir it witnessis moir.
And at Restoun Wallace was tressonabillie,
Thus falslie stollin fra his gude Cheualrie.
In Glasgow lay and wist not of this thing,
Thus he was loist in byding of his king.
South thay him led ay haldand the waist land,
Delyuerit him in haist outr Sulway sand.
The Lord Clifurd and Wallange tuke him thair,
To Carleill toun full fast with him thay fair.
In Preseun him set that was ane greit dolour,
That hous efter thay callit Wallace Tour.
Sum men syne said that knew not weill the cace,
In Berwik toun to deith thay put Wallace.
Contrair is knawin be this opinioun,
That Sutheroun men had not than Berwik toun.

To Scotland he it wes till Soullis it gaif,
For Lord Cumyng to Ingland with the laif.
Ane vther point is the tratouris dust not pas,
That sauld him sa quhair Scottismen maister was
The thrid point is the commons of Ingland,
Quhat thay deny thay will not vnderstand.
That thing be done for witnes that may be,
For credence gif forther than thay may se.
To se him de Edward had mair desyre,
Than to be Lord of all the haill Empyre.
And for this caus thay keipit him sa lang,
Quhill the commons micht vnto Londoun gang.
O Allace Scotland to quhome sall thow cõplayne:
Allace fra paine quha can the now refrayne:
Allace thy help is fallin brocht to ground,
Thy best Chiftane in braith bandis is bund.
Allace thow hes now loisit thy gyde of licht,
Allace quha sall defend the in thy richt.
Allace thy paine approchit wounder neir,
With sorrow sone thow man be left on steir.
Thy gracious gyde thy greitest Gouernour,
Allace ouir neir hes cum thy fatall hour.
Allace quha sall now beit ye of thy baill:
Allace quhen sall of harmis thow be haill.
Quha sall defend: quha sall the now mak fre:
Allace in weir quha sall thy helper be:
Quha sall the keip: quha sall the now redeme:
Allace quha sall the Saronis fra the Fleme:
I can na mair bot beseik GOD of grace,
The to restoir in haist to welth and price.
Sen gude Wallace may succour the na mair,
The lois of him incressis mekill cair.
Now of his men in Glasgow still that lay.

Quhat

Quhat ſoꝛrow rais quhen thay miſſit him away.
The cruell pans, the wofull compleining,
Thairof to tell it wer ane heuie thing.
I will let be and ſpeik thairof na mair,
Lytill reheirs is ouir mekill of cair.
And ꝑincipallie quhair redemptioun is nane,
It helpis not, to tell thair pietous mane.
The deid thairof is ȝit in remembeꝛance,
I will lat ſlaik of ſoꝛrow the ballance.
Bot Longouetill to Lochmabane can pas,
And yair hecht he quhair gude ꝑince Edward was
Out of Scotland he ſuld pas neuer mair,
Lois of Wallace ſoꝛeht to his hart ſo ſair.
The Realme of France he vowit neuer to ſe,
Bot reuenge Wallace, oꝛ ellis thairfoir to de.
Thair he remainit quhill cumming of the king,
With Bꝛuce in weir, this gude knicht furth did ring.
Remembeꝛance ſyne is in the Bꝛuces buik,
Secund he was quhen thay Sanct Johnſtoun tuik,
Followit the King at wynning of the toun,
The Bꝛuce thairfoir gaif him full greit guardoun.
¶ [*] All Charteris landis the gude King to him gaif
¶ Charteris ſen ſyne of him cummit ar the laif.
Quhairto ſuld I far in this ſoꝛie wend?
Bot of my buik to mak ane finall end.
Robert the Bꝛuce came haime on the thꝛid day,
In Scotland efter, that Wallace was away.
To Lochmabane quhair he fand gude Edwark.
Quhairof he was greitlie reioyſit in hart.
Bot fra he wiſt Wallace away was led,
Sa mekill baill into his bꝛeiſt was bꝛed.
Neir of his wit he woꝛthit foꝛ that deid,
Edward full ſone than to his bꝛother ȝeid.

This ar the Charteris lãd is quhilk pertenis to the Lairdis of Kinfawnis onlie, quha ar deſcẽdit of hĩ. Bot not the landis of the Lairdis of Hamiſſeild quha ar of ye ſame ſurename.

Ane ſuddane chance this was in wa fra weill,
Gude Edward ſayis this helpis not adeill.
Let murning be, it may be na remeid,
Ze haue him tynt, ze ſuld reuenge his deid.
Bot for zour cauſ he tuik the weir on hand
In zour defence, and thryis hes fred Scotland.
The quhilk was tynt fra vs and all our kin,
War not Wallace we had neuer enterit in.
Wyrrour he was of lawtie, and manheid,
In weir the beſt that euer ſall power leid.
Had he lykit for to haue tane zour Croun,
Wald nane him let, that was in this Regioun.
Had not bene he ze ſuld had na entres,
Into this Realme for treſſoun and falſnes.
That ſall ze ſe, the tratour that him ſald,
Fra zow he thinkis Dunbartane for to hald.
Sum comfort tak and let ſlaik of this ſorrow.
The King chargit Edward vpon the morrow.
Redres to tak of wrang that wrocht him was,
To Walſwyntoun he ordainit him to pas
And men of armis gif thay fand Cumyng thair,
Put him to deith for na dreid thay wald ſpair,
Thay fand him nocht, the King him efter ſlew,
Into Drumfreis quhair witnes was anew.
That hapnit wrang ouir greit haiſt in ane King,
To wirk by law it may ſkaith mekill thing.
I neid not heir na farther for to ſchaw,
How that was done is knawin to zow aw.

BOt zoung Dowglas firſt to ye King can pas,
In all his weir, that wicht and worthy was.
Nor how the King hes tane on him ye Croun.
Of all that heir I mak bot ſchort mentioun.
Nor how Lord Soullis gaif Berwik toun away.
How efter ſone als tynt was Galloway.

How Johne of Lorne agane his richt king cais.
On ather syde how Bruce had monie fais.
How bald Brichen contrair his king couth ryde,
Richt few was than in weir with him to byde.
Nor how the North was geuin fra the gude King,
Quhilk maid him lang in panefull weir to Ring.
Bot trew to him was James the gude Dowglas,
For Bruces richt baid weill in monie place.
Under the king he was the best Chiftane,
Bot Wallace I set ane Chiftane him allane.
Thairfoir to him is na comparisoun,
As of ane man, saif reuerence of the Croun.
Bot sa monie as of the Dowglas hes bene,
Gude of all thing, was neuer in Scotland sene.
Comparisounis I can not weill declair,
Of Bruces buik, as now I speik na mair.
Maister Johne Barbour, quhilk was ane cunning
Hes of the Bruce said mekill in his werk. (Clerk
In this matter I am prolixt almaist,
To my purpois brefitie I will me haist.
How gude Wallace was set amang his fais,
To Londoun with him Clifford & Wallange gais.
Quhair king Edward was richt fane of that fang,
Thay haue him set fast in ane presoun strang.
Of Wallaces end my self wald leif for dreid,
To say the werk, bot richteousnes me leid.
We find his lyfe was all sa verray trew,
His fatall hour, I will not fenzie now.
Wenteith him sauld, & that our weill was knawin,
Feill of that kyn in Scotland than was sawin.
Thargit to byde vnder the greit Judgement,
That king Robert actit in his Parliament.
Thairof I mak na langer continewance,
Bot Wallace end in warld was diſpleſance.

Thairfoir I ceis, and puttis not in Ryme:
Scotland may think the blissit happie tyme.
That he was borne, be principall point is twa,
This is the first, or that we farther ga.
Scotland he fred, and brocht it fra thirlage,
And now in heuin he hes his heroerage.
Quhairof we haue richt faster confidence
Sen for his cuntrey he maid sa greit defence.

Becaus yat the mair part of thir thingis followand, semis sumquhat superstitio⁹ & not werray agreabill with ye treuth of Goddis word we haue thocht it expedient to admonishe the (gude Reider) that albeit we haue insert thame efter the forme of our Copie zit notwithstanding we do not mene to allow or approue thãe haillie for infallibill treuth. Bot rather on ye ane part we haue retenit thame still to shaw the blyndnes and erour of that tyme, quhairin men wer greitly Inclynit to credite sic vanities, & dremis: that now thay may be steir it vp to gif thankis to ye Eternall our God yat hes oppinnit thair eyis and delyuerit thame from Ignorance, that thay micht cleirlie discerne betuix licht & mirknes, richt and wrang. On the vther part to satisfie the appetytis of ony that culd not esely permit ony thing to be tane away or alterit in this wark: quhairin we haue borne with thã, alterand almaist nathing heirin, lest thay suld iudge vs rashe or haistie in doing thairof, at our libertie & plesure. Zit notwithstanding it is maist suir, that oftentymes it pleisis GOD of his greit mercie, for delyuerance of miserabill and oppressit pepill, to rais vp walzeand and notabill personages, quhome he endewis with extraordinar force, baith of mynd & bodie. Quhais faithfull diligence in executing Goddis purpois for ye releif of thair natiwe cuntrey & brethren, as we dout not bot it is acceptabill in Goddis sicht, swa we ar certane, thair names sall remane in honour and estimatioun in all ages present & to cum: As is eselie to be sene in the histories of diwerse nationes, gif ony list pervse the same.

ANe Wonk thair wes of Burie Abbay than,
Into that tyme ane richt Religious man:
Ane zoung man als, with him in ordour stude,
Quhilk knew his lyfe was clens, perfyte, and gude.
This Father Wonk was vesyit with seiknes,
Out of the warld, as he suld pas on cais.
His brother saw, his spreit lyklie to pas,
Ane band of him richt ernistlie couth he as.

To

To cum agane and ſchaw him of the meid,
That he ſuld aſk of God for his gude deid.
He grantit him at his power to preik,
And cum agane gif God wald giue him leik.
His ſpreit changit out of this warldis pane,
In that ſame tyme come to the Monk agane.
Sic thing hes bene, and is be voce and ſicht,
Quhair he appeirit thair ſchynit meikill licht,
Lyke to Lāternis thay Illuminate ſa cleir,
That warldis licht thairto micht be na peir.
Ane voce ſaid this, God hes me grantit grace,
That I ſall keip my promeis in this place.
The Monk was blyith of this clene figure fair,
Bot ane lyte brand in his foirheid he bair.
And that him thocht miſtykit all the laif.
Quhair art thow ſpreit? Anſwerit ſa God me ſaif
In Purgatorie. How lang ſall thow byde thair?
Bot half ane hour, to cum and lytill mair.
Purgatory is I let the weill to wit.
In ony place quhair God will it commit.
Ane houris ſpace I was thair Judgit to be,
And that paſſis ſuppois I ſpeik with the.
Quhy hes thow that, and all the laif ſa haill?
For in ſcience, I thocht me maiſt of vaill.
Quha prydis thairin thair laubour is in waiſt,
For ſcience cummis bot of the halie Gaiſt.
Efter thy hour quhar is thy paſſage euin?
Quhen tyme cummis, he ſaid to leirand heuin.
Quhat tyme is that, I pray zow now declair?
Twa ar on lyfe, man be befoir me thair.
Quhilk twa ar thay, the veritie me ken?
The firſt hes bene ane greit ſlayer of men.
Now yai him keip to Martyr in Londoun toun,

On Wednisday, befoir the king and Commoun.
Is nane of lyfe, that hes sa monie slane.
Brother he said, this taillis bot in vane
For slauchter is to God abhominabill.
Than said the spreit, forsuith this is na fabill.
He is Wallace defender of Scotland,
For richteous weir that he tuik upon hand.
Richteousnes thair is luikit ouir the laif,
Thairfoir in heuin he sall that honour haif.
Syne ane pure Preist is mekill to commend,
He tuik in thãkis, quhat thing that God him send.
For godlynes, and gude deuotioun,
Heuin he sall haue to lestand baryoun.
I am the thrid grantit throw Goddis grace.
Brother he said, tell I this in our place,
Thay will bot deme, I outher dreame or rail.
Than said the Spreit, this witnes yow sall hail.
The bellis sall ring for ocht that ze do may,
Quhen thay him slay half ane hour of the day.
And sa thay did, the Monk wist quhat thay aillit
Throw braid Bertane ȳ word thairof was scaillit
The spreit tuik leif at Goddis will to be.
Of Wallace end to heir is greit pietie.

And I wald not put men in greit dolour,
Bot lichtly pas, out ouir this fatall hour.

On Wednisday fals Suthroũ furth him brocht
To martyr him, as thay befoir had thocht.
Wallace was martyrit, the treuth to zow to tell,
As wer Oswald, Edmond, Edward with panis fell
Of men in armis led him ane full greit rout,
With ane bald spreit than Wallace blent about.
Ane Preist he askit for himthat deit on tre,

King

King Edward than commandit his Clergie,
And said I charge, in pane of loiß of lyfe,
Nane be sa bald 3one Tyran for to schryfe
Ye hes rung lang incontrair of my hienes.
Ane blissit Bischop sone present in that place.
Of Cauterberie he than was richteous Lord,
Aganis the king he maid this richt record.
And said my self sall heir his confessioun,
Gif I haue micht incontrair of thy Croun.
Or thow throw force sall stop me fra this thing,
I vow to God quhilk is my richteous king,
Or all Ingland I sall than Interdyte,
And mak it knawin thow art ane Heretyke.
The Sacrament of Kirk I sall him geit,
Syne tak thy choiß to sterf or lat him leif.
It wer mair vaill in worschip of thy Croun,
To keip sic ane on lyfe in thy bandoun.
Than all the land and gude that thow hes reft.
Bot couetise the ay fra honour dreft.
Thow hes thy lyfe rung in all wrangous deid,
That sall be sene on the or on thy seid.
The king gaiue charge thay suld the Bischop ta.
Bot wyse Lordis counsaillit to let him ga.
All wyse men said that his desyre was richt.
To Wallace than he raikit in thair sicht.
And sadlie hard his confessioun to end,
Humbly to God his spreit he did commend.
Lawlie him seruit with hartlie deuotioun,
Upon his kneis and said ane Orisoun.
His leif he tuik, and to Westminster raid,
The Cleueh men thair thai vair Wallace but baid.
Unto ane place his martyrdome to tak,
For to his deith he will na further ing mak.

Fra the firſt nicht he was taue in Scotland,
Thay keipit him into that ſamin band.
Na thing he had that wald haue done him gude,
Bot Inglismen him ſeruit of cairfull fude.
This warldlie lyfe deſyris the ſuſtenance,
Thocht he it gat incontrair of pleſance.
Thay threttie dayis his bandis paſ durſt not ſlaik.
Quhill he was bund to ane Seamyll of aik.
With Irne cheinzeis that wer baith ſtark & kene,
Ane Clerk thay ſet to heir quhat he wald mene.
Thow Scot he ſaid that ſa greit wrang hes done,
Thy fatall hour thow ſeis approchis ſone.
Thow ſuld in mynd remember thy miſdeid,
That Clerkis may quhen paſ thair Pſalmes reid
For Criſtin ſaullis, quhilk oft makis thame to pray,
In thair number thow may be ane of thay.
For now thow ſeis on forre thow man deceis.
Than Wallace ſaid, for all thy round reheirs:
Thow hes na charge, ſuppois I had done myſ.
Fone bliſſit Biſchop hes hecht I ſall haue blys.
And I trow weill that God ſall it admit,
Thy ſimulate wordis ſall not my conſcience ſmit.
Comfort I haue of way that I ſuld gang,
Maiſt pane I keill, that I byde heir ſa lang.
Than ſaid this Clerk, our King oft ſend the till,
Thow micht haue had all Scotland at thy will.
To hald of him, and reiſſit of thy ſtryke,
Sa as ane Lord to rungin furth thy lyke.
Than Wallace ſaid thow ſpeikis of michtie thing,
Had I leſtit and gottin my richteous King,
And worthie Bruce reſſauit had his Croun,
I thocht haue maid Ingland at his bandoun.
That vtterlie it ſuld bene at his will,

Quhat

Quhat pleisit him to saue or ellis to spill.
Weill said the Clerk I se thow repentis nocht.
Of wickitnes thow hes ane felloun thocht.
Is nane in warld that hes sa monie slaine,
Thairfoir to ask me think thow suld be baine.
Grace at our King and syne at his barnage,
Than Wallace smylit ane lytill at his language.
I grant he said sum Inglismen I slew,
In my querrell me thocht not half anew.
I muist na weir bot for to wyn our awin,
Baith GOD & man the richt full weill hes knawin
Thy frustrat wordis dois nocht bot tyris me,
I the command in GODDIS Name let me be.
Ane Schiref gart this Clerk sone fra him pas,
Richt as thay durst grantit quhat he wald as.
Ane Psalter Buik Wallace had on him euer,
Fra his Chyldheid with it he wald not seuer.
The better he trowit in veyage for to speid,
Bot than he was dispuilzeit of his weid.
This grace he askit at Lord Cliffurd that knicht,
To lat him haif his Psalter Buik in sicht.
He gart ane Preist it oppin befoir him hald,
Quhill thay to him had done quhat ȳ thay wald.
Steidfast he red for ocht thay did him thair,
Feill Sutheroun said that Wallace feld na fair.
Gude deuotioun sa was his beginning,
Continewit thairwith and swa was his ending.
Quhill speiche and Spreit atanis all can fair,
To lestand blys (we trust) for euer mair.
I will not tell how he deuydit was,
In syue partis and ordanit for to pas.
Zit his Spreit thus be lyklines was weill,
¶ Of Wallace lyfe quha hes ane better feill.

May ſchew furth mair with wit and eloquence,
For I to this hes done my diligence.
Efter the Proſe gewin fra the Latine buik,
Quhilk Maiſter Blair in his tyme vndertuik.
In fair Latine compylit to ane end,
With gude witnes quhilk mair is to commend.
Biſhop Sinclair that Lord was of Dunkell.
He gat this buik and confirmit it him ſell.
For verray treuth thairof he had na dreid,
Him ſelf had hard greit part of Wallace deid.
His purpois was to haue ſend it to Rome,
Our Father of Kirk thairin to giue his dome.
Bot Maiſter Blair and als Sir Thomas Gray,
Efter Wallace thay leuit monie ane day.
Thir twa knew beſt of gude Sir Williamis deid,
Fra ſextene zeir quhill nyne and twentie zeid.
Fourtie and fyue Wallace of age was cald,
That tyme that he was to the Sutheroun ſauld.
Thocht this matter be nocht to all pleſance,
His ſuithfaſt deid is worthie to auance.
All worthie men that reidis this rurall dyte,
Blame not the buik thocht I be Imperfyte.
I ſuld haue thank ſen I na trauell ſpaird,
For my trauell na man hecht me rewaird.
Nor charge I had of king nor vther Lord,
Greit harme I thocht his gude deid ſuld be ſmord,
I haue ſaid heir neir as the proces gais,
And fenzeit nocht for freindis nor zit for fais.
For coiſtis heirof was na man bund to me,
In this ſentence I had na will to ſe.
Bot in als mekill as I reheirſit nocht,
Sa worthelie as Nobill Wallace wrocht.
Bot in ane point I grant I ſaid ane mis.

This

Thir twa knichtis suld blamit be of this.
The knicht Wallace of Cragie richteous Lord,
And Lyddaill als gart me mak wrang record.
On Allartoun mure the Crown he tuke ane day.
To get battell as myne Author will say.
Thir twa gart me say on ane vther wyse
To Maister Blair, we did part of suppryse.

O Nobill buik fulfillit of sentence,
Suppois thow be barrane of Eloquence.
Go worthie buik fulfillit of worthie deid,
Bot the to help of language thow hes neid.
Quhen gude makeris rang weill into Scotland,
Greit harme it was that name of thame the land.
Sit thair is part that can the weill auance,
Now byde the tyme, and be in remembrance.
I zow beseik of zour beneuolence;
Quha will not loik, lak nocht my eloquence.
It is weill knawin I am ane Rurall man,
And heir hes done als gudelie as I can.
My toung did neuer ornate termis embrace,
I beseik GOD that geuer is of grace:
Waid hell and eird and set the heuin abuse,
That he till vs grant his deir lestand luse.

(*) Thusendit Williame Wallace wicht,
Behind him left nocht sic ane Knicht,
Be worthynes and deid of hand,
Fra thraldome thryis he fred his land. [*]

FINIS.

IMPRENTIT
AT EDINBVRGH BE
Henrie Charteris, and
ar to be ſauld in his buith, in the
North ſyde of the gait,
abone the Throne.

M. D. XCIII.